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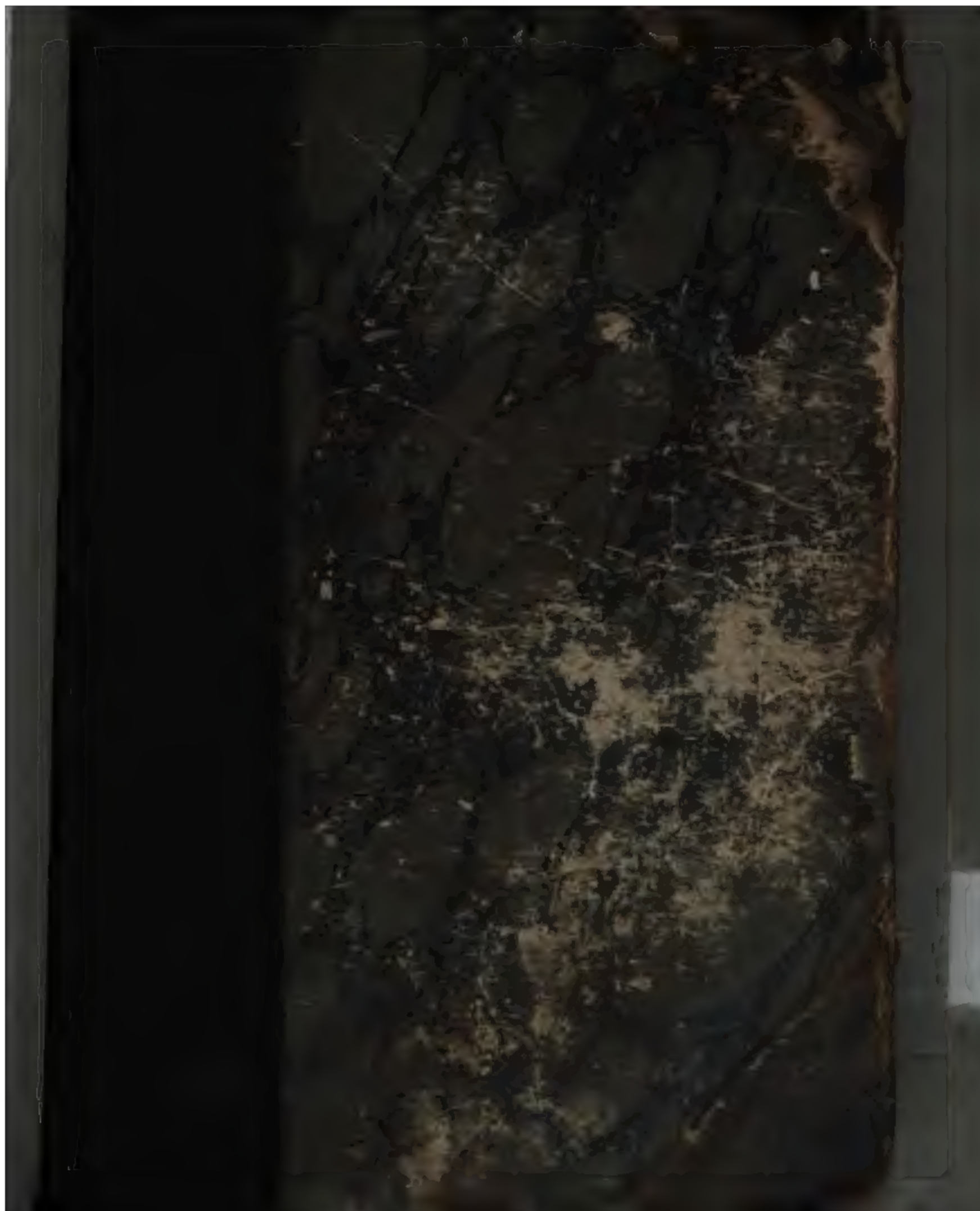
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**DOUGLAS JERROLD'S**



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## CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

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	PAGE
A few Words connected with Optimism . . . . .	206
A Fairy Tale for One Hundred Years Ago . . . . .	533
“ An Accomplished Villain ” . . . . .	521
A Parable . . . . .	437
Blind Beggar, the; or the Great Unpaid . . . . .	65
Blind and Lame, the . . . . .	408
Cave of Uig, the, and the Cave of Dahra . . . . .	167
“ Charity begins at Home ” . . . . .	261
Chatsworth. A fragment . . . . .	239
Child, the, and the Criminal . . . . .	228
Confessions of a Quack . . . . .	349
Corn Lord's Tragedy, the . . . . .	51
Countryman, the, at St. Paul's . . . . .	409
Cromwell in the Shades . . . . .	329
Death, the, and Burial of Common Sense . . . . .	276
Decline of the Drama . . . . .	438
Drunkard's Dream, the . . . . .	122
Egotism of Aristocracy, the . . . . .	449
Englishman in Prussia, the . . . . .	149, 210, 337, 396, 524
Fiery Tongue, the . . . . .	319
Gardens for the Poor . . . . .	132
Gipsy, the, and the Farmer's Maid . . . . .	161
Good Counsel of Chaucer . . . . .	424
Hedgehog Letters, the . . . . .	57, 163, 269, 359, 544
History of St. Giles and St. James, the (By the Editor) . . . . .	1, 97, 193, 289, 385, 481
History for Young England, a . . . . .	71, 172, 363, 455, 549
Kite, the . . . . .	268
Last Words of a Respectable Man, the . . . . .	395
Look Forward . . . . .	548
Man and his Age, the . . . . .	425



	PAGE
Misanthrope, the . . . . .	26
My Opposite Neighbours . . . . .	513
My Temptations . . . . .	55
Philosopher Married, the . . . . .	321
Pine-apple Shot ! A Fact and a Fancy . . . . .	222
Plea for Beautiful Things, a . . . . .	427
Poor Man's Friend, the . . . . .	219
Position of Men of Letters, the . . . . .	251
Price of a Garter, the, and the Price of a Life . . . . .	429
Reviews of New Books :—	
Arrah Neil ; or, the Times of Old. (By J. P. R. James) . . . . .	570
Ballad Poetry of Ireland. (Edited by Chas. G. Duffy) . . . . .	281
Bells and Pomegranates. (By Robert Browning) . . . . .	565
Dante. (Translated by Ichabod Chas. Wright, M.A.) . . . . .	285
Diary of Philip Henslowe, the, from 1591 to 1609. (By J. P. Collier) . . . . .	286
Evenings at Haddon Hall . . . . .	476
Fall of Napoleon, the, an Historical Memoir . . . . .	380
First Part, the, of an entirely new Practical and Theoretical Introduction to the French Language . . . . .	475
Foster Brother, the, a Tale of the War of Chiozza . . . . .	378
Githa of the Forest. (By the Author of "Lord Dacre of Gillsland") . . . . .	573
Hints on the Nature and Management of Duns . . . . .	480
Lectures. (By W. J. Fox) . . . . .	191
Lectures, addressed chiefly to the Working Classes. (By W. J. Fox.) . . . . .	574
Life in Dalecarlia. (By Fredrika Bremer) . . . . .	91
Life of Lord Hill, G.C.B., late Commander of the Forces. (By the Rev. E. Sydney, A.M.) . . . . .	382
Life of Lorenzo de' Medici. (By William Roscoe) . . . . .	574
Life of Mozart, including his Correspondence. (By Edward Holmes) . . . . .	473
Literature of Political Economy, the. (By J. R. M'Culloch) . . . . .	86
Love and Mesmerism. (By Horace Smith) . . . . .	378
Man and his Age, the . . . . .	425
Memoirs of the Naval Worthies of Queen Elizabeth's Reign. (By John Barrow, Esq.) . . . . .	95
Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea, Consort of George I. . . . .	186
Memoirs of the Lady Hester Stanhope . . . . .	15
Moral Phenomena of Germany, the. (By T. Carlyle, Esq.) . . . . .	47
My Temptations . . . . .	/
Ocean Flower, the, a Poem. (By T. M. Hughes) . . . . .	/
Pharmaceutical Latin Grammar, the. (By A. J. Cooley) . . . . .	/

	PAGE
<b>Reviews of New Books (<i>continued</i>) :—</b>	
Philosophical, the, and Æsthetic Letters and Essays of Schiller. (Translated with an Introduction by J. Weiss) . . . . .	277
Poetical Works of T. Carew . . . . .	471
Practical Cook, the, English and Foreign . . . . .	384
Practical Treatise on Healthy Skin, &c., a. (By Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.) . . . . .	472
Priests, Women, and Families. (By J. Michelet) . . . . .	183
Rhine, the, its Scenery and Historical and Legendary Associations . .	384
Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver. (By Wm. Thom, of Inverury) . . . . .	283
Rose-Garden of Persia, the. (By Louisa Stuart Costello) . . . .	566
Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England, from the Norman Conquest to the Present Time . . . . .	477
Stella, a Poem of the Day . . . . .	471
Story of a Royal Favourite, the. (By Mrs. Gore) . . . . .	279
Torrington Hall. (By Arthur Wallbridge) . . . . .	282
Tour through the Valley of the Meuse, a. (By Dudley Costello) . .	284
Voices of the Church, the. (By the Rev. J. R. Beard) . . . . .	575
White Slave, the; or, The Russian Peasant Girl . . . . .	469
Wisdom and Genius of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke. (By Peter Burke, Esq.) . . . . .	288
<b>Rhymes for the Times. (By Coventry Patmore):—</b>	
The Murderer's Sacrament . . . . .	128
Young and Old England . . . . .	246
"Righte Good Fellowe," a . . . . .	420
Roar of London, the . . . . .	41
Serving the People . . . . .	313
Sick Lady, the . . . . .	543
Social Position and Character of the Bar, the . . . . .	501
Sonnet . . . . .	377
Sonnet . . . . .	448
Spirit of Chivalry in Westminster Hall, the . . . . .	124
Sunshine of Life, the . . . . .	419
Town Poor of Scotland, the . . . . .	29
Travels in Babaaland . . . . .	157
Two Epitaphs in Exeter Cathedral . . . . .	348
Unfashionable Movements . . . . .	42, 139

## List of Illustrations.

BY JOHN LEECH.

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	PAGE
PLATE VII. St. James and Clarissa . . . . .	8
— VIII. "That for you ! I killed the old fellow" . . . .	122
— IX. "He hasn't a friend in the world but me," said Blast	206
— X. Jingo showing St. Giles his mother's grave . . . .	292
— XI. "God be blessed, sir—and is it indeed you ?" . . .	303
— XII. "A little ragged head was thrust from the bed's foot"	489

# DOUGLAS JERROLD'S SHILLING MAGAZINE.

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## THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES. \*

BY THE EDITOR.

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### CHAPTER XII.

“WHAT ’s the matter now ?” cried St. Giles, pale and aghast ; for instantly he believed himself detected ; instantly saw the gaol, the gallows, and the hangman. “What ’s the matter ?” he cried, trembling from head to foot.

“What ’s the matter ?” roared the barber, “only a little bit of murder, that ’s all—and that ’s nothing to chaps like you.”

Terrible as was the charge, nevertheless St. Giles felt himself somewhat relieved : he was not, he found, apprehended as the escaped convict : that was yet unknown ; and, oddly enough, with the accusation of bloodshed on him, he felt comparatively tranquil. “Murder, is it,” he said, “well, who ’s murdered ? And whoever he is, why is it to be me who ’s killed him—tell me that !”

“Did you ever hear ?” said the barber. “A chap, with rags on him, not fit to scare birds in a bean-field, and yet talks like one of us ! I should like to know where such as you get crown pieces.”

“Never mind—never mind,” said the host of the Lamb and Star, “that ’s justice’s work—not ours.”

“Justice’s work !” exclaimed the hostess—now pressing foremost of the crowd—“and what will justice do for us ? When justice has hanged the ragamuffin, will justice give back the character of the house ? Who ’ll come to the Lamb and Star, when

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\* Continued from page 489.—Vol. I.



it's known to harbour cut-throats? But it's that hussy, Becky; it's she that hid the murderer here; it's she, I'll be sworn it, knows all about the murder, for there isn't such a devil for breaking in the whole county." Such was the emphatic declaration of the hostess, who, by a kind of logic not altogether uncommon to the sex—saw in Becky, the reckless destroyer of pottery, the consequent accomplice in human destruction. The reasoning, it must be confessed, was of the most violent, the most tyrannic kind; on which account, it was somewhat more attractive to Mrs. Blink; guileless, ingenuous soul! who, in her innocency, rated her handmaiden for bestowing a homicide in the barn of the Lamb and Star; when, had the matron known aught of the moral machinery of life, she ought instantly to have doubled Becky's wages for such inestimable service. Mrs. Blink ought to have known that to a public-house a murderer was far more profitable, to both tap and parlour, than a pretty barmaid. She ought to have looked upon the Lamb and Star as a made hostelry, from the instant it should be known that St. Giles, with the mark of Cain fresh upon him, changed his first blood-begotten dollar there; that afterwards he sought the sweets of sleep in the Lamb and Star's barn. Silly Mrs. Blink! Why, the very straw pressed by St. Giles was precious as though laid upon by Midas. To be split and worked into bonnets it was worth—what brain shall say how much a truss? But Mrs. Blink thought not after this fashion. She looked upon St. Giles as though he had brought so much blood upon the house—so many ineffaceable stains of shame and ignominy. Foolish woman! she ought rather to have made him her humblest curtsy—ought rather to have set her face with her sunniest smile, for having given the Lamb and Star the preference of his infamy. Benighted creature! she knew not the worth of murder to a bar.

"And pray who is murdered?" again asked St. Giles, with an effrontery that again called up all the virtuous astonishment of the host and hostess. "If I've killed anybody, can't you let me know who it is?"

"Yes, yes," cried the landlord, "you're just the fellow to brazen it out; but it won't do this time;" and he then looked knowingly at his wife, who was about to express herself on the certainty of St. Giles's fate, when she beheld Becky peeping anxiously from the crowd, most shamefully interested, as Mrs. Blink conceived, in the prisoner's condition. "Why, you wicked hussy! if you oughtn't to be hanged with him," cried the hostess.

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attempt to put him in bonds, and he therefore, with a pardonable regard for his own features, proposed to wave the ceremony of tying the culprit. "He 'll have his share of rope in time," said the barber, much satisfied with the smallness of the jest. And thereupon, he beckoned his companions from the barn; and had already imagined the balminess of the coming ale—for the landlord had promised flowing mugs—when justice, professional justice, arrived in the shape of a sworn constable. "Where 's this murdering chap?" asked the functionary.

"All right, Master Tipps," said the barber, "all snug; we've got him."

"There 's nothing right, nothing snug, without the cuffs," said the constable, displaying the irons with much official pride.—"He 's in the barn, there, eh, Master Blink? Then I charge you all in the king's name—and this is his staff—to help me." The landlord, touched by the magic of the adjuration, stepped forward with the lantern; the constable followed, and was sulkily followed by two or three of the party. The barber, however, and one or two of his kidney, budged not a foot. "Isn't it always so?" he exclaimed, "if ever a man puts himself out of the way, and ventures his precious life and limbs, taking up all sorts of varmint—if ever he does it, why it 's safe for Master Constable to come down, and take away all the honour and glory. I should like to know what 's the use of a man feeling savage against rogues, if another man 's to have the credit of it? Now you 'll see how it will be,—it 's the way of the world,—oh yes!—you 'll see;—they 'll take this chap, and try him, and hang him, —perhaps put him in chains and all, and we shall never be so much as thanked for it. No, we shall never be named in the matter. Well, after this, folks may murder who they like for me. And isn't it precious late, too! and will my wife believe I 've been nowhere but here!" cried the barber; and a sudden cloud darkened his face, and he ran off like a late schoolboy to his task. Poor St. Giles! he knew it not; but, if revenge were sweet to think upon, there was somebody at home who would revenge the wrongs of the vagrant upon the barber. Somebody, who, at deep midnight, would scare sleep from his pillow, even whilst the feloniously accused snored among the straw! And after this fashion may many a wretch take sweet comfort;—if, indeed, revenge be sweet; and there are very respectable folks to whom, in truth, it has very saccharine qualities for they seem to enjoy it as children enjoy sugar-cane;—sweet

comfort that, whatever wrong or contumely may be cast upon him in the light of day, there may be somebody, as it would seem, especially appointed to chastise the evil-doer ; and that, too, “ in the dead waste and middle of the night ; ” to drive sleep from his eyeballs ; to make him feel a coward, a nobody, a nincompoop, in his own holland.

Pleasant is it for the bitter-thinking man who sees a blustering authority—whether grasping a beadle’s staff or holding the scales of justice—sometimes to know that there is a louder authority at home, a greater vehemence of reproof, that may make the bully of the day the sleepless culprit of the night ! Was there not Whitlow, beadle of the parish of St. Scraggs ? What a man-beast was Whitlow ! How would he, like an avenging ogre, scatter apple-women ! How would he foot little boys, guilty of peg-tops and marbles ! How would he puff at a beggar !—puff like the picture of the north-wind in the spelling-book ! What a hugo, heavy, purple face he had, as though all the blood of his body was stagnant in his cheeks ! And then, when he spoke, would he not growl and snuffle like a dog ! How the parish would have hated him, but that the parish heard there was a Mrs. Whitlow ; a small, fragile woman, with a face sharp as a penknife, and lips that cut her words like scissors ! And what a forlorn wretch was Whitlow, with his head brought once a night to the pillow ! Poor creature ! helpless, confused ; a huge imbecility, a stranded whale ! Mrs. Whitlow talked and talked ; and there was not an apple-woman but in Whitlow’s sufferings was not avenged ; not a beggar, that thinking of the beadle at midnight, might not, in his compassion, have forgiven the beadle of the day. And in this punishment we acknowledge a grand, a beautiful retribution. A Judge Jefferys in his wig is an abominable tyrant ; yet may his victims sometimes smile to think what Judge Jefferys suffers in his night-cap.

And now leave we for awhile St. Giles in the official custody of Tipps, who, proud of his handcuffs as a chamberlain of his wand, suffered not the least opportunity to pass without resorting to them. To him handcuffs were the grace of life, the only security of our social condition. Man, without the knowledge of handcuffs, would to Tipps have been a naked wretch, indeed—a poor barbarian, needing the first glimmer of civilisation. Had philosophy talked to Tipps of the golden chain of necessity, to the sense of Tipps the chain would have been made of handcuffs. Hence, the



constable had thought it his prime duty to handcuff St. Giles; and then, he suffered himself to be persuaded to leave the murderer in his straw; the landlord handsomely promising the loan of a cart to remove the prisoner in the morning.

Some two miles distant from the Lamb and Star, where the road turned with a sharp angle, there was a deep hollow; this place had been known, it may be, to the Druids, as the Devil's Elbow. Throughout the world, man has ungraciously given sundry ugly spots of the earth's face—its warts and pock-marks—to the fiend; and the liberal dwellers of Kent had, as we say, made over an abrupt break-neck corner of earth to the Devil for his Elbow. It was at this spot that, whilst St. Giles was swallowing ale at the Lamb and Star, his supposed victim, the handsome, generous St. James was discovered prostrate, stunned, and wounded. Rumour had, of course, taken his life; making with easiest despatch St. Giles a murderer; for being an outcast and a beggar, how facile was the transformation! But St. James was not dead; albeit a deep wound, as from some mortal instrument, some dull weapon, as the law has it, on his temple, looked more than large enough for life to escape from. Happily for St. James, there were men in Kent who lived not a life of reverence for the law; otherwise, it is more than probable that, undiscovered until the morning, the Devil's Elbow might have been haunted by another ghost. But it was to be otherwise. It was provided by fate that there should be half-a-dozen smugglers, bound on an unhallowed mission to the coast; who, first observing St. James's horse, masterless and quietly grazing at the road's side, made closer search and thence discovered young St. James, as they at first believed, killed, and lying half-way down the hollow. "Here's been rough work," cried one of the men; "see, the old, wicked story—blood flowing, and pockets inside out. He's a fine lad; too fine for such a death." "All 's one for that," said a second; "we can't bring him to life by staring at him: we've queer work enough of our own on hand—every one for his own business. Come along." "He's alive!" exclaimed a third with an oath; and as he spoke, St. James drew a long, deep sigh. "All the better for him," cried the second, "then he can take care of himself." "Why, Jack Bilson, you'd never be such a hard-hearted chap as to leave anything with life in it, in this fashion?" was the remonstrance of the first discoverer of St. James; whereupon Mr. Bilson, with a worldliness of prudence, sometimes worth

uncounted gold to the possessor, remarked that humanity was very well—but that everybody was made for everybody's self—and that while they were palavering there over nobody knew who, they might lose the running of the tubs. Humanity, as Mr. Bilson said, was very well; but then there was a breeches pocket virtue in smuggled Scheidam. “Well, if I was to leave a fellow-cretur in this plight, I should never have the impudence to hope to have a bit of luck again,” said the more compassionate contrabandist, whose nice superstition came in aid to his benevolence; “and so I say, mates, let us carry him to that house yonder, make 'em take him in, and then go with light hearts and clean consciences upon our business.” “Yes; if we ain't all taken up for robbers and murderers for our pains: but Ben Magsby, you always was a obstinate grampus.” And Ben Magsby carried out his humane purpose; for St. James was immediately borne to the house aforesaid. Loud and long was the knocking at the door, ere it was opened. At length, a little sharp-faced old woman appeared, and, with wonderful serenity, begged to know what was the matter. “Why, here 's a gentleman,” said Magsby, “who 's been altogether robbed and well-nigh murdered.”

“Robbed and murdered!” said the matron, calmly as though she spoke of a pie over-baked, or a joint over-roasted,—“robbed and murdered! What 's that to us? The public-house is the place for such things. Go to the Lamb and Star.” But the woman spoke to heedless ears: for Ben Magsby and his mates—ere the woman had ceased her counsel—had borne the wounded man across the threshold, and unceremoniously entering the first discoverable apartment, had laid him on a couch.

“There,” said Ben, returning with his companions to the door, “there, we 've done our duty as Christians, mind you do your's.” And with this admonition, the smugglers vanished.

It was then that the little old woman showed signs of emotion. Murder and robbery at the public-house she could have contemplated with becoming composure; but to be under the same roof with the horror was not to be quietly endured so long as she had lungs; and so thinking, she stood in the hall, and vehemently screamed. Like boatswain's whistle did that feminine summons pierce every corner of the mansion: the cupboard mouse paused over stolen cheese—the hearth cricket suddenly was dumb—the deathwatch in the wall ceased its amorous tick-tick—so sudden, sharp, and all-pervading was that old woman's scream. “Why,

Dorothy! is that you?" exclaimed a matronly gentlewoman, hastening down stairs, and followed by a young lady of apparently some three or four and twenty. "Is it possible? Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing at all, ma'am—nothing," said Dorothy, suddenly relapsing into her customary apathy; for sooth to say, she was a sort of vegetable woman; a drowsy, dreamy person, whose performance of such a scream was considered by its hearers as a most wondrous manifestation of power. Nobody, to have looked at Dorothy Vale, would have thought that within her dwelt such a scream *in posse*; but, sometimes, great is the mystery of little old women. "Nothing at all, ma'am—that is, don't be frightened—that is, they say, ma'am, murder and robbery."

"Heavens! Where—where?" exclaimed the young lady.

"It isn't your dear husband, ma'am—oh no, it isn't master, so don't be frightened," said the tranquil Dorothy. "But if you please, ma'am, it's in that room—I mean the body, ma'am."

The young lady, for a moment, shrank back in terror; and then, as though reproving herself for the weakness, she rapidly passed into the room, followed by her elder companion. At the same instant, the wounded man had half-risen from the couch, and was looking wandringly around him—"Clarissa! Can it be?" he cried, and again swooning, fell back. Instantly, the girl was on her knees at his side; unconscious of the reproving, the astonished looks of the matron.

"He's dying—oh, Mrs. Wilton he is dying! Murdered—I know it all—I see it all—and for me—wretch that I am—for me," and her form writhed with anguish, and she burst into an agony of tears.

"Oh no—the hurt is not mortal; be assured, I am surgeon enough to know that; be assured of it, Mrs. Snipeton;" thus spoke Mrs. Wilton in words of coldest comfort, and with a manner strangely frozen. "Dorothy, stay you with your mistress, whilst I send for assistance, and seek what remedies I can myself. I will return instantly: meanwhile, I say, remain with your mistress."

And St. James, unconscious of the hospitality, was the guest of Mr. Ebenezer Snipeton—whose character, the reader may remember, was somewhat abruptly discussed by the stranger horseman in the past chapter. It was here, at Dovesnest, that the thrifty money-seller kept his young wife close far away, and safe, as he thought, from the bold compliments, the reckless gallantry of the rich young men who, in their frequent time of need, paid visits





St. James, 'Chapel'



to the friend who, the security certain as the hour, never failed to assist them. Mr. Snipeton was not, in the ordinary matters of life, a man who underrated his own advantages, moral and physical. Sooth to say, he was, at times, not unapt to set what detraction might have thought an interested value on them. And yet, what a touchstone for true humility in man, is woman! Ebenezer Snipeton, in all worldly dealings, held himself a match for any of the money-coining sons of Adam. He could fence with a guinea—and sure we are guinea-fencing is a far more delicate art; is an exercise demanding a finer touch, a readier sleight, than the mere twisting of steel foils;—he could fence, nay, with even the smallest current coin of the realm, and—no matter who stood against him—come off conqueror. “Gold,” says Shelley, “is the old man’s sword.” And most wickedly at times, will hoary-bearded men, with blood as cold and thin as water in their veins, hack and slash with it! They know—the grim, palsied warriors! how the weapon will cut heart-strings; they know what wounds it will inflict; but then, the wounds bleed inwardly: there is no outward and visible hurt to call for the coroner; and so the victim may die, and show, as gossips have it, a very handsome corpse, whilst homicidal avarice with no drop of outward gore upon his hands—no damning spots seen by the world’s naked eye—mixes in the world, a very respectable old gentleman; a man who has a file of receipts to show for everything; a man who never *did* owe a shilling; and above all, a man who takes all the good he gets as nothing more than a proper payment for his exceeding respectability. He is a pattern man; and for such men heaven rains manna; only in these days the shower comes down in gold.

Ebenezer Snipeton, we say, had a high and therefore marketable opinion of himself; for the larger the man’s self-esteem the surer is he of putting it off in the world’s mart. The small dealer in conceit may wait from the opening to the closing of the market, and not a soul shall carry away his little penniworth: now the large holder is certain of a quick demand for all his stock. Men are taken by its extent, and close with him immediately. If, reader, you wanted to buy one single egg, would you purchase that one egg of the poor, rascal dealer, who had only one egg to sell? Answer us, truly. Behold the modest tradesman. He stands shrinkingly, with one leg drawn up, and his ten fingers interlaced lackadaisically, the while his soul, in its more than maiden bashfulness, would retreat, get away, escape anyhow from



its consciousness. And so he stands, all but hopeless behind his one egg. He feels a blush crawl over his face—for there are blushes that do crawl—as you pass by him, for pass him you do. It is true you want but one egg; nevertheless, to bring only one egg to market shows a misery, a meanness in the man, that in the generous heat of your heart's-blood, you most manfully despise. And, therefore, you straddle on to the tradesman who stand, behind a little mountain of eggs; and timidly asking for one—it is so very poor, so wretched a bit of huckstering, you are ashamed to be seen at it—you take the first egg offered you, and humbly laying down your halfpenay farthing, vanish straight away! As it is with eggs, so in the world-market, is it with human pretensions. The man with a small, single conceit is shunned, a silly, miserable fellow; but the brave, wholesale-dealer—the man of a thousand pretensions, is beset by buyers. Now, Ebenezer was one of your merchants of ten thousand eggs—and though to others they had proved addled, they had nevertheless been gold to him. And yet, did Ebenezer's wife—his ripe, red-lipped spouse of two-and-twenty—somehow touch her husband with a strange, a painful humility. He had sixty iron winters—and every one of them plain as an iron bar—in his face. Time had used his visage as Robinson Crusoe used his wooden calendar, notching every day in it. And what was worse, though Time had kept an honest account—and what, indeed, so honest, so terribly honest as Time?—nevertheless, he had so marked the countenance—it is a shabby, shameless trick Time has with some faces, that every mark to the thoughtless eye counted well-nigh double. And Snipeton knew this. He knew, too, that upon his nose—half-way, like sentinel on the middle of a bridge—there was a wart very much bigger than a pea, with bristles, sticking like black pins in it. Now, this wart Ebenezer in his bachelor days had thought of like a philosopher; that is, he had never thought about it. Nay, his honey-moon had almost waned into the cold, real moon that was ever after to blink upon his marriage life, ere Ebenezer thought of his wrinkled, pouch like cheeks; of his more terrible wart. And then did every bristle burn in it, as though it was turned to red hot wire: then was he plagued, tormented by the thought of the wart, as by some avenging imp. He seemed to have become all wart: to be one unsightly excrescence. The pauper world envied the happiness of Ebenezer Snipeton—with such wealth, with such a wife, oh, what a blessed man! But the world knew not the tor-

ments of the wart ! And wherefore was Ebenezer thus suddenly mortified ? We have said, he had taken a wife as young and fresh, and beautiful as spring. And therefore, after a short season, was Ebenezer in misery. He looked at his wife's beauty, and then he thought of his withered face—that felon wart ! In her very loveliness—like a satyr drinking at a crystal fount—he saw his own deformity. Was it possible she could love him ? The self-put question—and he could not but ask it,—with her, alone, in bed, at board—that tormenting question still would whisper, snake-voiced in his ear,—could she love him ? And his heart—his heart that heretofore had been cold and blooded like a fish—would shrink and tremble, and dare not answer. True it was, she was obedient ; too obedient. She did his bidding promptly, humbly, as though he had bought her for his slave. And so, in truth, he had : and there had been a grave man of the church, grave witnesses, too, to bind the bargain. Verily, he had bought her ; and on her small white finger—it was plain to all who saw her—she wore the manacle of her purchaser.

And Ebenezer, as his doubt grew stronger—as the memory of his outside ugliness became to him a daily spectre—resolved to hide this human ware, this pretty chattel of flesh and blood, far away in rustic scenes. And therefore bought he a secluded house, half-buried amid gloomy trees—cypress and dead man's yew—and this house, in the imp-like playfulness of his soul, he called Dovesnest. That it should be so very near the Devil's Elbow was of no matter to Ebenezer ; nay, there was something quaint, odd, fantastic in the contrast : a grim humour that a little tickled him.

And thus, reader, have we at an important moment—if this small toy of a history may be allowed to have important moments—thus have we paused to sketch the owner of Dovesnest ; to digress on his bachelor confidence, and his married modesty ; to speak of his love, and of the demon ugliness—the wrinkles and the ever-burning wart—that perplexed it. All this delay, we know, is a gross misdemeanour committed on the reader of romance ; who, when two lovers meet in misery and peril, has all his heart and understanding for them alone ; and cares not that the writer—their honoured parent, be it remembered—should walk out upon the foolscap, and without ever so much as asking permission, begin balancing some peacock's feather on his nose ; talking the while of the deep Argus' eye—purple and green and



gold, glowing at the end of it; if, indeed, it be an Argus' eye. For ourselves, we doubt the truth of the transformation. We see in the story nothing but a wicked parable, reflecting most ungraciously on the meekness and modesty of the last-made sex; the straitened rib. Juno, we are told, when she had killed Argus, took the poor fellow's eyes and fixed them for ever and for ever on her peacock's tail. Now, what is most unseemingly shadowed forth in this? Why, a mean, most pusillanimous insinuation that when a woman wears a most beautiful gown, she desires that the eyes of all the world may hang upon it. This we take to be the meaning of—but we are balancing the feather again; and here is poor St. James bleeding on the couch whilst—stony-hearted theorists that we are!—we are talking of peacocks. And yet, there is much human bleeding going on in the world, the hemorrhage altogether disregarded in a foolish consideration of the world's peacocks. We do not sin alone. There is great comfort that we have large fellowship in our iniquity.

And now to return to St. James; although, be it understood, we make no promise not again to balance the feather. Certainly not: we may do it again, and again, and again. And for the reader, why, if he wants a tale of situation—that is, a story wherein people are brought bodily together, sometimes that they may only knock one another down, and then separate—why, in such case, the reader had better drop the book like a dead thing, and wait philosophically for the pantomimes.

Mrs. Snipeton—(such was the name which, among the other wrongs Ebenezer, the money-merchant, had committed upon the young and beautiful creature who knelt at the side of St. James)—Mrs. Snipeton—no; it will not do. We will not meddle with the ugly gift of her husband: we will rather own an obligation to her godfathers and godmothers.

Clarissa—(now we shall get on)—Clarissa still knelt at the side of St. James; and even Mrs. Dorothy Vale marvelled at the whiteness of her mistress's cheek—at the big tears that rolled from her upraised eyes—whilst her lips moved as though in passionate prayer. "God bless me!" said Mrs. Vale, "I don't think the young man's dead, but—oh, the goodness! what a pretty couch his wound will make! Ha! people have no thought, or they'd have taken him into the kitchen. He'll be worse than five pound to that couch if a groat. You can get out anything but blood," said Mrs. Vale, with an evident disgust at the insufferable fluid. "If it had been wine, I shouldn't have cared."

“He’s dying! He’s murdered—his blood is on my head!” cried Clarissa, as Mrs. Wilton returned to the room.

“Be tranquil; pray be calm,” said Mrs. Wilton in a tone of something like command that, but for the misery of the moment, could not have escaped Clarissa; for Mrs. Wilton was only housekeeper at Dovesnest. “He will be well—quite well. I have despatched Nicholas for the surgeon; though I think I have skill sufficient to save the fee.” And this she said in so hopeful a tone, that Clarissa languidly smiled at the encouragement. “You will leave the gentleman with me and Dorothy. We will sit up with him.”

“No,” said Clarissa, with a calm determination, seating herself near the wounded man. “No.”

“Mrs. Snipeton!” cried the housekeeper in a tone of mixed remonstrance and reproach.

“My husband being absent, it is my duty—yes, my duty”—repeated Clarissa, “to attend to the hospitality of his house.”

“Hospitality,” repeated Mrs. Wilton; and her cold, yet anxious eye glanced at Clarissa who, slightly frowning, repelled the look. “As you will, Mrs. Snipeton—as you will, Mrs. Snipeton,” and the housekeeper gave an emphasis to the conjugal name that made its bearer wince as at a sudden pain. “There is no danger now, I am sure,” she continued; washing the wound, whilst the sufferer every moment breathed more freely. At length, consciousness returned. He knew the face that looked with such earnest pity on him.

“Clarissa—Clarissa!” cried St. James.

“Be silent—you must be silent,” said Mrs. Wilton, with somewhat more than the authority of a nurse—“You must not speak—indeed, you must not—you are hurt, greatly hurt—and for your own sake—for more than your own sake”—and the lips of the speaker trembled and grew pale—“yes, for more than your own sake, you must be silent.”

“All will be well, sir,” said Clarissa; “trust me, you are in careful hands. The doctor will be here, and—”

“Nay, I need none, fair lady,” answered St. James; “for I am already in careful hands. Indeed, I know it—feel it.”

“Oh, you must be silent—indeed you must,” urged Mrs. Wilton imperatively; and then she added in a voice of sorrow, and with a most troubled look,—“otherwise you know not the danger—the misery that may befall you. Mrs. Snipeton,” and again she

turned, with anxious face towards Clarissa, "Dorothy and I can watch."

Clarissa made no answer; but gravely bowed her head. Mrs. Wilton, suppressing a sigh, spoke no further; but busied herself with her patient's wound, whilst Clarissa and St. James mutely interchanged looks that—although they heeded it not—went to the heart of the saddened housekeeper.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

THE hall clock had struck five. The beauty of a spring morning was upon the earth. The sun shone into the sick man's room; green leaves rustled at his window; and a robin, perched on the topmost branch of a tall holly, sang a song of thankful gladness to the world. Clarissa, who had watched all night, walked in the garden. How fresh and full of hope was all around her; how the very heart of the earth seemed to beat with the new life of spring! And she, who was made to sympathise with all that was beautiful—she, who was formed to dwell on this earth as in a solemn place, seeing in even its meanest things adornments of a holy temple; vessels sacred to the service of glorifying nature;—to her, in that hour, all around was but a painted scene; an unreal thing that with its mockery pained her wearied heart; yearning as it did for what lay beyond. Who could have thought—who had seen that beautiful creature—that she walked with death? And yet, with no eyes, no ears, for the lovely sights and sounds about her, she walked and talked with the great Comforter. Her look was solemn, too; as though caught from her companion. Her eye was full and clear; and, now gleaming strangely as with the light of another world. And now she would press her forehead with her small thin hand, as though to sooth its misery; and now she would look clouded and perplexed; and now, so sweet a smile of patience would break into her face, that it was to wrong her nobleness to pity her. And still—as we have said—she talked with death.

St. James lay in a deep sleep. For a few moments he had been left alone—his door unclosed. With soft, but sudden step, a man entered the apartment. It was Ebenezer Snipeton. He had slept half-way on his journey from London; and rising early

had ridden hard that he might surprise his solitary wife with a husband's smiles at breakfast. The morning was so beautiful that its spirit had entered even the heart of Ebenezer ; and so, he had ridden, for him, very gaily along. Yes ; he was touched by the season. He felt—or thought he felt—that there was something under the blue sky, something almost as good as ready gold. He looked with a favourable eye upon the primroses that lighted up the hedge-sides, and thought them really pretty : thought that, when all was said, there might really be some use in flowers. Once, too, he checked his horse into a slow walk, that he might listen to a lark that sang above him, and with its gushing melody made the sweet air throb. He smiled too, grimly smiled, at the grave cunning of two magpies that, alighted from a tall elm, walked in the road, talking—though with unslit tongues—of their family's affairs ; of where best to provide worms for their little ones ; of their plumage, sprouting daily ; of the time when they would fly alone ; and of other matters, perhaps, too familiar to the reader, if he be parental. And Ebenezer thought nothing was so beautiful as the country ; as, in truth, other men like Ebenezer may have thought at four or five in the morning : but then as 'Change hours approach, the romance fades with the early mist ; and at 10, A.M., the Arcadian somehow finds himself the scrivener. Thus, too, the early rising man of law—suburban lodged—may before breakfast feel his heart leap with the lambkins in the mead. But breakfast swallowed, he journeys with unabated zeal, inexorable to the parchment.

And Ebenezer, as he rode, determined henceforth to look on everything with smiling eyes. Yes : he had before always looked at the wrong side of the tapestry. He would henceforth amend such unprofitable foolishness. He had all to make man happy ; wealth, a lovely wife, and no gout. To be sure, there were a few things of former times that—well, he would hope there was time enough to think of them. Of them, when the time came, he would repent ; and that, too, most vehemently. And so Ebenezer forgot his wrinkled face ; almost forgot the wart upon his nose. And Clarissa loved him ? Of course. It was not her nature to be impetuous : no ; she was mild and nun-like ; he had chosen her for those rare qualities, but she loved him as a meek and modest gentlewoman ought to love her husband. This sweet conviction brought Ebenezer to his court-yard door. It was open. Well, there was nothing strange in that. Nicholas, of course,

was up; and yet—where was he? Ebenezer's heart seemed to fall fathoms; to drop in his body, like a plummet. In a moment, the earth was disenchanted. There, before the eyes of Ebenezer, stood Ebenezer withered, with the bristled wart bigger than ever upon his nose: in his sudden despair, he saw his bad gifts magnified. And there was something, too, about the house that looked strange, suspicious. The windows seemed to leer at him. The old house-dog crawled towards him, with no wag in his tail. The sparrows chirped mockingly. The house now looked as though it held a corpse—and now, as though deserted. Ebenezer held his breath and listened. He heard nothing—nothing. And now, far, far away, from a thick, night-dark wood, the cuckoo shouted. Ebenezer passed into the court-yard, and entered his silent house. In a few moments he stood beside the couch of the sleeping St. James.

A terrible darkness fell upon the old man's face as he gazed at the sleeper. A tumult and agony of heart was raging within him, and he shook like a reed. Still he was silent; silent and struggling to master the fury that possessed him. He breathed heavily; and then seated himself in a chair, and still with the eyes of a ghost looked on the sleeper. Devilish thoughts passed through the old man's brain: murder whispered in his ear, and still he fiercely smiled and listened. With his five fingers he could do it—strangle the disturber in his sleep. And the old man looked at his hands and chuckled. And now there is a quick step in the passage; and now, Clarissa enters the apartment.

"Dear sir! husband," at length she uttered.

Suddenly standing statue-like, the old man with pointing figure, and fierce, accusing face, asked "Who is this?"

Ere Clarissa could answer, hasty feet were heard in the hall, and Mrs. Wilton entered the room; followed by a thick-set man; with a red, round, oily face, and his hair matted with stale powder. He was dressed in a very brown black coat, that scarcely looked made for him; with buckskin breeches, and high riding boots. Under one arm he carried a thick-thonged whip; and in his right hand, prominently held forth, as challenging the eyes of all men, a rusty beaver. "Couldn't come before—very sorry, but it always is so: those paupers—I'm sure of it, it's like 'em—they always do it on purpose. It's a part of the wicked obstinacy of the poor; and I don't know, sir, whether you've observed it; but the poor are always obstinate—it's in 'em from the



beginning. I've not brought so many into the world—the more my ill-luck—without knowing their wickedness from the first.” Thus spoke, in high, brassy voice, Mr. Ralph Crossbone—unconsciously flattered by the poor as Doctor Crossbone—parish doctor ; who, when sought for at his house by Nicholas, was four miles away—summoned to assist the introduction of another pauper baby into this over-stocked, and therefore pauperised planet. What Mercury, Venus, and other respectable planets must think of this our reckless, disreputable mother earth—this workhouse planet, the shame and reproach of all better systems—it is not for a son of earth to say. But, surely, if Mercury, Venus, and others know anything of our goings on, they must now and then look down upon us with ineffaceable scorn : at least, they ought. And yet, they do not ; but with all our sins and all our foolishness, still look upon us, with eyes of love and tenderness.

The voice of Crossbone immediately awakened the patient. Crossbone had, however, in his time sent so many patients to sleep, that he might fairly be permitted occasionally to disturb a slumberer. St. James, observing Snipeton, rose up hastily, and with his blood burning in his face, was about to speak.

“ You must be quiet, sir. Mrs. Wilton has told me all that a mere woman can know of your case, and—I am sorry to say it to you, sir”—and here Crossbone shook his head, and heaved a laborious sigh—“ I'm sorry to say it, you must be very quiet.”

“ But, Mr. Snipeton,” cried St. James, “ permit me even now to explain—”

“ The doctor says, no,” answered Snipeton, and his lip curled, “ you must be quiet. There will be time for us to talk, when your wounds are healed. For the present, we will leave you with your surgeon.” And Snipeton, looking command at his wife, quitted the room, followed by his obedient, trembling helpmate.

“ Pwagh !” cried Crossbone, possessing himself of his patient's wrist, “ a race-horse pulse ; a mile a minute. Fever, very high. Let me look at your tongue, sir ; don't laugh, sir—pray don't laugh”—for St. James was already tittering at the solemnity of Crossbone—“ a doctor is very often the last man to be laughed at.”

“ That's true, indeed : I never before felt the force of that truth,” said St. James.

“ Your tongue, sir, if you please ?” St. James, mastering his mirth, displayed that organ.

“ Ha ! Humph ! Tongue like a chalk-pit. This, sir,” and

here Crossbone instinctively thrust both his hands into his pockets, "this will be a long bout, sir—a very long bout."

"I think not—I feel not," said St. James, smiling. "'Tis nothing—a mere nothing."

"Ha, sir!" cried Crossbone. "'Tis pleasant—droll, sometimes—to hear what people call nothing; and in a few days, they're gone, sir; entirely gone. But I'll not alarm you—I have had worse cases; yes, I think I may say worse cases—nevertheless, sir, a man with a hole in his skull, such a hole as that"—and here Crossbone tightly closed his eyelids, and gave a sharp, short shake of the head—"but I'll not alarm you. Still, sir, if you've any little affairs to make straight—there's a jewel of a lawyer only five miles off, the prettiest hand at a will—"

"I'll not trouble him this bout, doctor," said St. James who saw as clearly into Crossbone, as though, like Momus' man, he wore a pane of the best plate glass in his bosom. "I have every faith in you."

"Sir, the confidence is flattering: and I think between us, we may cheat the worms. Nevertheless, it's an ugly blow—the eighth of an inch more to the right or left, and—"

"I know what you would say," cried St. James. "Blows are generally dealt after that fashion; there's a great providence in 'em. The faculty are often much indebted to the eighth of an inch, more or less."

"You must not talk, sir: indeed, you must not, delighted as otherwise I should be to hear you.—Yes: now I see the whole of the mischief: now I am thoroughly possessed of the matter," and Crossbone looked with an air of considerable satisfaction at the wound. "'Twill be a tedious, but a beautiful case. Pray, sir, should you know the ruffian who has nearly deprived the world of what I am sure will be—with a blessing on my poor assistance"—and here Crossbone softly closed his hands and bowed—"one of its noblest ornaments? Should you know the wretch?"

"I don't know—perhaps—I can't say," answered St. James, carelessly.

"When you see him, no doubt? And I am delighted to inform you the villain is secured. With the blessing of justice he'll be hanged; which will be a great consolation to all the neighbourhood. Yes; I heard it all, as I came along. The ruffian, with your blood upon his hands, was taken at the Lamb and Star—taken with a purse of gold in his pocket. His execution will be

a holiday for the whole county ;” and Crossbone spoke as of a coming jubilee.

“ Taken, is he ?” cried St. James, with a vexed look. “ Humph ! I ’m sorry for it. Come, doctor, I must leave this to-day. My hurt is but a trifle ; but I can feel, appreciate your professional tenderness. I must make towards London this very morning.”

“ Humph ! Well, sir, we ’ll talk about it ; we ’ll see what ’s to be done ;” said Crossbone, with sudden melancholy at the resolute manner of his head-strong patient. “ Nevertheless, you must let me dress your wound,—and take a little matter that I ’ll make up for you, and then—we shall see.” Hereupon, St. James placidly resigned himself to the hands of Crossbone, who very leisurely drest the wound, again and again declaring that the patient was only on this side of the grave by the eighth of an inch. There never had been a skull so curiously broken. At length, Crossbone took his leave of the sufferer, with the benevolent assurance that he would make up something nice for him ; of which the patient silently determined not to swallow a drop.

“ Well, doctor ?” asked Snipeton, with a savage leer, as Crossbone passed into the hall,—“ how is his Lordship now ?”

“ Lordship !” exclaimed Crossbone, now looking wonderment, and now smirking—“ is he really a lord ? Bless me !”

“ How is he, man ?” cried Snipeton, fiercely.

“ Hush ! Mr. Snipeton—hush, we can’t talk here ; for I ’ve a great responsibility—I feel it, a great responsibility—hush, my dear sir—hush !” and Crossbone trod silently as though he walked on felt, and lifting his finger with an air of professional command, he led Snipeton into an adjoining apartment, where sat Clarissa, pale and motionless. Here Snipeton expected an answer to his question ; but Crossbone, raising his eyes and his closed hands—a favourite gesture with him when deeply moved—only said, “ and he is a lord !”

“ Well, lords die, don’t they ?” asked Snipeton, with a sneer.

“ Why ”—Crossbone unconsciously hesitated—“ yes. And, between ourselves, Mr. Snipeton,—I can speak confidently on the matter, having the gentleman in my hands, he is ”—Crossbone gave a knell-like emphasis to every syllable—“ he is in very great danger.”

“ Indeed ?” cried old Snipeton, and a smile lighted up his withered face—and he looked intently at his wife, as her hand



unconsciously grasped her chair. "Indeed?" said the old man, very blithely.

"Your pardon, for a minute, my good sir," said the apothecary. "I'll just send this to my assistant—your man Nicholas must mount and gallop—for there's a life, a very dear life to the country no doubt, depending on it." And Crossbone proceeded to write his sentence in his best quack Latin.

Clarissa felt that her husband's eye was upon her; yet sat she statue like, with a terrible calmness in her pale face. The old man, his heart stung by scorpion jealousy, gazed on her with savage satisfaction. And she knew this; and still was calm, tranquil as stone. She felt the hate that fed upon her misery, yet shrank not from its tooth.

"Mrs. Wilton," said Crossbone, as the housekeeper timidly entered the room, "you'll give this to Nicholas—tell him to gallop with it to my assistant—Mr. Sims; and, above all, let him take care of the medicine—for there's life and death—a lord's life and death in it," said the doctor, unconscious of the probable truth he uttered.

"And his worship," said old Snipeton, gently rubbing his hands, "his lordship is in very great danger?"

"The fact is, Mr. Snipeton, there are men—I blush to say it, who belong to our glorious profession—there are men who always magnify a case that they may magnify their own small abilities, their next-to-nothing talent, in the treatment of it. I need not say that Peter Crossbone is not such a man. But this, sir, I will say, that every week of my life, I do such things here in the country—hedge-side practice, sir, nothing more; hedge-side practice;—such things that if any one of 'em was done in London, that one would lift me into my carriage, and give me a cane with ten pounds' worth of virgin gold upon it. But, sir, no man can cultivate a reputation among paupers. It's no matter what cure you make; they're thought things of course; paupers are known to stand anything. Why there was a case of hip-joint I had—there never was so sweet a case. If that hip-joint had been a lord's, as I say, I ought to have stepped from it into my carriage; but it was a cow-boy's, sir; a wretched cow boy's; a lad very evilly-disposed—very: he'll be hanged, I've no doubt,—and, sir, isn't it a dreadful thing to consider, that a man's genius—a case like that—should go to the gallows, and never be heard of? I put it to you, sir, isn't it dreadful?"

Snipeton grunted something that Crossbone took as an affirmative to his appeal; and, thus encouraged, proceeded. "Ha, sir! how different is London practice among people who really are people! What's that, sir, to the—yes. I must say it—to the disgrace of being a parish doctor? Now, sir, the man—the man-midwife, sir,—in a proper walk of society, feels that he is nobly employed. He's bringing dukes and lords into the world; he's what I call cultivating the lilies, that, as they say, neither tell nor spin: that's a pleasure—that's an honour—that's a delight. But what does a parish man-midwife do, sir? Why, he brings paupers upon the earth: he does nothing but cultivate weeds, sir—weeds: and if he is a man of any feeling, sir, he can't but feel it as a thing beneath him. Mr. Snipeton, I'm almost ashamed of myself to declare, that within these eight-and-forty hours I've brought three more weeds into the world."

"Humph!" said Snipeton.

"And, as a man who wishes well to my country, you may guess my feelings. How different, now, with the man who practises among people who, as I say, are people! A beautiful high-life baby is born. The practitioner may at once be proud of it. In its first little squeal he hears the voice, as I may say, of the House of Lords. In its little head he sees, if I may be allowed to use the expression, the *otaria* of acts of parliament, for he's a born law-maker. About its little, kicking, red leg, he already beholds the most noble Order of the Garter! Now, sir, this is something to make a man proud of his handiwork: but, sir, what is the reflection of the parish doctor? He never works for his country. No; when he looks upon a baby—if he's any feelings worthy of a man—he must feel that he's brought so much evil into the world. He looks upon a head which is to have nothing put into it; nothing, perhaps, but sedition and rebellion, and all that infamy. He sees little fingers that are born—yes, sir, born—to set wires for hares; and the fact is, if, as I say, the man has feelings, he feels that he's an abettor of poaching and all sorts of wickedness;—of wickedness that at last—and it's very right it should be so—at last takes the creature to the gallows. Now, sir, isn't it a dreadful thing for a man—for a professional man, for a man who has had a deal of money spent upon his education—isn't it a dreadful thing for him to know, that he may be only a sort of purveyor to the gallows? I feel the wrong, sir; feel it, acutely, here;" and Crossbone tapped his left side with his fore-finger.

"I know that I'm an abetter in a crying evil, going about as I do, bringing weeds into the world ; but I can't help it, it's my business : nevertheless I feel it. Something ought to be done to put a stop to it : I'm not politician enough to say what ; but unless something's done, all I know is this, the weeds will certainly overgrow the lilies."

"And your patient, his gallant and amiable lordship," said Snipeton, still eyeing his wife, "is in danger?"

"Great danger," answered Crossbone ; "nevertheless, with a blessing—understand me, Mr. Snipeton, with a blessing—for however wondrous my cure, I hope I have not the presumption to take it all to myself—no, I trust, without offence be it said, to some practitioners I could name, that I have some religion—therefore, with a blessing, his lordship may be set upon his legs. But it will be a long job—a very long job—and he mustn't be removed. Just now, he's in a slight delirium : talked about travelling towards London this very day. 'Twould be death, sir ; certain death." And Crossbone blew his nose.

"Indeed ! Certain death ?" repeated Snipeton, smiling grimly : and still watching the face of his wife. "I fear—I mean I hope—Mr Crossbone, that your anxiety for so good, so handsome a young man—a nobleman too—may, without real cause, increase your fears. But then, as you say, we ought to be anxious for the lilies."

"I'd have given the worth of—of—I don't know what—could I have been here before. Two or three hours earlier might have made all the difference ; for his lordship has great nervous irritability—is most wonderfully and delicately strung. But I was away, as I say, producing the weeds, sir. Yes, I've ridden I'm ashamed to say how many miles since ten o'clock last night ; and what's my reward, sir ? What, as parish doctor and midwife, is my consolation ? Why this, sir : that I've helped to bring misery and want, and I don't know how many other sorts of vices into the world, when I might—for without vanity I will say it—when I might have been employed for the future honour and glory of my country. Ha, Mr. Snipeton ! happy is the professional man who labours among the lilies ! Sweet is his satisfaction ! Now, sir, when I ride home early in the morning—for the parish people, as I say, always make a point of knocking a man up at the most unreasonable hour ; they do it on purpose, sir, to show the power they have over you—now, sir, when I'm riding home, what's my feel-

ings? Why, sir, as a lover of my country, there's something in my breast that won't let me feel happy and comfortable. There's something that continually reproaches me with having helped to add to the incumbrance of the nation: as I say, that distresses me with the thought that I've been cultivating weeds, sir, nothing but weeds. Now a job like the present I look upon as a reward for my past misfortunes. It is a beautiful case!"

"Because so full of danger?" said Snipeton, still looking at his pale and silent wife.

"It is impossible that a blow could have been struck more favourable for a skilful surgeon. The sixteenth part of an inch, sir, more or less on one side or the other, and that young man must have been a very handsome corpse."

Snipeton made no answer; but with clenched teeth, and suppressed breath, still glared at his wife. Passion shook him, yet he controlled it; his eyes still upon the pale face that every moment grew whiter. Another instant, and Clarissa fell back in her chair, speechless, motionless. Her husband moved not, but groaned despairingly.

"Fainted!" cried Crossbone, "call Mrs. Wilton," and at the same moment the housekeeper appeared. With anguish in her look she hastened to her mistress. "Nothing, nothing at all"—said the apothecary; and then, with a smirk towards Snipeton, "nothing, my dear sir, but what's to be expected."

"She's worse, sir—much worse, I fear, than you suppose," said Mrs. Wilton, and she trembled.

"I think, ma'am," replied Crossbone with true pill-box dignity, "I think I ought to know how ill a lady is, and how ill she ought to be. Have you no salts—no water, in the house?"

"I shall be better—in a moment, better"—said Clarissa feebly, and then grasping the arm of Mrs. Wilton, she added, "help me to my room." She then rose with an effort, and supported by the housekeeper, quitted the apartment. And still her husband followed her with eyes, glaring like a wild beast's. Then, looking up, he caught the relaxed, the simpering face of the apothecary.

"In the name of the fiends," cried Snipeton, fiercely, "wherefore with that monkey face do you grin at me?"

"My dear sir," said Crossbone, smiling still more laboriously, "my dear sir, you're a happy man!"

"Happy!" cried Snipeton in a hoarse voice, and with a look of deepest misery—"Happy!"

"Of course. You ought to be. What more delightful than the hope of,—eh?—a growing comfort to your declining years—a staff, as the saying is, to your old age?"

The mystic meaning of the apothecary flashed upon the husband; the old man shook, as though ague-stricken, and covering his face with his hands, he fell heavily as lead into a chair.

Mr. Crossbone was silent in his astonishment. He looked wonderingly about him. Was his practice to be so greatly enlarged in one day? Could it be possible that Snipeton—a man who wore like oak, could be ill? Snipeton, to be sure, was not, to Crossbone's thought, a lily patient; but then, how very far was he above the weeds! The apothecary was about to feel Snipeton's pulse; had the professional fingers on the wrist, when the old man snatched his arm away, and that with a vigour that well nigh carried Crossbone off his legs. The apothecary was about to pay some equivocal compliment to the old gentleman's strength, when Nicholas ran in with the medicine duly compounded by Mr. Sims, and flustered with a startling piece of news.

"They was bringing the murderer to the house, that the gentleman"—for Nicholas knew not the sufferer was a lord—"might identify the bloodspiller afore he died."

And Nicholas repeated truly what he had heard. Rumour had travelled—and she rarely goes so fast as when drawn by lies—to the Lamb and Star. And there—not stopping to alight—she halloed into the gaping ears of the landlady the terrible intelligence that the young gentleman almost murdered last night, lay at Dovesnest; that his wound was mortal; that he was dying fast; that he had already made his will, Dorothy Vale and Ebenezer Snipeton having duly witnessed it. This news, sooner than smoke, filled every corner of the house. Great was the stir throughout the Lamb and Star. Tipps, the constable, on the instant, wore a more solemn look of authority; on the instant, summoned St. Giles to prepare for his removal, at the same time cautiously feeling the handcuffs to learn if they still remained true to their trust. The barber left a pedlar half-shaved to accompany the party; and in a few minutes, the horse was put to the cart; and St. Giles, who spoke not a syllable, was seated in it between Tipps and the landlord, Mr. Blink having donned his Sunday coat and waistcoat, that he might pay proper respect to the solemnity; whilst the barber, grasping a cudgel, guarded the culprit from behind. "Stop! shall I take the blunderbuss, for



fear?" asked the landlord of Tipps, and eyeing St. Giles. "No," answered the constable, smiling confidently and looking affectionately at the manacle, "no; them dear cuffs never deceived me yet." Crack went the whip—away started the horse; and Tipps, the landlord, and the barber, looked about them freshly, happily; smiling gaily in the morning sun—gaily as though they were carrying a sheep to market—ay, a sheep with a golden fleece!

And the landlady watched the whirling wheels, and with heart-warm wish (poor soul!) wished that the wretch might be hanged, yes, fifty feet high. And Becky, the maid, in her deep pity, braving the tongue of her mistress, stood sobbing in the road, and then, as suddenly inspired, plucked off one of her old shoes, and flung it after St. Giles, as with kindly superstition she said, for luck. "For she know'd it, and could swear it; the poor cretur's hands was as innocent of blood as any babby's." Foolish Becky! By such presumptuous pity—a pity, as Mrs. Blink thought, flying in the face of all respectability,—did you fearfully risk the place of maid-of-all-work at a hedge-side hotel; a place worth a certain forty shillings a year, besides the complimentary half-pence.

Return we to Nicholas. Ere Snipeton and Crossbone were well possessed of the news, the cart drove up before the window. "And there is the murderer!" cried Crossbone. "Bless me! there's no need at all to try that man—there's every letter of Cain all over the villain's face. A child at the horn-book might spell it. And now they're going to bring him in. Ha! my fine fellow," added the apothecary, as St. Giles alighted; "there's a cart you won't get into so quickly I can tell you. What a bold looking villain! With so much blood upon him, too! A lord's blood, too, to look so brazenly! What do you think, Mr. Snipeton?"

Now, Snipeton was not a man of overflowing charity, yet, oddly enough, he looked at St. Giles with placid eyes. The old man, to the scandal of Crossbone, merely said, "Poor fellow! He looks in sad plight. Poor fellow!"

In a few moments, Tipps, the constable, was shown to the presence of the master of Dovesnest. "He was very sorry to make a hubbub in his honour's house, but as the gentleman was dying, there was no time to be lost afore he swore to the murderer. Sam, from the Lamb and Star, had gone off to the justice to tell him all about it, and in a jiffy Mr. Wattles would be there."

"I think," observed Crossbone, "I think I had better see"

my distinguished patient is." With this, the apothecary, making himself up for the important task, softly quitted the room.

"And you're sure you have the right man?" asked Snipeton of the constable.

"Never made a blunder in all my life, sir," answered Tipps, with a mild pride.

"Mr. Justice Wattles," cried Nicholas, big with the words, and showing the magistrate in.

"Mr. Snipeton," said Wattles, "this business is—"

But the Justice was suddenly stopped by the doctor. Crossbone rushed in, slightly pale and much agitated, exclaiming, "The patient's gone!"

"Not dead!" cried Snipeton, exultingly, and rubbing his hands.

"Dead! no! But he's gone—left the house—vanished;—come and see!" Crossbone, followed by all, rushed to the room in which, some minutes before, lay the murdered St. James.

He was gone! All were astonished. So great was the surprise, not a word was spoken; until Dorothy Vale, who had crept into the room, with her cold, calm voice, addressed the apothecary. Pointing to the stains in the couch, she said, "If you please, sir, can you give me nothing to take out that blood?"

## THE MISANTHROPE.

It requires no great amount of erudition to know that the word "misanthrope," if regard be had to its etymology, signifies neither more nor less than "man-hater." The humblest Hellenist could give you the Greek verb signifying "to hate," and the Greek substantive signifying "man," and point out how "misanthrope" was compounded from them.

Then let us only think what a misanthrope must the powerful rich man be, who uses all his power and all his wealth to crush and depress rather than to elevate mankind;—what a misanthrope must be the wretched attorney who twists, turns, and tortures justice, to swell his own miserable bill; what a misanthrope must be the keeper of a hell! And let us turn to the page of history. Some of those atrocious Roman emperors,—those Borgias, Medicis, with a list of horrible etceteras—what misanthropes in the grand, stupendous scale they must all have been!

Strange to say, not one of these man-haters, ancient or modern, obtains the name of misanthrope. They may be branded with the appellation of tyrant, villain, miscreant, wretch ; but “misanthrope” never touches them. They may kill, pilfer, cheat, rack, burn ; but that does not make them misanthropes,—does not stamp them as “man-haters” *par excellence*. We must look elsewhere for the terrible hater of his species.

We have found a specimen ;—we need not give his name ; it is enough for our purpose that all his acquaintance recognise him as a misanthrope ; he walks through the world with this character tacked to his back. When we ask what earned him his reputation, we find, that from assemblies where unmeaning compliments are the order of the day he is generally absent ; that when interest and vanity assume the disguise of self-denying virtue, he has got a singular knack of discovering the fact of the case, and an equal facility of communicating it. A whole lot of conventionalities, which most people think of inestimable value, he considers to have none. He finds much wrong where nought but right is admitted to exist ; he keeps out of the way of the social circles which have nothing in common with his own thoughts ; and therefore—therefore—he is a misanthrope. As for doing anybody any harm, his worst enemy does not accuse him of that ; but he refuses to take interest in that great machine called society, and therefore he is a misanthrope.

Oh ! shut up your lexicons when you would learn the meaning of this word, or they will mislead you. The misanthrope is no hater of man, but of all the littlenesses, the frivolities, the chicaneries, the worldly wisdom, with which man is enveloped. Shall a man be said to hate another because he dislikes the colour of his waistcoat ? With no greater right shall those whom the world calls misanthropic be termed haters of man. Or, perhaps, some satirical dog adopted the word, who could no more conceive man other than as a compound of mean materials than honest Crambe could conceive a lord mayor without his chain and gown.

We heard our misanthrope talk, when no stranger was by. His voice swelled with the noblest predictions for humanity ; his heart beat high with the love of justice, of truth, of freedom ; his indignation was levied at fraud, bigotry, and contented ignorance ; and the man was not deceiving us ;—we saw he spoke as he felt. The fact was, he was so impressed with the lofty ideal of humanity,—was so convinced of man’s high purpose, that he could not endure



the contrast which the real world presented ; he could not bear to see the purpose missed. The easy, good-natured folk looked on the world as something to eat in—drink in—sleep in—gossip in ; and as long as these ends were attained, the world was a very good world. They were satisfied, happy, sleek-minded ;—were not misanthropic.

The man who looked upon humanity as a high, holy thing, was a misanthrope ; the men who were content with the grovellinga that adhered to it, and fattened thereupon, were the reverse.

The man who felt how vast were the stores of wisdom, science, beauty, virtue, that might be evolved from the microcosm man ; who felt that in that microcosm alone the universe could find an expression, and that humanity ought to be impressed, nay imbued with the importance of its mission, such a man sighed over misplaced energies, and mistaken happiness, and was called a misanthrope.

He who considered man as a possible angel was a misanthrope ; he who was content with him as an animal of a depraved kind was the reverse.

This is a strange condition of affairs ! It is within an ace of formulizing itself into this definition : " A misanthrope is one who reveres the ideal of humanity." How the word reels and swerves from its etymology !

True, but then those sneers, those sarcasms, those utterances of discontent, that mark the misanthrope, do they not in some measure fit the origin ? My friends, these very bitternesses show that the utterer has some high notion of humanity within his bosom. Why should he grumble at interestedness and servility, unless he perceived a capability in man to be disinterested and unservile ? We do not grumble at a cow because she has no taste for music.

There is a sort of misanthrope, who rejoices over the weak parts of humanity, because he sees in them so many gates and wickets to his own advantage. He too utters his jibes and his jeers, and flaunts about in his disbelief of good. But him we exclude from our category. It is the mourning, repining, solitude-seeking misanthrope of whom we speak,—in whose laugh may be heard the sound of mournfulness.

It was a profound remark of Roussenu's, when he said that the " Misanthrope " of Molière was the only honest man in the play.

But the misanthrope is not faultless, — no more than the

morbidness of whereof we spoke lately \* is all right. He solely compares erring individuals with the ideal, but he compares not age with age, so as to see that the present are nearer the ideal than many that preceded. His nobility consists in the loftiness of his standard ; his uncharitableness in the absoluteness of its application.

The misanthrope loves *man*, but he loves not *men*. The word, after all, may veer back to its etymology.

Oh, my friends, believe in progress,—believe that mankind advances from bad to good,—believe that evil is a night-phantom that will vanish before the light of a better day,—nay, believe more,—believe that it has its uses as a foil, as a stimulant, as a touchstone, till the end arrives. Believe in progress, if it be true—believe in it if it be not true. As Cicero preferred wrong with Plato, to right with any one else ; so prefer being mistaken with your faith in progress, to being correct without such faith. But—I forget,—the faith in progress cannot be wrong,—if we believe in it really, truly, heartily—we effect it.

AN OPTIMIST.

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## THE TOWN-POOR OF SCOTLAND.

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THERE is a rhetorical figure very rife among the writers of leading articles,—“ The Public Mind.” The monster intelligence which these words are meant to designate is very much influenced, as to the subjects which shall occupy it, by the public press. Hence, it may be regarded as a great joint-stock, of which the newspaper people are the directors, and in which the rest of the community are share-holders. Its chief employment is speechifying and boiling over with indignation against wrong. Wrongs, however, to be warmly denounced by it, must have a touch of romance in them ; for the Public Mind is a sentimental mind. To commonplace, every-day woes and sufferings, the journalist finds it extremely difficult to direct its attention. The wronged, to obtain speedy consideration, must be a long way off ;—up the Niger,

beyond the Rocky Mountains, or in South Africa. Victims of poverty and partial legislation, who starve at home, at our own back-doors, may be attended to at any time. Meanwhile the Public Mind is busy sending out tracts and missionaries to Ashantee, or ploughs, flax-seed, and theoretical farmers to Eboe-land ; and the time for snatching its next-door neighbours from starvation and the grave is either long protracted or never comes. Thus it was that the South-Sea Islanders were converted, and two of the South African tribes made quite comfortable years ago ; whilst any show of enlarged desire to ameliorate the condition of destitute Britons only began to be earnestly entertained during the winter of 1842. Even now, the Public Mind is very superficially informed on the subject.

For instance, no further off than Scotland, an amount of destitution has for the last dozen years existed which may be safely described as harrowing ; and it is only till within the last month or two that we, on this side of the Cheviots, knew anything about it. A parliamentary inquiry was, it is true, instituted ; but this had no effect on the Public Mind ; for it could not wade through three uncommonly thick blue books of evidence. The most it could do was to glance over the thin report which accompanied them ; and in that they found it decided, that the poor of Scotland are so well taken care of, that little or no legal interference in their favour is necessary. This was the decision of the six Scotch commissioners of inquiry ; and although the seventh, and only English commissioner, was so convinced that the deductions in the report from the evidence were unwarrantable, *that he refused to sign it*, yet the Public Mind was not roused. It thought, perhaps, that the testimony of the six unanimous Scots ought to outweigh that of the single dissentient Englishman ; forgetting, that, amongst themselves, the Scotch are an outrageously unanimous people. But the most harmonious community will have its little disagreements ; and to one such fall-out the Public Mind is indebted for enlightenment on some very dark shadows in the picture of Scottish institutions.

It is well known that the national unanimity by which Scotland is characterised has been recently interrupted by a split in the church. Last year, a vast body of the people went out from the establishment and erected places of worship of their own, wherever they could. It happened that on applying for sites in some of the

northern counties, they were refused. This was denounced as tyrannical ; and the wrongs of the sect whom it affected were set forth from every Free-Kirk pulpit. In, however, discussing their spiritual, their temporal wrongs oozed out. It came to be explained that a very good reason for denying permission to erect more churches in Sutherlandshire existed in a system of political economy that has been carried out in that county for some years past ; the object of which is to drive the poor away, to make room for sheep—a kind of flock to which churches are of no manner of use. The system has been in full operation for some years, and would not in all probability have been fully imparted to the Public mind, if the Caledonians had kept as unanimous as usual. But the Free-Kirk people made the most of it, and took up one wholesale case with great effect. It was ascertained that on the 12th of last May, no fewer than ninety-one persons were to be removed from their homes in Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire. Public appeals were set on foot, some of them in the form of advertisements inserted in the Free-Kirk and other newspapers, and one was sent to the office of the “Times” in London. It appears that the case of heartlessness and oppression it set forth was too strong for belief, and the wary conductors of that journal refused to insert the appeal till they had instituted special inquiry into its truth. They forthwith despatched the gentleman by whose activity, discrimination, and literary talent so much good was previously effected for Wales. What he saw, and what he communicated, fully bore out the contents of the advertisements, and what seven government commissioners and their three enormous blue books (in which the whole story of the “clearances” is—buried), were unable to do, this one intelligent gentleman, backed by the powerful journal he belongs to, promptly effected ;—the Public Mind was roused. To be sure there was everything in his favour to excite the sentimentality of the *mens publica*. The Highlands are not too near, and are, moreover, extremely picturesque ; then the ninety-one poor creatures who *were*, as threatened, ruthlessly thrust from their homes on the 12th of May, were obliged to huddle all together in a tent pitched in the churchyard (that of Kincardine), where the bones of their fathers reposed ; for none of the tenants who were allowed to remain, dared to shelter them under their roofs, for fear of being thrust from their homes also. All this was pretty and romantic, and the picture simply drawn excited the public mind to a high point of indignation against a system—a national system—

which could bring about such unmeasured oppression.\* We are now going to give some idea of it, and then to show that the permanent destitution, starvation, and death which the Scotch poor-system creates in *large towns*, is greater than that it brings about in the Highlands:—

First of the system. The poor in Scotland are treated not with regard to their necessities, but as a problem in economics, the terms of which are:—Given, so many poor; how can they be dealt with at the very least possible expense to the rich?

This is the way in which the problem is solved:—it is held as an axiom, that to provide for the poor is to demoralise them; to afford sustenance to keep them alive will of necessity ruin their characters. “Legal assessments,” it is argued, “tend to generate in the lower classes a spirit of servile dependence, and give encouragement to idleness and vice. Remove the sense of shame attached to the reception of charitable donations, and convert it into something like a feeling of right, and one of the strongest barriers to the increase of pauperism is taken away. As long as the poor have such a fund in prospect, their present wants employ their whole attention, and they seldom think of making provision for sickness and old age.”† In accordance with this assumption, the destitute in Scotland have not, as with us, any *right* to relief. Everything that is done for them is—they are assiduously made to understand—voluntary, and given as a charity: so that, whenever an individual gets so low in the world as to become a pauper, he is by that misfortune converted literally into a beggar. He either begs for relief at the Kirk sessions of a rural district, of the municipal authorities of a town, or is licensed by them to beg from door to door.

The second axiom is, that if you force the rich, by assessments, to contribute to the wants of the poor, you leave no room for the exercise of that large philanthropy and lavish liberality for which the Scottish nation is so widely celebrated! Let us see to what extent this national liberality goes: the only public fund to which the poor can, by Scotch law, look for relief, is that derived from charitable bequests, voluntary gifts of heritors (proprietors), and collections made on Sundays at the church-doors. Now, these

\* The local papers inform us, that in the county of Ross-shire alone, the number of tenants who have received notice to “clear out” this year, is 403.

† Analysis of the Statistical Account of Scotland, Part II. p. 160.

sources are so utterly inadequate to the demands upon them, even as judged of by the stingy theories of the Scotch philosophers, that assessments are obliged to be resorted to, especially in large towns. Even out of the charitable contributions thus—if we may use so hyperbolical a word—amassed, the Kirk sessions often abstracts sufficient to defray expenses connected with the church, such as repairs.\*

But what is the result of that lavish liberality of rich to poor, which compulsory assessment would, it is feared by the Caledonian philosophers, destroy? The statistics of one parish shall answer the question; and we select it because it is, so far as we can ascertain, inhabited by the most opulent people in the whole country;—we mean that of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh. In 1842 this parish contained about 71,000 inhabitants, out of whom 14,961 were sufficiently well off to pay rates and taxes. Before we startle the reader with the amount of their church-door donations, it is necessary to premise that one excellent trait in the Scottish character is constant attendance at church. The sum-total of charity there contributed would obviously be materially affected by habits of Sabbath-breaking, a vice which is so much detested that whoever habitually indulges in it is held in deep disgrace. Well, with all their church-going habits and liberal gifts, the inhabitants of this parish contributed, in the year ending July 15, 1844, at three church doors, the munificent sum of 117*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.*!† And lest this might be thought an extreme case—an unusually low amount for the St. Cuthbert flock—we add the total they put into the same church plates in 1842; it was 171*l.* 12*s.* 3¼*d.*‡ To be sure, efforts have been made on extraordinary occasions to increase these voluntary contributions. In the Cholera year (1832) the town council was petitioned to authorise a general collection in the churches and chapels of the next parish or “royalty.” Death, be it remembered, was mowing down his daily hundreds in the Cowgate, Canongate, and other pestiferous parts of the city; in many cases because his victims were without natural sustenance. The kirk-sessions could only authorise such a collection, and to it the petition was formally

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\* Evidence of Dr. Lee before the Commissioners, p. 852 of Appendix, Part III.

† Eleventh Report of the Managers of the Poor of St. Cuthbert's, or West Kirk parish, Edinburgh, page 16.

‡ Ninth Report of the same, page 17.



remitted. The memorial was returned by its chief, the Christian minister of the parish, *refusing to authorise any such collection!* \*

So much for the efficiency and amount of church subscriptions. To this it will be answered, perhaps, that in these instances the church collections are made and expected from a community already assessed. Granted. But are the beggarly amounts we have quoted greater in proportion to affluence and population, in unassessed parishes? We have very good reason to state that they are not.

We must now address a word or two to the Public mind on the point of assessment; reverting to St. Cuthbert's, because it is *one* of the richest parishes in Scotland. In raising assessments, says the late Sir William Drysdale, "the great object was economy. The council wished to keep the people from paying more; they wished to keep down the rate of assessment." †

That is their sole end, aim, and object. The evidence of their own officers proves incontrovertibly, that the wants of the poor form not merely the last point of consideration, but that they are never considered at all. In adducing one out of a thousand instances of this, it is necessary to explain that though the town-council are *ex-officio* "managers" of the poor (the very term is characteristic; the poor, God help them! are indeed "managed" in Scotland), *they* have no "guardians." The council are obliged, however, to delegate this part of their duties to another body. In the cholera year, then, the actual managers of the poor in one district thinking it would be a wise preventive to feed their poor a little better than usual, exhausted their legitimate funds, ran into debt, and applied to the town council to make their debt and disbursements good. The council—in their dread of taxing themselves and their wealthy fellow citizens one penny extra to pay for the salvation of the lives of their poor neighbours—*refused* the requisite assessment. Hence the managers incurred a debt of 16,000*l.*, "of which neither principal nor interest has been paid." ‡

In possession of these facts, the Public mind will be somewhat prepared to understand that paupers are starved in Scottish towns on the most economical principles. But we question whether its direct expectations will equal the facts; those especially which belong to the affluent parish before alluded to.

\* Sir W. Drysdale's Evidence before Poor-law Commission, Part I. No. 3618. Out-of-church subscriptions were, however, collected in creditable sums.

† No. 3620.

‡ Mr. R. Müller, Part I. of Evidence, No. 765.

Out of the cash extracted from the parishioners of St. Cuthbert's by church collections and assessment, in the year ending 15th July, 1844, the sum of 2,997*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* was distributed upon 1,559 out-door paupers, for their *sole* sustentation. The average income, therefore, of each pauper was not quite *l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* per annum, or a fraction less than 9*d.* per week! "For mercy's sake!" exclaims the reader, "what becomes of the poor creatures? Does not private benevolence step in to rescue them from the grave?" Sometimes it does; but (and the fact would be perfectly incredible were it not recorded in evidence) when that is the case, and it is known to the parish officers, the pittance is reduced in proportion to the amount of succour thus received. "In fixing the allowances," say the Scotch commissioners, whilst advocating, rather than reporting on, their pet system, "the circumstances of individuals are separately considered, their claims on relations, the assistance they receive from private charity, and every other *possible* source of income."\* The truth of this statement one instance will fully corroborate:—A few winters since a soup-kitchen was established in Edinburgh by several benevolent inhabitants; and it is a fact that every pauper receiving out-door relief, who partook of the sustenance thus provided, was *mulcted of his or her pension, in an amount equal to the value of the basins of soup partaken of during the month!!* This was a refinement of meanness which no invective can exaggerate, which no imaginative satirist could invent.

"Can such things be  
And overcome us like a summer-cloud?"

By no means: that ninepence per week suffices to keep the life and soul of a mere pauper together is the reverse of an evanescent theory; it is, in Scotland, philosophised and insisted on. Some say this magnificent income is quite enough; whilst other enthusiastic economists actually pronounce it to be—TOO MUCH! One witness—and he a doctor—speaketh in this wise:—"That with regard to a father and mother with four children under ten, at the working period of life, three shillings and sixpence or three shillings per week, *might make them comfortable.*" That is, sixpence a week each person. He goes on to say, he *knows a man* who spends sixpence per week only "for nourishment; very coarse indeed, but yet sufficient."† Without wishing to be rude, we flatly tell the learned doctor, we don't believe him.

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\* Report, page xi.

† Evidence, Part I., No. 2376.



Not to let the sceptical reader off with one such expression of belief in impossibility, we can quote a higher authority on the same point. In a pauper case, which came before the Court of Session a year or two since, one of the judges "ruled" that a penny a-day was sufficient for the support of a human being.\*

We should like this extraordinary "lord ordinary" to try it for a week or two—to put his theoretical dictum into practice on himself; or, as we do not wish to be vindictive, upon his dog. Living, we know, is said to be very cheap in Scotland, both for man and beast; but it is not so inexpensive as to admit of either a lord of session or a Sky terrier existing upon any dietary to be got at that price. We happen to know an English visitor to Edinburgh, who was charged by a parishioner of St. Cuthbert's,—a stable-man to whom our friend happened to confide his horse—three shillings and sixpence per week for the keep of a Retriever, as much as his lordship would allow for six beings bearing God's image, and equal to the average dole for four and a half paupers in the same parish!

But we have not done yet. The law and practice of Scotland refine even upon this cruelty. Ninepence per week is too large an income to be indiscriminately lavished; and the next question to be inquired into is, Who are the paupers? what must be their condition to be entitled to it? The answer is simply, that their official "managers," whether civic or sessional, having arranged so as to provide as little as possible for their maintenance, the law takes care that as few recipients as possible shall have any claim; hence it provides that no relief shall be given to any but orphans under fourteen, or to aged persons of or over 70; or to any but "cruiked folk, sick folk, impotent folk, and weak folk." Although the law in which these words occur dates so far back as 1503, it is now, but with some modification, acted upon; and it is only persons unable to help themselves who receive the average ninepence weekly in St. Cuthbert's parish—an average which it is fair to conclude is that, or rather above that, of all Scotland: for St. Cuthbert's is, as before remarked, as affluent a locality as any in the country. It comes, then, to this: that in Scotland there is no provision whatever for the poor, as such. They are only taken under "management" when utterly helpless, either from extreme youth

\* Speech of Mr. Spence (the attorney employed for the pauper in that case), at a public meeting in behalf of the poor in Edinburgh, as reported in the *Caledonian Mercury* of June 2, 1845.

or extreme age ; when they are allowed just enough to starve upon. It is natural that the Public mind should boil up at this, and ask, "For mercy's sake, what becomes of them?" There are two ways of answering this : the Scotch political economist will reply, "Oh, they are taken into the Charity Workhouses!"

"Yes, but how many of them gain admittance?" Let us see. In Edinburgh there are three such establishments, one belonging to each of the three parishes comprised in the city and liberties. Now before a pauper can enter either of them, he or she must be an orphan under fourteen, or a dotard over seventy, and must prove an uninterrupted industrial residence in Edinburgh for three previous years. The case is scrutinised, and, perhaps, after rigid investigation, the pauper is declared eligible to enter ; but what happens ? The workhouse accommodation is inadequate even for the reception of all such deeply scrutinised claims, and many a starving wretch is told he must wait till there is room for him ! The other way of answering the question is so horrible, that it can only be hinted at. It is easy to guess how nature disposes of the helpless and decrepid who are forced to live upon ninepence per week ; but the extent and number of her operations in helping the system to get rid of the poor cannot be ascertained ; for in Scotland, *there are no coroners' inquests !*

Like the Scotch no-poor-law, we have, it will be perceived, kept the able-bodied poor quite out of view. We will now, in a few words, present their condition to the public mind. To an individual between the ages above mentioned, the law of Scotland forbids any sort of aid. That is to say, all persons who have ability to work have no claim to sustenance, whether they can get it to do or not. In short, the law implies that they must be abandoned to utter destitution ; for parish officers must not, as in England, provide employment for them. This, one would think, is cruel enough ; but there is no knowing how far the heartlessness of cold-blood philosophy will go : and the law says further, that, should a man be in employment, and fall ill, it will give him no assistance even then ! Unless we had the Commissioners' report to quote from on this point, we should despair of being credited. "There is scarcely any provision made for medical relief to the poor out of the poor funds, in Scotland. This seems to be left systematically to private charity."\* But such relief is sometimes granted in large towns, and to occasional poor ; but

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\* Report, page xiii.

"more *ex pietate* than *ex lege*—more as a matter of compassion than a matter of right." \*

The able-bodied Scotch pauper, therefore, has one of two alternatives, from which to choose ; to lie down and die of starvation, or to turn thief. It is quite natural that he should generally prefer the latter, which is exactly what happens. As a felon, he is immeasurably better off than as a pauper. It was incidentally stated the other day, by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, that each prisoner costs the city upwards of £10 per annum ; so that a man, who has to choose between being fed at that price and not being fed at all, will prefer crime and conviction to honesty and starvation. "Don't let the children die of hunger," writes a prisoner in the Edinburgh jail to his wife, † "so long as you can go about seeking bread for them ; however, though it may be against your mind, they and you will be as well here, as looking for meat and yet not able to keep a house." Poor victim ! he had criminated himself, found prison fare a treat, and urged his wife and children to plunge into the depths of infamy and crime to share it with him ! Verily the advocates of a system which drove him to such straits have much to answer for.

Some paupers have begged and prayed to be allowed imprisonment as a boon ; and the harrowing distresses, the agonies which the no-poor-law inflicts upon the lower stratum of the Scotch community, are sometimes lighted up by sparks of heroism and endurance which ought to melt the hearts—if they had them—of the philosophers. Here is one specimen :—"There are at the present time," says Mr. Frederic Hill, inspector of prisons in Scotland, in his report of 1842, "nearly forty persons in the prison of Glasgow, who have voluntarily subjected themselves to all the rigour of imprisonment (*and of imprisonment on the separate system*), in order to obtain food and shelter. Some have been in this kind of civil death for more than a year, giving up every particle of personal liberty, performing a task of ten hours' labour every day, before they can earn a penny for themselves, living on very plain food, rising early in the morning both in winter and summer, and many of them confined day after day, month after month, in a small cell, apart from all human beings, except the officers of the prison ; and thus with the knowledge that, at any moment, they have but to utter a word, and they can be placed at perfect liberty."

\* Report, page iii.

† Evidence of the Governor, Mr. John Smith, Part III., No. 1431.

So much for the boasted independence of the Scottish character, which a regular provision for the poor would, it is feared, take away! From the succeeding and eighth report, we learn that as the prison was not meant to serve the purposes of a workhouse, these destitute "voluntaries" were ordered by the General Prison Board to be ejected. "The result has unfortunately been," writes the inspector, in 1843, "to convert a number of persons into criminals who had shown by their willingness to give up their liberty, to work hard, to live on the plainest fare, and to submit to all the rules of a prison, that they were sincerely desirous of avoiding a life of guilt, and of living peaceably and honestly. Nearly half of those who had been thus ejected from the Glasgow prison, *have already returned as offenders*; and some of them under serious charges. One, a girl of thirteen, who had much pleased the governor by her industry, docility, and good conduct, but who had no good home or good parents to go to, was committed to the prison within one month after she had been compelled to leave, and is now under sentence of transportation."

Of the fact that the poor-system has rendered Scotland a huge manufactory for criminals the Public Mind will not remain satisfied by the adduction of solitary instances; we therefore turn to the criminal returns of the empire, and learn from them that since 1805, the population of the three kingdoms having increased 65 per cent., crime has augmented during the past forty years 700 per cent. in England, 800 per cent. in Ireland, and in Scotland *three thousand six hundred per cent!*\*

Such is the present poor-law of Scotland; such are its effects. We have, to the best of our ability, presented them to the "Public Mind," candidly and without exaggeration, drawing our information exclusively from Scotch authorities, which we have taken care to quote carefully, perhaps tediously. The facts, therefore, are indisputable, and, if disputed, proveable. Yet, although they must be well acquainted with the infamous disregard of human suffering which the system creates and maintains, yet the heads and representatives of the Scottish nation still persist in defending and continuing it. The Scottish Commissioners, in their report, recommended no change whatever in the principles upon which the no-poor-law is founded. They have the effontery to advise "strongly" that the crime-creating plan of dealing with the able-

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\* See "Blackwood's Magazine" for July, 1844, p. 1.

bodied poor, "shall be continued unchanged."\* Although they advise that more poor-houses shall be erected, they would increase the difficulty of entrance into them, by a seven, instead of a three years' residence in any one parish. They won't hear of a general assessment, because that would come out of their own and their friends' pockets. True to their philosophical dicta, not one spark of humane consideration for the necessities of the poor appears in their report. How to "manage" them is all they seem to have attended to. They would, it is true, establish a board of appeal from the decisions of the sessions; but while such an appeal is going on, the pauper will, in most cases, end the dispute, by going to jail or sinking into his grave.

That such a modified system of dealing with the poor is without heart or humanity, is proved by the dissent of the seventh Commissioner. Even this gentleman, an assistant English Poor-law Commissioner—inured for years to all the case-hardening operations of the New Poor law of England—appears to have been sickened into dissent from every one of the suggestions of his six Scottish colleagues. The public mind has long been filled with prejudices against, not only our poor-law, but against those who have been employed in its working. From *this* dark inquiry, however, one sub-Commissioner shines forth, by the force of mere contrast, as an angel of light; as a being overflowing with human sympathy. Indeed, his eight clauses of dissent do him honour, and will help to prove to the public mind that an English Poor-law Commissioner may, after all, be a kind, sympathetic, as well as a firm and autocratic, man in authority over the poor.

Without any regard, however, to his humane reasons of dissent, the law-officers of Scotland have drawn up a bill in accordance with the recommendation of the commissioners. It has been brought into the House, and with their national unanimity, the Scotch members—after a faint show of opposition from the representatives of the Free-Kirk party—seem quite contented with the principle of the bill. Unless, therefore, the Public Mind earnestly bestir itself, Scotch paupers will go on being allowed ninepence per week when overtaken by age and infirmity; and, when able to work, and cannot get it to do, will continue being converted into criminals at the rate of 3,600 per cent. per forty years.

Our remarks must be understood as bearing exclusively on the

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\* Report, p. lxii.



*system*, and as being directed against those individuals who advocate it. They are highly blameworthy ; they have taken up an exploded theory and blindly maintain its efficacy and justice against facts and necessities, while their hearts appear not big enough to contain sufficient pity for human suffering to set them right. On the other hand, we ascertain from several well-informed correspondents in the North, that of their own experience they know that the middle classes in large towns (who see more of the working of the system than their superiors) are decidedly averse to the present state of things, and to its proposed slight alteration. They are, in many instances, earnest labourers in the wide field of amelioration and charity, as the many benevolent institutions they support and conduct will testify. But they seem to be under a spell of reserve.

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## THE ROAR OF LONDON.

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“ Standing in St. Paul’s, one is surprised by an aërial sound in the dome : it is the roar of London.”

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AMID the crowded city’s ceaseless roll,  
At morning, noon, and deepest midnight hours  
Within this mighty Dome, as in a soul,  
Whose spirit everlastingly adores,  
Riseth a solemn song of echoing praise  
To Him who leadeth on earth’s chequered ways.

The pealing organ, at appointed time,  
Sends forth her hymn to worshippers around ;  
The faithful clock, with sweet responsive chime,  
Measures the days and years with tuneful sound ;  
But ever-living is this sacred song,  
As years, and days, and moments roll along:

As on the sea-girt shore the wanderer hears  
The choral hymn of ocean’s rolling tide,  
Where, amid storm and calm, the billow bears  
Her constant symphony surrounding wide—  
So, from the mighty City’s joy and strife  
Rises this deep, enduring song of life.



## UNFASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

BY PAUL BELL.

ABOUT three houses distant from mine, there lives a family whose greatest pleasure seems to lie in the court and great-world columns of a certain journal. Does Her Most Gracious Majesty accept a cotton ball wound on a new principle, or His Royal Highness, The Prince, vouchsafe to cast an eye of protecting taste on a new Balfour of Burley plaid, my girls are sure to be favoured with a call from the Miss Le Grands -with the intelligence, conveyed in tones of a befitting solemnity. Should a Viscount Seagreen, well versed in private theatricals, condescend to sing "Coal-black Rose," at some peace making dinner of masters and men after a miner's strike, we go through a perfect "jubilate" of admiration of the disinterestedness of our nobility; and if a Marchioness by chance be found at such a scene, looking on from the gallery, the satisfaction almost rises to the point of emotion rendered speechless by "pride of sex." Not an aristocratic marriage, or birth; not a court petticoat, or royal command, is overlooked by these worthy gentlewomen. We believed for a long time that they must be cousins at least of Mr. Boyle, the gentleman who keeps the Red Book by double entry; but I am now satisfied it is purely a case of quick sympathies: and their knowledge is in their own circle thought at once genteel and pleasant. Me it always bewilders a little: sometimes it sets me a-thinking; and last evening, when it came to the point of their choosing to marshal the chairs in my little back parlour, to give my daughters a notion of the relative positions of the great personages assembled at Stowe, I begged to be excused any more; and they went home in a huff, muttering something about Radicals, and "a narrow mercantile spirit." I dare say I may have been sharper than was civil. Only Lords and Ladies, perhaps, ought to lose their tempers; unless it be Laureates when standing up for their "privileges."

But, I say, all this empty stuff about "fashionable movements," made me begin to count over sundry unfashionable ones, worth the world's recollecting. I don't mean those on a large scale; which are called riots, monster meetings, and the like. They

make noise enough. A burning Rome is as sure to be recollected as a Nero playing on his *barbiton* (as somebody calls a violin); and philosophers and politicians must settle how far the fiddle may or may not have had to do with the fire. But I think that Alexander Bethune and his brother John, the one a Scottish quarryman, the other a Scottish grieve, who worked hard, died young, owed no man anything, educated themselves to the presumptuous point of writing wise essays, simple tales, and sweet verses,—were as worthy of being chronicled—when cultivating widows' gardens at holiday hours, out of charity, or when installing their old parents in the house their own hands and their own savings had builded—as any of the Viscounts Seagreen or Marchionesses of Whortleberry aforesaid. Then when I read of aristocratic travellers, “putting up” with the Desert, and making the best of an Egyptian tomb for a lodgement—by aid of enthusiasm, a firman, a dragoman, and a heavy bag of piastres—wherefore, say I, should one not pay one's peppercorn rate of honour to the sympathisers who have no ambassadorial sanction, no banker's book, nor umbrella of comforts (as the Easterns have it)?—such persons, for instance, as the poor country actor, who walked some sixty miles across the country to be in for the first night of “*Ion* ;” or the wandering German apprentices, whom a townsman of mine met with on the Rhine, who had trudged as far, barefoot, and carrying heavy knapsacks, to offer a humble present of paper envelopes to M. Liszt, the pianoforte player, because *he* had travelled twice as far to play for a *gymnasium* of poor students! Scott thought the progress of Jeannie Deans as well worth writing as Queen Elizabeth's (on her side-saddle) to the princely palace of Kenilworth. Let me see whether I cannot, out of this shabby storehouse of a memory of mine, rummage out a “movement” or two made in the paths of patronage, sacrifice, and benevolence, as intrinsically curious as the “short and easy steps in self-indulgence,” which the Le Grands of the earth contemplate, till they are dazzled by the effulgence into a sort of tipsy operatic imitation of the same.

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#### MARTHA ROSSITER'S TWO JOURNEYS.—PART I.

In the time I am speaking of—thank God! it is passed, or fast passing—a conscience was one of “the privileges,” as Mr. Wordsworth might call it; which, if belonging to the heads of firms, was

not accorded to their clerks—at election time. Londoners, however well read in parliamentary blue books, can't conceive how bad matters used to be in the provincial towns; and how far representation meant tipsy Tyranny on the one side, and, on the other, ragged Honesty holding out both hands behind its back for gold. In a certain town, the house of Mullins and Gotobed had always taken a lion's share in every contest; or, to be precise, the senior partner thereof had done so,—Mr. Gotobed being of the Quaker persuasion; who might advise, but, to use his own phraseology, “did not feel free to take a more active part in public matters.” The freemen in Mr. Mullins's employment were always a bone of the extremest contention. They were carefully kept together: never allowed to go to the poll till the eleventh hour; and were known as the “dearest lot” of men with which innocent members of their honourable committees had to treat. Whether in the Whig or Tory interest, I shan't say.

Thus, William Rossiter, the book-keeper, must be supposed to have known well what he was about, on a certain Friday of the year 182—, when he was missing from the warehouse room; in which the Mullins's “plumpers,” by old custom, were holding a Saturnal, prior to their turning the scale of a fiercely contested election. Yet he was but a shadowy and a shabby-looking figure for a martyr; a puny, shaking object, never credited with a soul he could call his own; and whose body—well-a-day!—was cased in the same dusty coat and patched shoes from June to January. Some people said he was pinching himself to get his son into the Church; some to insure his life, for the sake of his poor hump-backed daughter. But when three souls are to be kept on seven pounds a-year (and neither perquisites nor presents), threadbare dress and patches need not cause much speculation, I apprehend; save to that class of speculators who, when the poor fail to get bread, “wonder the wretches can't live on pie-crust.”

But there is a higher courage than to be merely absent from duty—the audacity of opposition. Rossiter—monstrous as it will sound in the ears of all thinking men—chose, Covenanter-wise, “to glorify truth in the Grass-market,”—to vote for him whom Mr. Mullins had undertaken to quell; and this, poor fool! without fee or reward. With such frantic personages there is only one short and easy way for the tribe of Mullins to pursue. Gentlemen must be willing to pay for their privileges; and the price of William Rossiter's was a stool and a set of books. His place, in short, “knew him”

more," and those who wished to speak of black ingratitude in the counting-house of Mullins and Gotobed, were used for many years to go no further, by way of sad example and wholesome consequences, than the starveling old book-keeper. What seems more unaccountable is the bad management of the man. Had he lifted up his finger, the Blue Gazette would have taken up his grievance, and made a martyr of him, through ten leading articles at least. There would have been speechifying, subscribing, hand-shaking, patting on the back; his portrait—who knows?—for the shop-windows. Whereas, the utmost he could do was to sicken and take to bed,—some said of palsy, and, shaking sympathetically, dropped a heavy word or two about "judgments,"—some fancied in pure chagrin and astonishment. He took to bed, I say, and never rose again from it.

Now, as ill-luck would have it, Charles, Rossiter's son, was too young to have a voice in matters; and Martha, I am ashamed to say, was nearly as bad a manager as her father. Anything beyond working all day in the straw-bonnet shop where she was engaged, sitting up with him all night, and seeing, between whiles, that the little boy got his lessons ready for school, never entered her head. She had not even feeling enough to desire the sympathy of her fellow-workwomen: nor could have told—the stupid girl!—how Mr. Mullins's eyes flashed fire when he anathematized the culprit, and thrust him forth to add up ciphers in his own garret. Crooked, any one could see she was; hard she was known to be; and her obstinacy in not making any observations on her case, was afterwards counted against her as preposterous in one so young. She could not love her father. The deformed, every physician knew, were shockingly sinister and malevolent! . . . thus ran the *Le Grand* style of comment, on Martha's busy and mysterious winter. But even a winter, as icy and stern as that particular one, will go over at last, and spring leaves come out, and, to some, spring thoughts therewith. Then, too, new clothes bud as well as new blossoms, and apprentices grow impudent enough to covet holidays, and to have a passion for Sundays in the country not very suitable for Lent; somewhere about which time the appetite beginneth to stir. No one, therefore, will wonder at hearing of Martha Rossiter strolling out, like the rest of town birds, one bright Sunday noon; though it was disgraceful in her to be so calamitously mean in her attire. Her bonnet, particularly to one of her profession, was almost fatal; and the *Le Grands* declared that had she crossed the path of any

of the Misses Dew, her employers, so equipped, they *must* have taken notice of the impropriety, and out of regard to public morals given the slattern a gentle lesson, in the form of a dismissal.

Unfortunately, however, for example's sake, the Misses Dew were not in the habit of frequenting Acre-lane, up which Martha Rossiter was creeping or Quaker-lane, as some called it, because the mansion of the Gotobeds was at the end thereof. The Friends' domain was rich and silent; a place of sunny exposures and shady walks; of hot walls, where peaches grew big as cricket balls, and flower-beds, flying in the face of every testimony in behalf of sobriety of colour and plainness of form borne by the owners. No drab tulips were there, nor snuff-coloured primroses, nor leaden grey crocusses. The grass wore a most worldly green, and was pied with indiscreet daisies. There were "outward-bound" daffodils, too, by the sheaf; and almond bushes swinging under their shower of pink blossoms in a most vain and sportive manner. Neither was the decorum of silence maintained. A variety of loquacious and trilling birds seemed to find no place so convenient for holding meetings in as the Gotobed gardens. Nay, in the house canaries, engaged at a vast expense, were doing their best to show the Grisis (Grass-es) and other bipeds of tuneful instinct, the way to sing. How these strange laxities can have fallen out has never seemed clear to me; for the Gotobeds were used to pride themselves on their consistency; to speak of pleasures addressing the eye and ear, as "terrible snares in the path of the dear young people." Perhaps Mrs. (or, as she was called at home, Priscilla Gotobed, got over the parterre and the thrushes by pleading that being stricken in years, she was no longer in danger of being enticed by gay hues and sweet sounds.

Few visitors ever disturbed that peaceable family; very rarely any on "First-day;" and thus the sound of the squab little green knocker reverberated startlingly through the house, to the disturbance of everyone, though but once raised, and by the trembling hand of the book-keeper's daughter. "Thee expected no friend to call?" observed the comely matron to her husband, who had just tucked his napkin under his chin, to do honour to the exquisite dinner, over which the pair were wont to practise self-denial every day of their lives. "I had not asked anyone to dinner," was George Gotobed's answer; "if it be a relation of one of the maids, the back door would have been more suitable."

"I am indeed rather tried by that knocker," was the lady's



reply ; “if it were removed it might be as well.” What succedaneum might have been proposed will never be known, as the neat, formal servant entered, with the unusual tidings that a young person entreated to speak with Priscilla Gotobed : “in great want,” the humane creature added, “and much exhausted.”

“An unusual request,” said the master of the house drily, “the day considered ; I will excuse any more of the tale, Jane. A tramper, probably. Say that she will do well to go. Such persons, Priscilla, should be put to hard labour.”

“Well, but dear,” said the kinder woman, mollified, peradventure, by the odour of her own good cheer, “they may be fed and clothed first. I shall be most easy, I think, to speak to the young person myself. Thee eat thy soup.” And rising, Priscilla Gotobed rustled into the hall, where sate the untimely visitor, in tidy truth, ill fitted for that palace of propriety and comfort. Her face was dusty, and only partly washed clean by the courses where tears had descended ; her apparel only a stitch or two short of raggedness. She had taken the liberty, too, of seating herself on the spotless dimity cushion of one of the oak settees in the hall ; being, indeed, as the Abigail had set forth, entirely exhausted by the unusual indulgence of her country ramble.

“Thou hast selected a very untimely hour for thy visit,” began Priscilla, “having come, I expect, to ask charity. The family are at dinner.”

“O, not charity !” returned Martha quickly, “I merely wish to borrow.” “There is no one here who lends,” was the formal reply. “What may thy name be ?”

“Rossiter. My father was many years in Mr. Gotobed’s office ; he died this morning.”

“And thou art roaming about on such a day ! I incline to think it would have been more suitable to centre down . . . .”

“Alas ! madam,” interrupted her ill-trained suppliant, too sick at heart to bear the weight of the impending homily, “I had no alternative. We have neither food nor money in the house, nor any article of value left ; I am in debt, and he must be buried. O ! I cannot bear the thoughts of a parish funeral !”

“Thee art aware that Friends’ notions about interment differ from thine. But to be so bare, and in debt ! Can thou assure me there has been no improvidence ?”

“I can show you my account-book, madam. It was my poor



father's pride to give my brother a good classical education ; too expensive a one, perhaps ; but Charles was to go into the church."

"Thou hast been told, perhaps, that Friends reject a hireling ministry ? I am afraid this is but an ill-considered visit . . . And, I do not know how far I am free to examine thy case,—without my husband's full knowledge. Much was said about thy father's proceedings in Seventh Month last ; and, though Friends rarely occupy their minds in politics, some did not, altogether, feel in unity with them. I could have wished, too, more order in thy dress, and less ornament." . . . Alas ! the ornament was merely a tippet cut somewhat fantastically to veil the poor girl's misshapen form. But Priscilla was as straight as a hop-pole herself ; and believed there was only safety and peace in a shawl pinned with just three plaits on each side !

"Ah ! madam !" cried poor Martha, "when one has to work all day and to nurse all night ; when one must sell one's clothes before a father shall ask twice for a drink to cool his poor, feverish throat—what time is there for order ? Providence knows, I have struggled and struggled, and made known our wants to none save Himself ; but now I am fairly beaten down—and I believe, dying—I should *hope* so, but for my poor brother's sake : for who would put him into the church were I once gone ? And we have no relations on whom we have any claim : so, I came here, in despair, to borrow a little money. If I live, I will pay you, madam, though I have to work my fingers to the bone. But if you will not help me, I am sure I know not what will become of us—save the Lord please to take my reason, and then I shall forget it all !"

"Thy wild words," returned Priscilla, "cannot be pleasing to the Almighty. I must speak to my husband. Wilt thou name the sum requested, and the purposes to which it is to be applied ?" And Priscilla put herself into her stiffest attitude : resolved to *seem* wary and exact.

It was twenty pounds, Martha wanted—seven, to pay debts ; as much for funeral expenses ; the rest to buy back a few articles of furniture on which money had been raised.

"The amount is considerable," was Priscilla's observation, "and my husband must be acquainted with the request. Meanwhile, I expect thou wilt not object to eat some dinner. Please to follow me. I am sorry one of thy age should have to come out on such an errand on the Sabbath-day." And so saying, Mistress

Gotobed opened a door into a matted passage, and handing over the disconsolate petitioner to a functionary as painfully neat as her mistress, glided back to finish her own meal, and determine what notice was to be taken of such a piece of audacity as Martha's application.

From the Quaker gentlewoman's manner, the book-keeper's daughter felt very small hope of her petition being granted. Nor does suspense raise the spirits, had Martha Rossiter's been usually sanguine. She could work, and she could will, and she could bear—that was all. And the comfortable fare set before her depressed her. She thought tenderly of her father; how rarely (if ever!) he had fed so well! She remembered her brother at home; and would have starved for a week, might he but have sate, in place of herself, at that table! What a strange, querulous recipient of benefits—to feel as if the good food would strangle her, and the genial wine was turned into poison! This comes (would the Le Grands say) of being kind to discontented persons of her class! It seemed to the unthankful girl an age ere the meal was done—a longer time, before the rustling of the mouse-brown silk (the richest levantine that could be selected for the clothing of Christian self-sacrifice) announced the return of Friend Gotobed—*her* meal and meditation over.

"My husband," said that lady, entering, "does not incline to thy proposal of his lending thee money." Then she paused as if waiting for some reply. But poor Martha Rossiter did not speak—only stood up and tied her bonnet-strings, feeling, the while, as if she was choking.

"Thee art too impetuous," added her hostess; "I had not finished my communication. Canst thou give me good proof that what has been laid before me is true?"

"Every word, Madam. I have applied to no one else. I had thought of speaking to Mrs. Mullins; but . . ." she thought of the hard words which had prefaced William Rossiter's summary dismissal on the part of Mrs. Mullins' lord and master. Her heart swelled, and she stopped.

That "*but*," and the following pause, were not without efficacy. The proceedings of the liberal Mrs. Mullins had ever operated with a curiously magnetic influence on Priscilla Gotobed. It was not only the scandalizing hat and feathers she wore—neither the powder and profane red breeches of her footmen—nor "her sitting wasting time at a piece of music many hours in a day;" but

it was her stall at every Fancy Fair—and her school—and her Christmas benefices, which were never long absent from the mind of the lady of Acre Lane. The “want of moderation” in the senior partner’s house disturbed her own balance more than she would have cared to own. She had been told of a new conservatory which was to be because (she believed, the Gotobed camellia had got prizes several years running, at the flower shows “Maria Mullins,” too, had more than once reflected on her judgment at the Clothing Society; and was certain to make a show with any case she might reject. I don’t know how far her own unassisted charity might have gone—since the “but” above mentioned settled the question. Well, of all the odd things in this world, surely mixed motives are the oddest!

So, in an harangue which I don’t think the reader would understand, were I to print it as it was told to me—with loops and provisos and cautions and reservations, which deprived the deed of half its grace, and left the other moiety in but a shabby plight—with a word in season against superfluity in interment and also the vain and delusive “testimony” of mourning;—and as many side thrusts at the wrong a sister might be doing “in leading an innocent youth’s tender conscience astray,” Mistress Gotobed at last acquainted Martha with her intention of performing the loan out of her own privy purse—that was if, on minute scrutiny, the case was discovered to have been truthfully stated. And the hump-backed girl crawled homeward down Acre Lane, with the feelings of one who has been pelted with a benefit, “instead of being thankful on her knees,” in the true Le Grand phrase, at finding such munificent charity where it had been so little called for;—the salary of William Rossiter, during the seven-and twenty years of his service of Mullins and Gotobed, having been paid punctually to the day.

But Martha was not on her way home to the house of feasting. And, perhaps, she had enough to think of as she dragged her jaded limbs along, saying within herself—“Well, if God spare my life, that debt shall be paid!” Who knows but she may not have been too apt to indulge—silly, thin-skinned girl!—in those high notions of independence which, making a loan a debt of honour, are the exclusive property and “privilege” (according to the Red Book Catechism) of honourable classes? We shall see what happened ere she kept her promise.

# THE CORN-LORD'S TRAGEDY.

A SICILIAN LEGEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ORIGN."

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NATURE is rich and bountiful,  
And man a niggard poor,  
Yet having nature in his reach,  
And heaps within his store.

The sun ariseth from his bed,  
And maketh corn enough to grow ;  
And man ariseth from his bed,  
And saith it is not so.

In days of old the spreading fields  
Beneath Messina's sky,  
Bore harvests richer than the rest  
Of fruitful Sicily.

But once it chanced a general blight  
Came on a plague-wind's gust,  
And all the sea of golden grain  
Changed to a sooty dust.

"And what care I ?" said Bruscolo—  
A lord of lands was he ;  
"For I have corn in every barn,  
Now worth a hundredfold to me."

Amongst the poor a famine raged ;  
They gave whate'er they had  
To buy dear bread ; when all was gone,  
The poorest died, or else ran mad.

But Bruscolo still held his price,  
And so withheld his corn,  
Until the people, with one voice,  
Clamour'd from night till morn.

They said, " The corn we cannot buy ;  
The grass we cannot eat ;  
Nor can we lie down patiently,  
To die at Plenty's feet ! "

But Bruscolo still held his price,  
And doubly barred all doors,  
And doubly fed his hirelings strong  
To guard his hoarded stores ;

And called all rich men to his aid,  
With soldiers and with slaves,  
So that the starving people saw  
On either side their graves.

But meanness comes with poverty,  
Petitions long, and weak, and vain,  
Beseeching rich men to forego  
A little of their gain.

The crowd pass'd by the lordly barns,  
To kneel before the owner's door ;  
But two stood fix'd with hungry pains  
They never knew before.

With staring eyes and open mouths  
They dream of bread—corn—flour—  
Until the very granary planks  
Their passionate thoughts devour.

And one of these at last espied  
A hole that seemed a drain ;  
And *like a rat* he downward crept,  
Beneath the stores of grain.

The other sat in his despair,  
Staring with blood-shot eyes,  
Till, on the nearest granary roof,  
A strange thing he descries.

Forth creeping with inquiring neck,  
And callow fluttering wings,  
A mealy bird all sickly white,  
Upon the roof-edge clings.

Yellow its eyes, and ghastly pink  
Its throat, when wide it gaped ;  
Tottering it stood, as might a ghost  
From grave-clothes just escaped.

Awhile it stood, so lank and blear—  
Fluttered, and gaped again—  
And as it crept back 'neath the roof,  
The Rat came from the drain.

"Ha!" cried his comrade, "hast thou found  
An entrance to the barn?"

"I have," this poor rat cried—"but God  
Hath breath'd upon the corn!"

"And, oh! the horrid sight I've seen  
Within the wide barn's walls!  
For every rising heap of grain  
Steams—heaves—and bursts—and falls!

"The air is hot, and foul, and strange  
With noises like a smothered fife;  
A Judgment hath the corn transformed  
Into unnatural life!

"The fallen grain on all sides sprouts  
Warm fibres, film, and hair,  
Which soon a feathery shape assume  
In clotted masses there!

"The clotted bodies pant and writhe,  
And soon they try to crawl;  
Stretch out limp necks and reeking wings,  
And climb the granary wall!"

He ceased to speak, and sped away  
Unto the Corn-lord's door,  
Where now a crowd was kneeling round  
"Petitioning" evermore.

But Bruscolo still held his price,  
And would no help afford;  
"Oh, let us live!" the crowd still moaned,  
"Oh, pity us, Corn-lord!"

Said Bruscolo—"If fortune frowns  
On others, she is kind to me;  
My price I'll keep—and, if thieves come,  
Call out the soldiery!"

Still cried the people—"On our state  
Thy mercy we implore:  
Great lord of lands, some cheap food grant,  
And "heaven will bless your store."

But now the poor Rat reached the ground:  
"Devil and beast!" he cried,  
"God hath cast down the statue proud  
Of golden Fratricide!"



"Thou can'st give nothing !—we can give  
The curses of the poor,  
For Heaven, instead of blessing it,  
Hath blasted all your store !"

*Boom !* went the roofs from all the barns ;  
With hollow doom's-day sound !  
And clouds of birds all ghastly white  
Rose up and wheeled around !

Away the roofs were tossed and blown,  
The barns fell with a roar,  
And Bruscolo in horror fled  
Towards the wild sea shore !

The clouds of birds down wheeling now,  
As though they would alight,  
Screaming in circles o'er his head,  
Pursue his frantic flight !

Into the sea fled Bruscolo ;  
Still screamed each ghastly kite !  
He took the waves within his arms,  
And swam to meet the night.

Amidst the ruins of his barns  
Wolf-thistles, tall as man,  
Rose for his monument, and spake  
Warnings of bale and ban.

Of those strange birds but two returned,  
And they sat in the sun,  
Until their ghastly plumage changed,  
And lovely colours shone.

Their young ones flew from isle to isle,  
With beauty, freedom, hope ;  
And corn-lords never strove again  
With Nature's laws to cope.

## MY TEMPTATIONS.

BY A POOR MAN.

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THERE are those who (themselves altogether above want) wonder at the “shocking depravity” of the poor, feel a thrill of pious horror at the idea of a man who pleads poverty as an excuse for dishonesty, and who would not hesitate to affirm, that they would die of starvation before they could commit so great a sin as to appropriate to themselves anything which they might not call their own. Ah! how little can they imagine the feelings of one who has *nothing* which he can call his own, save the loved ones who are perishing with him!

Let such stern moralists (lolling back in their arm-chairs over their wine after dinner) read my simple story:—

I am a labouring man—my hand is hard and rough; but if suffering could render me callous, my heart would be harder still.

In the beginning of the winter, a year or two back, I had saved about five pounds towards our support during the most severe weather—my work being of a description that could not be proceeded with in frost. I had then three children, and Mary (my wife) was shortly about to give birth to another.

The season advanced—work began to slacken, but there were still many days on which I could work, and we managed to live without touching my little hoard—little indeed—but I had been a long time in saving it!

At last my wife was confined, and five days afterwards a sharp long frost set in. Poor Mary was very ill—dangerously ill; and before the doctors left her, I had to pay them two guineas, and they told me Mary must have warm good clothing and good food.

She had both while my money lasted; when it failed, the frost had not broken up.

I contrived to get a few occasional jobs, but I knew only one *business*, and that I could not follow.

I applied to my master to advance me a little money; but he had five hundred workmen in his employ, and four out of every five had made the same application—he refused.

We went to the pawnbroker next; but we had very little to pledge except our clothes, and they went fast, for my chance work was a mere trifle.

I could not have held out so long, but for Mary ; she was always so cheerful, that I was ashamed to show myself less patient than she was ; and when she gave me potatoes for dinner and no supper she looked so mild and gentle, that I could not complain.

But my baby was weak and ill, poor creature ! The fountains whence it should have drawn its food were almost dried up, by pain and hunger, and secret sorrow.

Mary had been out one day, and had asked me to stay and take care of the children. We had been eighteen hours without food. When she returned, she had a little money in her hand ; she came up to me.

"James," said she, in her gentle voice, "don't be angry, I've sold something belonging to you—something which I think you were fond of."

"Something of mine !"

"Yes—promise me not to be angry."

I never could have been angry with her, and I was too glad to see the money not to give such a promise readily.

She took off her bonnet (it was a very old one)—she had cut off all her beautiful hair !

Angry ! with her !

We were sitting at the window—the children were in bed ; the frost had now continued nearly two months, and we were starving ; we had not spoken for a long time.

"Mary," said I, "I have always borne a good character, and I am loath to lose it, but my mind is made up—I must either starve or steal."

She tried to reason with me at first—but I was maddened at the sight of her pale, suffering face, and I was dreadfully hungry. I would not listen to her.

"James," said she at length, "I declare to you most solemnly that hungry and ill as I am, and much as I grieve to see the children's thin faces, neither they nor I shall touch a morsel of bread that is not honestly come by—and God give me strength to keep my word !"

I sat down again in my chair—we had no food that night.

The next day the frost broke up.

What does the moralist in the easy chair say to this ?

Do I not rightly call this simple statement "My Temptations ?"

J. L. M.

## THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS.

CONTAINING THE OPINIONS AND ADVENTURES OF JUNIPER HEDGEHOG, CABMAN, LONDON ; AND WRITTEN TO HIS RELATIVES AND ACQUAINTANCE, IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

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! LETTER XV.—To Miss KITTY HEDGEHOG, MILLINER, PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR KITTY,—If I haven't written to you before this, it is because I've had nothing worth ink and paper to send you. I know that you've a mind above politics, and—may you be pardoned for the lightness!—can sleep like a cat in the sun, no matter how much the Church may be in danger. When, however, there's anything stirring among silks and satins, why then your woman's spirit is up, and all the milliner is roused within you. Knowing this, Kitty, I shall treat you with a few lines about a Powdered Ball we've lately had at Court, when everybody out of compliment, I suppose, to what is called the wisdom of their ancestors, went dressed like their great grandfathers and grandmothers. A huge comfort this to great people in the shades! Dear Queen Charlotte was once again at Court, very flatteringly represented by a fine piece of point-lace worn by the blessed Victoria herself. And dukes, and lords, and generals,—all of 'em sleeping in family lead—were once more walking minuets and dancing Sir Roger de Coverley. Everybody for a time lived more than a hundred years ago; and, as I'm told, felt very happy at going backward even for one night. To go back is with many high folks the greatest proof of wisdom; and therefore among such people the Powdered Ball was considered a glorious stride in the right direction. Only imagine the rapture of a Duke of Newcastle, living even in fancy for a few hours, at any time from 1715 to 1745; a time when there was no Reform Bill; no steam-engines; no railways; no cheap books! Think of the delight of many old gentlemen believing themselves their own grandfathers; quite away from these revolutionary days, and living again in "the good old times!" I've heard—though I don't answer for it—that two or three of 'em were so carried away by the thought that, to keep up the happiness as long as they could, they went to bed in their clothes,

high-heeled shoes and all. At this very moment, they *do* say, Lord —— is still in his embroidered coat and smalls, with a wig like a white cloud upon him. He declares 1715 is such a "good old time" that nothing shall make him go on again to 1845. He has ordered flambeaux for his servants, and now and then talks about going to Ranelagh. Moreover, by people quite worthy of belief, it is feared that this delusion, as they call it, is spreading amongst certain high folks—many of 'em thinking themselves a hundred years back, and wanting to make Acts of Parliament in the spirit of that good old time. See, Kitty, how a Powdered Ball may turn the highest heads—even the nob's of a country!

The ladies were, of course, all jewelled, and very fine. Oh, what a fortune some of 'em would have been to a poor man—with their stomachers! But Kitty, there is one odd thing at these masks and balls. How is it that young ladies—with names as white as snow—sometimes take the characters, fly-spotted and damaged as they are, of sinful love-birds? You, Kitty, being a woman, can explain this: but to me, one of the ignorant rough sex, it does seem odd that a pure young lady should dress herself as Nelly Gwynne or any other person of the sort, when the afore-said pure lady would squeak—and, no doubt, very proper—at the living creature as if it was a toad. Can you explain this, Kitty? Do they take such characters, just as they put black patches on their cheeks; to bring out their own white all the stronger? Or is it, that there 's a sort of idle daring in it, just as children play with fire, though they never mean to burn themselves? I can't make it out: but how should I expect it—I, a poor, weak, ignorant man,—how should I unriddle a creature that 's puzzled Solomon?

Of course, there was an account of all the dresses. Well, when I opened the *Morning Post* and saw whole columns built o' nothing but velvets and satins and all that, if I didn't grin—like a clown through a collar for a new hat—at the vanity of life." "Look here," says I to Bill Fisher that was sitting in the Spotted Lion,—"look at the conceit of these folks," says I, "who think that all the world 's to stand still a reading about their 'gimp Brandenburgs, and buttons'—their buttons and frogs—their 'blue facings and turnback'—and such mountebankery." "It 's quite beneath us as men," says Bill; "not at all like lords of the creation. Now I can forgive the women—poor little souls!—for having all their flounces and puffings put in the paper. It 's

nat'ral for them." "Why nat'ral?" says I. "Why," says Bill, "because they know it makes one another savage. Bless you! that's what they do it for—and nothin' else." And then you should have heard how he laughed, as he spelt out the paper. "Look here now," says he, "here was a lady with 'a dress looped with bouquets of pink roses; skirt of rich green satin, trimmed with flounces of point lace and bouquets of roses; white satin shoes with high heels, green rosettes with diamonds in the centre. Hair powdered, and ornamented with roses and diamonds.' Now, isn't it dreadful, Juniper, that people are to be stopped over their honest pint of porter with stuff like this? What's 'satin shoes with high heels' to all the 'versal world? But then, as I say, the women do it to make one another savage. I've often thought, since they like so to print in the papers what clothes they wear—that, at the same time, they might let the world know what books they read, what pictures they looked at,—in fact what sort of dresses they put upon their minds. But, to be sure, this would make nobody savage." This is what Bill Fisher says; but mark, Kitty, I'm not quite of his way of thinking; though, after all, it does seem odd that a young lady should think it worth while to put all her clothes in print for all the world to spell over.

But the Ball will have done a great deal of good, in making us look a hundred years back. How I should like to see the thing tried upon a grand scale! Suppose that everybody in London, just for four-and-twenty hours, out of compliment to the great example set by the court, should live as if it was 1745! Wouldn't it be droll? Droll to have the gas out, and set up oil-twinklers; droll to make the new police put on drab coats, and call the hours like that "venerable institution," the watch! Droll to have all the rail-trains stopt, and only book passengers for York by the waggon! Droll to stop the steam-boats on the river—the omnibuses in the street; making folks move about in nothing but wherries, hackney-coaches, and sedan-chairs! Droll, too, would it be to start for Gravesend in the tilt-boat on a two days' voyage! Well, I do hope that all this will be brought about. For if all folks in London were made to live only four-and-twenty hours of a hundred years ago—I do think that for the rest of their lives they'd shut their mouths about those precious good old times, that some people do now so like to cackle about.

There's no doubt that the Powdered Ball has been a very fine affair, but the Ball of next season will be the grand thing. A



nobleman's footman, as I last night drove, told me that at the Ball of next year, all true folks will wear supposed dresses from the time of 1915 to 1945—that is, about a hundred years ahead. There's a good many opinions as to what they'll be. Some folks declare they'll be plain as drab—and some that we shall have all gone back again to the fashion of the painted Britons, as you see 'em in the History of England. By that time, it's thought, soldiers' uniforms will have gone quite out—the electric gun and such nick-nacks having killed war body and bones. Howsoever, 'twill be odd to see how people's fancy will dress themselves for a hundred years on; there'll be more cleverness in that, if well done, than in wearing the precise coat and petticoat of your grandfather and grandmother.

Your loving Brother.

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

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LETTER XVI.—To Mrs. HEDGEHOG, New York.

DEAR GRANDMOTHER.—The Maynooth Grant is granted, and the British Lion has once more gone to sleep. When either Sir Culling Smith, Mr. M'Neill, or Doctor Croly shall pinch his tail, and make him roar again, you shall have due notice of the danger. I think, however, that the Lion is safe to sleep until next May, when, of course, he'll again be stirred up for the folks at Exeter Hall. In the meantime he must be tired—very drowsy, after the speeches that have been made at him; so let him sleep on.

Yes: Maynooth College has got the new grant; nevertheless—to the astonishment of the Duke of Newcastle and Company—the sun rises every morning as if nothing had happened; and, so hard does the love of shillings make man's heart, London tradesmen still smile behind their counters, never thinking that their tills are threatened with an earthquake. Newcastle and other Peers—just out of consolation to their shades—have written what's called a "Protest" against the grant: and a hundred years hence, when England is blown to atoms by the measure, very comfortable it will be to their ghosts, as they walk among the ruins, to see men reading the aforesaid "Protest," and hear them crying "a prophet!" "a prophet!"

And now, Grandmother, comes the Roman Catholic Bishops. They won't have Peel's plan of education, unless all the masters

are to be of their own faith. For, they say, “the Roman Catholic pupils could not attend the lectures on history, logic, metaphysics, moral philosophy, geology, or anatomy, without exposing their faith or morals to imminent danger, *unless a Roman Catholic professor* shall be appointed for each of those chairs.” You see, the lecturer on history, if a Protestant, might be for making Queen Mary—Bloody Mary as I was taught to call her at day-school—a very cruel wretch, indeed; whereas the Queen Mary of the Catholic might be a very nice woman, who never could abide faggots, and never knew where Smithfield was. And then for logic (you must, as I’ve said before, look in the dictionary for hard words),—logic, it seems, is a matter of religion. What’s logic to a Protestant isn’t logic to a Catholic, or a Mahometan, or a Chinese! In the same way, I suppose that a straight line in London would be what they call a curve in Dublin, and perhaps a whole circle at Canton. And then for “geology” and “anatomy.” The Protestant geologist might make the earth younger or older than it really is, and all to suit his own wicked purposes. Again, look at the danger of having a Protestant lecturer on anatomy! Why, we all know, that there’s nothing certain in anatomy; that it’s all a matter of faith. Thus, if a Catholic anatomist lectured, we’ll say, upon the body of a Protestant pluralist, he might out of blindness declare that the said body never had a single atom of heart; that such pluralists always lived without the article. While, on the other side, the real Protestant lecturer, discussing on the self-same *corpus*, might declare that it was all heart, like a summer cabbage! “Professors’ chairs!” When I read these things, I somehow do think of the baby chair that I used to be set up in to take my meals, with a stick run through the arms to keep me from tumbling out. The talk is so childish!

You ask me about your pet, the Bishop of Exeter. Well, the clergy of his diocese have just suffered what’s called his “charge.” A charge, grandmother, in which the Bishop generally contrives to put in a lot of small shot to pepper about him right and left. As usual, he talked a good deal about himself; making Exeter out such a soft, gentle person—such a lump of Christian butter—that in this hot weather, it’s wonderful he hasn’t melted long ago. Ha, grandmother! what a lawyer was spoiled in that bishop! What a brain he has for cobwebs! How he drags you along through sentence after sentence—every one a dark passage—

until your head swims, and you can't see your finger close to your nose. He talked about this Puseyite stuff—this play-acting of the Church—for I don't know how long; but whether he very much likes it, or very much hates it, it's more than any cabman's brains can make out. I never read one of Exeter's charges, that I don't think of a sharp lawyer quite spoiled—but this last is a greater tangle than all. He talked a good deal about "the Apostolical succession," the truth of which he said, he would defend. How I should like to hear him trace himself—Henry of Exeter—*upwards*! He then came to the new Bill that was to take the right of divorce out of the hands of the Church. He said, "Let the *Liberalism* of the age be content with what it had already achieved. It was enough for one generation, that men and women might be coupled together in a Registrar's office, with as total an absence of all religious sanction, as if one huckster were coupled up in partnership with another." Here the Bishop's right enough, no doubt. For if the Bishop's court loses cases of divorce, what lots of fees go from them to the mere lawyers! A wedding-ring and a licence are things almost dog-cheap; but, oh grandmother! what a lot of money it takes to break that ring—what a heap of cash to tear up the licence: and that's the reason that divorce, like green peas at Christmas, can only be afforded by the rich. Next the Bishop had a fling at what he called "the unhappy beings who went to Mechanics' Institutes and lecture rooms." He said they wanted "the discipline of the heart and the chastening influence of true religion." I'm an ignorant cabman, grandmother: but if so many "millions" as the Bishop said, want this, —I must ask what do we pay the Church for? If so many of us are no better, as Exeter said, than "any of the wildest savages who devoured one another in New Zealand," for what, in the name of pounds, shillings, and pence, do we pay Church rates? Why don't the Bishops and the high preachers of the church come more among us? Why, thinking of the "Apostolical succession," don't they copy more than they do, the fishermen and tent-makers who are their forefathers? I can't help asking this; though, as I said, I know I'm an ignorant cabman.

The Bishop, however, after scolding a good deal, tried to end mildly and like a Christian. I've read at some book stall of an Indian leaf. One side of it acts as a blister: then take it off, turn it, and the other side serves for the salve. The Bishop of Exeter, to my mind, always tries to make his charge a leaf of this

sort : though I must say it, one side is generally stronger than the other—better for blistering than healing. So no more from your affectionate grandson,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

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LETTER XVII.—TO MICHAEL HEDGEHOG, AT HONG KONG.

DEAR BROTHER,—You 'll be glad to hear that at last Ministers have remembered there 's such a man in the world as Sir Henry Pottinger. The Queen has sent her compliments to Parliament, commanding a pension for him. We 've given him 1500*l.* a year for life ; to my mind, a shabby sum. La ! Michael, only think how those Six Clerks of Chancery-lane with their thousands a year—the chaps who had nothing to do but to play tricks with what they call equity—only think of 'em, retired with a pension, every one of 'em living like a pot-bellied mouse in a ripe Stilton ! How they must turn up their noses at poor Sir Henry ! He has opened, I may say, a new world, for rivers of gold to flow out of it into the banks of Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, I can't tell where. And *he* gets 1500*l.* a year ! I think we gave something more than that to Lord Keane for blowing up a pair of gates. But then folks turn a better penny upon war than peace. Blood and fire, and misery of all kinds, are more profitable than treaties of trade, no matter how glorious. The sword—the bloodier the better too—weighs down the goose-quill ; however, Sir Henry has a reward of some sort, and I 'm heartily glad of it. May he live a hundred years, and his heart be as green as laurel, when his head's as white as cotton !

But I 'm coming to another part of the business. Sir J. C. Hobhouse, who after all has not lost his speech as was for a long time supposed, lifted up his voice for Sir Henry. What do you think he said ? “ If he (Sir Henry, mind) were refused the reward now asked the result would be this : he was only a lieutenant-colonel, although he had the brevet of major-general, and he would be obliged to leave England ; *he could not live here.* ” At this, the house cheered. And I 'm afraid, Mike, that Hobhouse spoke the real truth. As I 'm an honest cabman who never takes less than his fare, if I didn't blush like a poppy when I read this. Why, what a shabby, mean, outside set of folks we must be ! Supposing Sir Henry had not got this pension ; supposing that,

wanting to stay in England, he had lived in a smallish house—had not given grand parties—but, content with the thoughts of the great things he had done,—he had jogged on plainly, and humbly? Would folks have looked down upon him? Would the lucky do-nothings, born to their tens of thousands a year, have forgotten all about the Chinese peace and ransom, and tremendous trade opened by Sir Henry, unless they saw him in a crack carriage, and knew that he lived in a first-rate mansion? Wouldn't it have been enough for them to know that a great and good head—one of the heads that rule the world, though the world won't acknowledge it, at least until the aforesaid head may be rolled about by boys in the churchyard—that such a head had all its laurels about it, even though sometimes it went under a cotton umbrella? Wouldn't they have acknowledged this? No, Michael; no, no, no! The great man, in the eyes of our English world, would have been lost in the smallness of his income.

Pull down Apsley-house, deprive the Duke of Wellington of his fortune. Let him for three months be seen as a general, living at a club upon nothing but his half pay, and it's my belief that in three months after that some folks would more than doubt whether he ever won Waterloo.

I once read of a Roman, called Cincinnatus, who was called from his turnips to save his country. What a small fellow he'd have seemed among us! We never could have understood a hero upon turnips alone. No; with us, Cincinnatus must have had a fine leg of South-down to his vegetables, butter and capers, and above all things, a silver fork.

I'm called for a fare, so yours in haste,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

P. S. I don't know whether you'll care much about the news, at Hong Kong, but here we shall have a tidy hay season.

# THE BLIND BEGGAR ;

OR,

## THE GREAT UNPAID.

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A TRAVELLER near a crossing,  
An old Blind Beggar passing,  
Heard him bewail  
And tell his tale,  
In hoarse sad voice discoursing.

“ Pity the poor afflicted,  
Old, hungry and dejected :—  
My king I serv’d—  
And I ’m half starv’d :—  
My country I protected.

“ But I have got no pension,  
Nor great man’s good intention,  
And blind I am  
As a dead ram—  
No fraud—no foul invention.

“ A few steps on, you ’ll find, sir,  
A rascal who ’s *not* blind, sir ;  
He sees—’tis true—  
As well as you—  
Give nothing to him, mind sir !

“ The sun I cannot see, sir,  
More than a pin or pea, sir ;  
O, recognize  
With all your eyes,  
The genuine blind in me, sir !



“ Before him—long, long since, sir,  
 I was as blind as a prince, sir !  
     Let him think by his slate,  
     Of one thousand, eight  
 Hundred and twenty—and wince, sir !”

“ What if I had no mind, sir,  
 To work of any kind, sir,  
     Nor sword nor spade,  
     Toil, art, and trade—  
 Ha’nt I been twenty years *blind*, sir ?

“ Ha !—chink !—d ’ye give the impostor  
 Some money ! May disaster  
     Beggar the king—  
     My country bring  
 More wars—and taxes faster !

“ *I* am the real blind man,  
 And nowhere can you find man  
     More blind than I—  
     God’s curses fly  
 Like ravens on the wind man !

“ And God protects the blind man—  
 The genuine, real blind man—  
     As for that thief  
     With eyes—may grief  
 Consume him. *I* am the blind man !

“ Give money to that base toad  
 Because a lie his face shew’d !  
     ’Tis I, you’ll find  
     Am the great blind—  
 The noted man of this road !

“ Mine is a total blindness  
 That sees no human kindness :  
     Nought good or wise  
     Comes to my eyes ;  
 In what court could you find less ?

“ But what ’s the use of being  
Perfectly blind, when seeing  
Gets a reward !  
This is damn’d hard !  
With ‘ old times ’ not agreeing.

“ My blindness is perfection ;  
It shuts out all reflection—  
Save that I wait  
At heaven’s dark gate  
For crowns at my selection.

“ For God elects the blind man !  
The genuine, real blind man !  
As for that thief  
With eyes, may grief  
Consume him ! *I* am the blind man ! ”

And now turn’d back the Traveller :  
Said he, “ Your stick ’s a graveller—  
You ’d knock down all,  
Friends, foes, great, small—  
But, here—take this ‘ unraveller ! ’

“ ’Tis gold. Your dark condition—  
Night without intermission,  
Touches my heart—  
Though, for your part,  
Ne’er was a worse petition.

“ Bigots, knaves, idlers, mummers,  
Who want all seasons summers,  
Proud to be blind  
In eyes and mind,  
Are self-love’s loudest drummers.”

R. H. H.

## A HISTORY FOR YOUNG ENGLAND.\*

What a pity is it to see a proper gentleman to have such a crack in his neck that he cannot look backward. Yet no better is he who cannot see behind him the actions which long since were performed. History maketh a young man to be old, without either wrinkles or grey hairs, privileging him with the experience of age, without either the infirmities or inconveniences thereof. Yea, it not only maketh things past, present, but enableth one to make a rational conjecture of things to come. For this world affordeth no new accidents, but in the same sense wherein we call it a *new moon*; which is the old one in another shape, and yet no other than what had been formerly. Old actions return again, furnished over with some new and different circumstances.—FULLER.

### CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

#### HENRY THE FIRST, SURNAMED THE SCHOLAR.

1100—1135. Robert of Gloucester tells us, that, as the poor charcoal-burner conveyed to Winchester the body of the dead king, a trail of blood, which 'well'd to ground' from the miserable burden of his cart, marked the road he had taken. Then, as that autumn evening fast closed in, there passed by the same road, within brief minutes of each other, two parties of mounted knights. They were spurring their horses to a fiery speed, but no longer in the chase of deer. The race was for a throne.

Henry, the brother of Rufus and the Conqueror's youngest son, stood first before the gate of the Royal Treasury at Winchester. The crown gold and jewels were in that age, as they have been since, no indifferent help to the crown; and as Henry loudly demanded entrance, William de Breteuil and his party arrived upon the scene. He was keeper of the Treasury; and as the son of the Conqueror's oldest friend had declared for the rights of the Conqueror's elder son. 'You and I,' he said to Henry, 'ought to remember the faith we have pledged to your brother, Duke Robert; he has received our oath of homage, and absent or present he has a right to this money.' But Henry drew his sword, and, striking against the gate amid the cheering of his

\* Continued from Vol. I, p. 356.

followers, refused further answer. Upon this Breteuil, seconded but feebly, withdrew.

With the next morning's sunrise, Henry was proclaimed king through the streets of Winchester, and, leaving the bishopric of the city with Henry Giffard, a strong adherent, mounted his horse for London. He found the Great Council in consultation on his arrival; and his claim encountered no opposition. The present providing of good swords, says an old writer, is more essential to a Norman coronation than the long preparing of fine clothes; and on the third day from the death of Rufus, Henry was crowned at Westminster. In the exile of Anselm, and the vacancy of the other archiepiscopal see, Bishop Maurice of London performed the ceremony; in strict accordance, we are carefully told by the chroniclers, with the usage observed at the crownings of Anglo-Saxon kings.

The words pass for mere words of course, beside the record of an act of usurpation; but in other circumstances, casually named by the same authorities, may be read what seems to throw a certain shadow of elective right around the coronation of Henry the Scholar.

Henry, now in his thirtieth year, had been born at Selby, in Yorkshire, in the fourth year of his father's reign; and it is stated by both Norman and Saxon chroniclers, that when he was proclaimed, in Winchester and in London, his friends took care to inform the assembled crowds that the new king was an Englishman, not a Norman; and some partizans had gone so far as to tell the citizens, that in the only son of the Conqueror born after the Conquest, in the land of his father's adoption, they should recognise the only legitimate heir to the English throne. There, as it seems to me, the Saxon jerkin is left to rub more freely against the Norman hauberk. There, it will not be too much to say, we have a wholesome glimpse of the People. Even the partizan statement of a contemporary writer, that it was but on the strict condition of Henry's oath ('to God and the people, at the high altar at Westminster') to annul unrighteous laws, the crown had been placed upon his head,—is not unwarranted by the first act of the reign. Nor could Henry better have shown his so-called 'scholarship,' than by affecting to make his own interest, as early as was possible, the interest of the nation.

On the day after his coronation (so rapidly had the active Norman lawyers seconded his desire), there was issued to the various public places, and subsequently deposited in the principal monasteries of

the various counties, what was called his Charter of Liberties. The historians describe this charter from existing documents, which they suppose to embody its conditions; but it seems clear that they thus lose sight of provisions which certainly formed part of it, and made it chiefly welcome to the people. But before I refer to these, what remains of it may be briefly stated. It is not a little, though it is not all.

Representing himself crowned by the mercy of God and by the common consent of the barons of the kingdom, he proceeded to say that he would not, as his predecessors had done, sell the vacant benefices of the church, nor let them out to farm, nor retain them in his own possession for the benefit of his exchequer, nor raise taxes on their tenants. To all his barons and immediate vassals,—instructing and requiring them to make the same concession to the vassals that held of them,—he granted the power to dispose of their personal property by will; freed them from some of the most onerous and unreasonable burdens of Reliefs, Wardships, and Marriages; ordered that, in the case of breaches of the peace and other delinquencies, Anglo-Saxon laws and penalties should be restored and acted on; forgave fines due to the exchequer, and pecuniary mulcts for murder committed before his coronation; and promised his military tenants exemption from taxes and burthens on their demesne lands. Then, in memorable phrase, which proves that the legislation of the Conqueror had not been that curse which it is called by many of the chroniclers, he gave a pledge to the nation at large that he would levy no moneyage which had not been paid in the Saxon times, and that he would put in force the laws of Edward the Confessor *as his father had amended and published them*. ('*Legem regis Edvardi vobis reddo cum illis emendationibus quibus eam pater meus emendavit consilio baronum suorum.*') What those laws precisely were has baffled antiquarians. Probably they were but that traditional sigh for the 'good old times' of the past, with which every age is apt to compare the burdens of the present.

Suffice it they meant generally redress of grievances, and that, in this charter, redress was largely promised. More largely than may now be recorded, as I have said: for when the barons of a later age were in treaty for the Great Charter, Langton suddenly unrolled before them this charter of Henry, and made it the basis of their claims. It was supposed to be the only copy then in existence; so assiduous Henry's officers had been, in the latter and more secure years of his reign, to obliterate his forced dependance

on the people at the outset of his usurpation. But he could not depress the people for his pleasure, as he had raised them for his gain. He could not grant such a charter as this, and resume it as a waste piece of parchment. The provisions of which men had lost the memory, and were thought to have lost the record, reappeared at the time of vital need ; and, the theft of a people's liberties confessed, the prince into whose violent keeping they had fallen was made subject to a sharp responsibility. In truth, we read history as imperfectly as we write it. Beneath that surface to which we too commonly suffer ourselves to be restricted by the obscurity of imperfect records, there lies rich material to be yet brought to light, by patient thought and sound reflection. Conceding to the early chroniclers their particular cases of oppression, and subjection, and intolerable wrong,—let us well assure ourselves that these things will not be borne for any length of time by an entire and numerous people. If ever rulers might have hoped to measure their rights and immunities by the length and temper of their swords, it should have been these early Norman princes : yet at every turn in their story, at every slight and varying casualty in their chequered fortunes, they owe their safety to the flinging down their spoil. A something, which under various names still seems to represent The People, is still and ever upon their track ; and thus, over even our rudest and most unprofitable history, there lies at least the shadow of that substance which fills our later and nobler annals.

Henry added to his Charter (Lord Lyttelton had made close inquiry into it, I may add, and pronounced it 'more advantageous to liberty than Magna Charta itself') a kind of apology for his retention of the royal forest and the fierce forest laws. He kept them, he said, under guidance of the advice and with the consent of his barons : but he threw in, by way of additional boon, a valuable local charter for London, in which, among other privileges, was the liberty to hunt in Middlesex and Surrey. Nor did he hesitate to curtail, for public and politic considerations, privileges and enjoyments of his own. He had himself counted first among the revellers at the court of Rufus. The worst 'effeminati' of them all had been outstripped by Henry, in the peak of his shoes, and the length of his hair ; and tunic had never deeper sleeves than his, nor mantle a longer train. But grave alterations might now be observed. He put away from him the various mistresses who had already borne him fifteen natural



children, and announced to his prelates and barons that he thought it right to marry.

Let the Saxon chronicler describe his popular choice. It was 'Maud, daughter of Malcolm, King of Scots, and of Margaret, the good Queen, the relative of King Edward, and of the right kingly heir of England ;' and it was plainly the necessity to fortify his throne and his succession, which had turned the Norman's thoughts to this Saxon princess, the niece of the last legitimate heir to the native monarchy. 'Oh, most noble and fair among women,' said her Saxon counsellors, when she would have declined the suit of Henry, 'if thou wilt, thou canst restore the ancient honour of England, and be a pledge of reconciliation and friendship ; but if thou art obstinate in this refusal, the enmity between the two races will be everlasting, and the shedding of human blood know no end.' She yielded.

But other objections rose with the surrender of hers. Many a Norman captain had wistfully looked to this fair prize ; already had her hand been solicited by Alan of Richmond and William Warrenne of Surrey ; and what would have strengthened the baronage against the throne, was now to help the king to independence of the barons. They took objection through the church. The princess, they said, had worn the veil, and by the ecclesiastical canons was no longer at liberty to marry. A synod of prelates was called, and the case, after solemn argument, decided in favour of Henry, by the precedent of a former decision by Lanfranc. The princess *had* occasionally worn the veil, and frequented nuns society ; but always in strict obedience to her aunt the abbess of Wilton, never but against her own desire, and solely for protection of her chastity from the possibility of Norman outrage. Anselm reached England in time for the synod ; explained the grounds of its judgment to several assemblages in the city ; and afterward married the Saxon to the Norman, amidst much popular rejoicing.

The marriage day was on the 11th of November, 1100 ; and its festive shouts might have mingled with the more elevated cries of welcome and enthusiasm, which just now rang throughout the continent on the return of celebrated crusaders. The First Crusade begun three years before, had ended with the fall of Jerusalem and the election of Godfrey of Bouillon to the crown of the Holy City.

It was a memorable incident in history, that First Crusade ; although the scorn and laughter of Rufus had for a time checked it.

growth in England, it imperceptibly won its way to recognition, and brought with it mighty influences for evil and for good. Where, indeed, in any such series of events or institutions as these it engendered, however rude their origin or fierce the temper of their exercise, may we not with diligent search find elements of good, and lessons applicable to better times? Voltaire's clear intellect had assuredly not penetrated all the truth, when he called the crusaders cut-throat vagabonds, animated but by the hope of plunder and the love of blood. What there was of merit in the feudal institutions, had here at any rate taken a higher and more spiritual character; and the fantastical chivalric exaggerations which were destined to spring out of it, abated the ferocity and lessened the injustice of mere military feudalism. A troubadour of the century now begun, called Jerusalem a fief of Jesus Christ; and in the expression may be traced the origin of the crusader's sense of his bond and his vassalage to the Son of God. To his fancy, he was now firmly establishing a reciprocity of Obedience and Protection between himself and heaven. Nor, judging him by the temper and resources of his time, will it be just to call this a fancy altogether vain. The fine-hearted old preacher may justly feel that to connect any special locality with religion is to lower it; and may tell us that the angel sent the women away from looking into the sepulchre, with the divine words *He is risen, He is not here*. But with even all her later advantages from progress and civilisation, has Religion yet shown the entirely gracious heart to which all places are alike Jerusalem? Has she yet declared, that wherever the spirit of Christ abides, God may as well and as acceptably be worshipped? And by her tender and mild example, may the fierce old crusader indeed stand finally rebuked?

He did not begin the offensive, it should in fairness be added. The struggle, which took the later form of a lust of conquest, had begun in a defensive effort to have free passage to the Holy Sepulchre. It was a right the Arabs had guaranteed to Europe, for the good Haroun Al Raschid had even forwarded to Charlemagne the keys of the Saviour's tomb. But with the conquest and dynasty of the Turks there began a general plunder of the caravans of pilgrims; and those *Armies of the Lord*, as they were called, were everywhere scattered and overthrown. Then at last broke forth the wild enthusiasm of the first crusade, and Peter the Hermit recited insults offered to the Saviour till the frantic shouts

of *Dieu le Volt* drafted off more terrible Armies to His succour. 'Go with confidence to attack the enemies of God! The cause of your labours will be charity; the wages of charity will be the favour of God; the favour of God is followed by eternal life. Go, and employ in noble warfare that valour and sagacity which you waste in civil broils. Do you fear death? Death hastens the entry of the good into their country. Death hinders the ungodly from adding to his wickedness!'

Marvellous was the wide response: not limited to the religious, the knightly, or the far-famed warrior. The ungodly and the good answered alike; and the robber and murderer, hand in hand with the saint and eremite, displayed the red cross upon his shoulder. So the debtor took acquittance of his debts, and the servant of his services. The thief escaped the gallows by the way of the cross; the adulterer did penance in his armour; and the devil's Black Guard, to use the quaint expression of Fuller, became God's soldiers.

Nor were these the only aids to the higher motive of Euthusiasm. There was the active impulse of a thirst for change. Where the monk failed of zeal, there was weariness of the monotony of his cloister; where the peasant could but reckon on wretchedness and death, there was at least the comfort to die in the service of the Lord. Wives sent their husbands from them, or travelled with their children on the way; and whole troops would set forth from towns and villages, ignorant of the very whereabouts of Palestine, or through what countries they should reach it! Most affecting are the records of such adventure, though little noted in the songs of troubadours, or beside the dazzling achievements of knights. Since the Turks seized Asia Minor, the pilgrims had found their way by sea, and land-tracks had fallen into oblivion: yet along the French frontier might be seen whole families setting forth upon the hopeless yet hopeful journey, in their slow carts with iron-shod oxen, and with children's eager cries at every town or fortress — *Is THAT Jerusalem?*

Such a spirit could not be called forth without enduring results of some kind; and large evil, doubtless, dashed and obscured the good. Millions of lives were sacrificed; the temporal power and ecclesiastical tyranny of the Popedom was enormously increased; and religious wars and persecutions followed in a frightful train. But, on the whole, there was a balance of advantage.

The union of different countries in a common object had a tendency to dissipate many narrow hindrances to a common civilisation ; the intercourse of eastern and western nations gradually introduced larger and more humane views into religion, as well as into government ; by the pecuniary claims on the feudal chiefs money became more widely extended, and there was gradual, but sure encroachment, on the dominion of feudalism ; the enrichment of the ports of Italy by large and sudden avenues to trade became a most important element in the advance to a higher and more refined system of society ; and through the wandering paths of Troubadour or Dominican, were sown the seeds of the Literature of nations.

So much digression here will be forgiven me, when these influences are seen in silent, but continuous action, through the subsequent course of this *History*.

Robert of Normandy's sluggish and careless nature had been stirred to temporary greatness in the wars of this First Crusade. He had done important service at Nice, Dorylæum, and Antioch ; and shared with Godfrey the praise of the most daring prowess at the assault of Jerusalem. For, while Godfrey had divided the body of a Turk from the shoulder to the opposite haunch with one stroke of his sword, a single descent of Robert's falchion was seen to cleave the head and armour of an infidel adversary from the brain to the breast. But, on his return to Europe at the close of the Crusade, his easy and indolent temper also returned. Love and idleness engaged him, while the crown which priority of birth and the stipulation of treaties declared to be his, was seized by his younger brother ; and, though he declared he was but postponing his claim to his English throne, and meant one day to enforce it, Ralf Flambard, escaping from England, found him occupied with nothing but the most joyous revelries ; showing off a newly-married Italian wife to his Norman subjects, and spending her large fortune in pageants and festivity. But the unpopular minister of Rufus had come to justify his name, and with *devouring torch* set the kingdom again into a blaze. Thrown into the Tower by Henry, he had escaped by means of a rope, sent to him in a pitcher of wine ; and at his wily counsel on the state of England and the divisions of the Norman barons, Robert suddenly unfurled his standard and summoned his vassals.

The details of the strife which followed do not come within the province of this history. The principal barons who declared for



Robert were headed by Robert de Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury and Arundel, the most ferocious and cruel warrior of even the fiercest time, and comprised Robert de Mallett; Ivo de Greutmesnil-Warrenne, Earl of Surrey; William, Earl of Morton and Cornwall; Arnult de Montgomery; Walter Gifford; and Robert de Pontefract. Henry counted for his chief supporter, Robert de Mellent, his chief minister, reputed the most wary and skilful politician of the age; and, with the farther aid of the Earl of Warwick, Roger Bigod, Richard de Redvers, and Robert Fitz-Hamon, placed well founded and well answered reliance on the native population, and drew to his side most part of the bishops whom he had taken means to conciliate. There were seen on either hand, throughout the struggle, those contrasts of brutality and gentleness, of extreme barbarism and extreme refinement which give such a mingled and peculiar character to the time; while, in the mere personal contrast of the brothers, our pity and sympathy are strongly roused for Robert. They met on one occasion (then no unusual circumstance for rival leaders) in a vacant space between their armies, already drawn out for conflict; and while they held brief conference, the old and honest warrior, William of Evreux, arrived with his retainers. 'I served your father faithfully,' he said, addressing the brothers, 'all my life. I have endeavoured to be as true to his heirs. But I cannot serve two masters. My feudal duty must be single. I love both the king and the duke: they are both the sons of my former lord. I desire to respect them both, but I must have only one for my legal sovereign.' Robert paused an instant; then advanced, took Evreux by the hand, and led him to the king.

But even in the midst of our pity and sympathy, a more stern and sober feeling asserts itself. Robert lost England, and deserved to lose it; though I will not say, could a better man have been found, that Henry deserved to win. He was of a temper resolved and inveterate as his father; but withal cold and passionless. He was a suspicious, cruel, and treacherous friend; a dissembling, pitiless, and remorseless adversary; a brother, without a touch of kindness or affection; but not an unwise or imprudent king. He was no slave to favourites; no idler when business awaited him; and no temporiser with injustice, unless the injustice was his own. 'Strong man he was,' says the Saxon chronicler, 'and much awe there was of him. No man durst make against another in his time. Peace he made to man, and

‘to deer. Whoso bore his burden of gold and silver, durst no man say to him nought but good.’ He forced the barons into his own court for decision of their disputes; kept always, after his father’s and his brother’s example, a strong and wary hand upon them; and in any danger or extremity went straight to the people, with liberal compacts and wise concessions. The latter he might not notice nor care to observe, when his danger passed; but they are edged tools, these popular compacts and concessions, and hardly so safe to play the game of dissimulation with, as a friendly nod or smile to the friend you would betray. ‘Does he smile and speak well of me?’ said Bloet, Bishop of Lincoln, one of Henry’s chief justiciaries. ‘Then I am undone. I never knew him praise a man whom he did not intend to ruin.’ The Bishop spoke truly, as he soon bitterly felt; but it is more difficult so to deal with a people.

The siege and fight of Tenchebray, at the close of 1105, delivered Normandy to Henry, and fulfilled the prophecy of the Conqueror’s deathbed. ‘This battle was fought, and Normandy won,’ says honest Speed, ‘upon Saturday, being the Vigil of St. Michael, even the same day forty years that William the Bastard set foot on England’s shore for his Conquest: God so disposing it, that Normandy should be subjected to England that very day, wherein England was subdued to Normandy.’ Among the prisoners was Robert, and from that hour there fell a blank upon him and his hapless fortunes. Henry threw him into prison at Cardiff Castle, where he was suffered to languish twenty-nine years. None knew the reality of his fate; but when scant reproach was made to Henry, the easy smile of the profound dissembler left little doubt of the worst. ‘I have not imprisoned him as an enemy,’ he wrote to the Pope: ‘but I have placed him in a royal castle, as a noble stranger broken down by many troubles; and I supply him abundantly with every delicacy and enjoyment.’ When the twenty-nine years had passed, and, reluctant to approach him as every other friend had been, Death at last released the miserable prisoner, broken down by more than eighty years as well as his many troubles,—it was found that to punish an early effort to escape, his brother had ordered his eyes to be put out.

Meanwhile Robert’s son, a rallying point for still-surviving treason and discontent, in England as well as Normandy, had cost his uncle Henry fifteen anxious years. He did not fight the last



battle which secured the investiture of the Norman duchy to his own son, Prince William, until 1120.

Two years before, leaving him this son, now in his eighteenth year, and a daughter Matilda, who in her childhood had married the Emperor of Germany, and was lately become a widow,—his queen had died in the retirement where her last twelve years were passed. At the outset of her marriage she seems to have had influence with Henry, and she exerted it for good to the Saxon people; exacting and deserving for herself and her consort the Norman sneer of '*Godrik and Godiva.*' She is a great favourite with the chroniclers; and they describe with fervour the good works she did, the bridges and roads she built, the hospitals she founded, the splendid crosses she planted in the highways; and that, such were her rewards to minstrels, every poet read his verses at her court, and shared her bounty. Assuredly her name still lives embalmed with honour in the ancient manuscripts of the Gaimars, Beneoits, and Philippes de Thaun. When she was not engaged in devotion or benevolence, it was her amusement or delight to listen to these men: perhaps to enjoy, from the lips of Geoffrey of Monmouth himself, the wonderful tales of Arthur and his knights, and Merlin and his prophecies, with which he graced the *History of Britain* which he published in this age; perhaps to wonder at Archbishop Turpin's chronicle of the deeds of Charlemagne and his peers; or, when the songs of the French trouveres were done, to deliver up her pleased and excited fancy to the spells and enchantments, the dragons, the hippogriphs, the giants, and all the exhaustless marvels which the Crusaders had brought into Europe. But it is best to leave her memory with the quiet epitaph which long adorned her tomb in Westminster; that she was, in life and after death, '*ab Anglis vocata, Molda the Goode Queene.*'

Back upon her consort there was doubtless reflected some part of her taste for letters. Otherwise there would seem a less substantial claim to his title of Fine Scholar (*Beau-clerc*) than to his nick-name of Deers-Foot, which in his days of early poverty, when following the chase on foot for lack of horse or dog, a Norman knight bestowed on him. He probably first received that scholarly title, indeed, from the very circumstance of his poverty and mean expectation at his outset in life. *Not expecting a crown* (as De Foe has somewhere sarcastically said), *he applied himself to books*; and a small collection of English fables in the manner

of Æsop, which at any rate bore his name, and were in a later age translated into Norman French, is said to belong to that early time. But the taste does not seem to have continued. Learning or piety impressed him little in his days of power. The only bishop he specially patronised was one famous for the expedition with which he could celebrate mass; and while, deferring to the usage of his predecessors, he built castles and palaces, and endowed wealthy monasteries, I do not find that he assisted the laborious efforts of the good Abbot of Croyland, who, fain to be content with the accommodation of a large barn, was at that time expounding (with the help of 'brother Odo, brother Terric, brother William, and Master Gilbert') the lessons of Priscian, Aristotle, Quintilian, and the Scriptures, in the mean little town of Cambridge.

Still, let Henry Beauclerc have the advantage of what is said for him by his most favourable chronicler. 'He took chief pleasure to reside in his new palace, which himself built at Oxford, both for the delight he had in learned men (himself being very learned), *and for* the vicinity of his new park at Woodstock, which he had fraught with all kinds of strange beasts, *wherein he much delighted*, as lions, leopards, lynxes, camels, porcupines, and the like.' There was only this danger in the proximity of these likings for wild beasts and learned men, that he fell into the mistake now and then of treating the one for the other. Thus, when Luke de Barré, a knightly poet who had fought against him (in the war brought to a close in Normandy, as I have said, two years after the death of his queen), was brought a prisoner to his presence, Henry sentenced him to lose his eyes. Charles the Good, of Flanders, standing by, remonstrated against such barbarous usage of a knight who had simply fought in his lord's service. 'It is not the first time,' shouted Henry, 'that he has been in arms against me. But, what is worse, he has made me the subject of satire, and in his poems has held me up to the derision of my enemies. From his example let other versifiers learn what they may expect, if they offend the King of England.' And as the terrible mandate was put in force, the wretched troubadour burst from his torturers, and in a paroxysm of anguish dashed out his brains against the wall.

Brief time passed before the King of England was as little to be envied as the poor murdered Luke de Barré. He set sail for England; and—one ship not sufficing to contain his train of

vassals and attendants, his countless mistresses and crowds of natural children--there followed him, in a second ship, his son, the Prince William; another son and daughter, illegitimate; his niece and her husband, the Earl of Chester; sixteen other noble ladies; and a hundred and forty knights. That second ship never saw the shore again; she went, after striking a rock, sheer to the bottom; and of the three hundred persons she carried, but one, a butcher of Rouen, escaped to tell the tale. When it reached England, the common people are said to have rejoiced, for they remembered this passionate Prince William to have said, that when the power was his he would yoke them like oxen. ('And God said,' exclaims Henry of Huntingdon, echoing some such feeling, 'it shall not be, thou impious one; it shall not be. And so it has come to pass; that brow has worn no crown of gold, but has been dashed against the rocks of the ocean.') But the proudest baron of the court shrank from bearing such tidings to the king. The dire duty was left, we are told, to 'a little boy.' The king sank down upon his bed, as in a swoon. He was with difficulty restored, and, though he lived and reigned fifteen years after this, he is said never to have smiled again.

The selfish dissembler was struck at last, and to the very core of his selfishness. His family hopes of aggrandizement were gone: his continental projects were of no avail: all he had sacrificed so much to win, had slipped his grasp in an instant. Every grand scheme had perished with his son; and the rest of his life was but the unavailing effort to patch up miserable substitutes. His first step was to contract a second marriage; but though Adela of Louvain was young and handsome, she bore him no offspring. He then, after three years' pause, resolved to settle the crown on his daughter Matilda. He summoned the grand council of prelates and chief tenants of the crown, and announced his resolve. She united the Saxon and the Norman blood, he said; her father was the reigning king, her uncle and grandfather had been the two last sovereigns of England, and by her mother she was descended through a line of sovereigns from Egbert and Cerdic. No objection was heard; but there was no shout of approval. Maud was pronounced next heir, and the prelates and barons took the oaths to maintain her succession. The first who advanced were Stephen, Earl of Boulogne, and Robert, Earl of Gloucester; and a sharp contest of precedence interrupted the oath. The question raised (Stephen being

Henry's legitimate nephew, and Robert his illegitimate son) was whether legitimacy of descent or proximity of blood, counted first in rank ; and as Henry looked impatiently on, he must have felt, what was indeed the truth, that these men had at that instant the chances of a crown in prospect for themselves, desired even thus early to mark their respective claims to it, and knew how vain must be all precautions taken to secure the succession of a woman.

The attempts which were nevertheless persisted in by Henry, still further, by prudent marriage, to strengthen his daughter's pretensions, will find more appropriate allusion when those pretensions become the subject of civil strife. Suffice it now to say that she was married to the young son of Fulk Count of Anjou, called Plantagenet because he wore for plume in his cap, a sprig of yellow broom (*Plante de genêt*) ; and bore him three sons, Henry, Geoffrey, and William. But her disputes with her husband, and the impatient ambition of the latter, embittered the closing years of Henry ; and a continual dread of treason, in the disturbed state of the succession, destroyed his peace even in the inmost recesses of his palace. Indeed, the keeper of his treasury was arrested in an attempt against him ; and in a Welsh campaign which he fought in the last year of his life, an arrow struck him from some neighbouring heights, but rebounded from his armour. ' By our Lord's death,' exclaimed the king, not unpractised, it might be, in arrows so aimed, ' by our Lord's death ! it was no Welsh hand that shot that arrow.' Sentinels stood every night at his door, and his sword and shield never left his pillow. Writers wrote dreams which they said he had dreamt, in which suffering tillers of the soil, armed soldiers, and crosiered bishops, reproached, cursed, and denounced him, till he started up in alarm and vowed repentance. And Henry of Huntingdon, in a letter to a friend, thus moralised his history : ' Thou hast seen Robert de Belesme, the delight of whose soul was murder ; thou hast seen Henry Earl of Warwick and Roger his son, whose soul was base ; thou hast seen King Henry, the murderer of so many men, the violator of so many oaths, the gaoler of his brother. These kings—to whom we bind ourselves by oaths ; to whom the very stars of heaven seem to bow down ; and whom women, children, and stupid men throng eagerly to view as they pass by—are not surpassed in their faults by any man in their kingdom ; and this it is which makes the regal office appear criminal in the eyes of some.' Notwithstand-

ing, the philosophic Henry added that the royal Henry was 'remarkable among kings for his prudence ;' and I will echo that praise.

His reign did not interrupt the work carried forward in those of the Conqueror and Rufus. He enforced the law against the Norman barons, and, on the whole, accustomed the native population to a salutary sense of the rigour of offended justice. He assimilated still further the Norman to the Saxon law ; restoring the customs of the ancient county courts and hundred courts as they existed before the Conquest. Exchequer records prove that there must have been, in the eighteenth year of his reign, justices itinerant, to hear and determine civil and criminal cases (the first beginning of circuits) ; and it is equally certain that one of his laws required all persons, as well peers as commoners, clergy as well as laity, to give attendance in the Saxon courts I have named, to hear the sheriff's charges, swear allegiance to himself, and have their pleas of life and property determined. In one of his itinerant courts, no fewer than forty four notorious robbers were sentenced to death, and afterwards underwent their sentence ; and it was doubtless this wholesome severity, and his frequent reminders to his greatest lords of their equal subordination to the law, which procured for him one of his popular titles, of the ' Lion of Justice.'

In his struggles with the clergy he was on the whole less fortunate. He continued with Anselm the contest for investiture begun by his brother Rufus (under which was agitated, as I have formerly said, the momentous question of whether the clergy should be subject to the pope or the king) ; and he closed it by a compromise. Fealty and Homage being civil duties, the pope consented, providing the king abstained from insisting upon investiture with ring and crosier, that the bishops and abbots might do homage for the temporalities of their sees, in the same manner with the lay tenants in chief of the crown : it being understood that as the ring and crosier denoted spiritual jurisdiction, the collation of those emblems should be suppressed. This was a surrender which the Conqueror would not have made ; but yet it retained the most part of the substance of the power in dispute.

Another important ecclesiastical question ended in something of a similar compromise. This was the controversy as to the right of the pope to send legates into England with authority to inquire into church abuses. After many years' discussion, it closed with Henry's permission that one of his own prelates should submit to



receive from the pontiff a grant of legatine authority. In the course of this dispute, England was favoured with the visits of more than one Italian cardinal, and with endless lists of canons to regulate priestly life, and, by shameful and atrocious penalties, to enforce priestly celibacy. It is a question which, with all the sin and sorrow it engendered, will often hereafter occur to us ; and here it will be enough to mention, that, in connection with it, the visit of Cardinal John of Crema would seem to have been somewhat unfortunate. ‘Jolly with his youthful blood and gallant ‘equipage,’ says Fuller, ‘he came over into England with his ‘bigness and bravery, to bluster the clergy out of their wives. He ‘made a most gaudy oration in the commendation of virginity, as ‘one who in his own person knew well how to value such a jewel ‘by the loss thereof.’ And at night, to tell the sequel in, language more decorous than Fuller’s, it was discovered how little he practised what he preached. The anecdote is told on contemporary authority, and has been repeated by the gravest of the chroniclers.

The stormy life of Henry Beauclerc was brought to a close at Rouen, on the second of December 1135, little more than a year after the death of his ill-used brother. On the twenty-fifth of the preceding month, ‘to drive his grief away he went abroad to hunt,’ and on his return, after eating of a dish of lampreys (the dish which caused Galen’s expostulation with the Gods, that they should have given it such a delicious taste and such a malignant operation), was seized with indigestion and fever. On the third day of his illness he despaired of recovery, and sending for the Archbishop of Rouen, received extreme unction. Several of his nobles stood around his bed ; and to them he solemnly pronounced his will, bequeathing all his lands on both sides the sea to his daughter Matilda and her heirs for ever. His body was brought to England, and buried in the abbey he had founded at Reading.



## New Books.

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THE LITERATURE OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. *A Classified Catalogue of Select Publications in the different departments of that Science, with Historical, Critical, and Biographical Notices.* By J. R. McCulloch, Esq., Member of the Institute of France. 8vo. Longman & Co.

THE title of this book might induce many readers to suppose it was one of the duller and most uninteresting that could be issued, and of no value but to the scientific political man. This, however, is far from being the case, and no one of intelligence, who takes interest in the important questions agitating the intellectual world but will find himself insensibly compelled to study its pages. The progress of any mental development is interesting, and the exemplification of skill always arrests the attention. The Science of Political Economy, as it has been perhaps somewhat prematurely termed, deals so essentially with facts, that it must be exceedingly valuable, whatever may be thought of the theories deduced from it. That it has given birth to many crude generalisations there is now little doubt, and that much rash and injurious legislation has been perpetrated under its doctrines; but these can no more impugn the value of the abstract science than bad money the value of the art of coining, and the parties so vehement in its abuse are much in the same position who oppose national education because there are vicious books and commercial forgeries.

The present work is exceedingly valuable on many accounts. For the positive information it conveys; for the true position in which it places the science; and for the facilities it offers those inclined to enter this field of inquiry. It embraces a kind of series of biographical memoirs, with a logical exposition and analysis of all the great economical works, and thus forms a very fair history of the subject. Before declamations against the science are indulged in, it should be carefully perused; and were many of the politicians of the day to be only so far instructed, we should be spared the pain of much vague and indefinite speaking and writing.

The philanthropist, the theologian, and the legislator all feel the narrowness and insufficiency of the so-called science to supply all the desiderata required for exalted human governance and legislation, and have bitterly attacked the political economists. They have been termed (and rightly perhaps) the advocates of the mere accumulative principle, the representatives of the money-getting class, and the traders

rhetoricians. These things, and much worse they may and have been, and yet political economy may be and is a very necessary element in the education of a politician and legislator: it will undoubtedly of itself make neither the one nor the other in perfection; but as undoubtedly there never has been any man great in public affairs who was not, to some extent, informed in its doctrines.

The promulgators of the science, nor its defenders, have been happy in its exposition or defence. In answer to its insufficiency, it has been replied, it only treats of the wealth of nations, though the universally assumed deduction, that if there is wealth there must be happiness, is passed over. When accused of working with harshness towards large masses of the population, it replies, it has only to do with facts, and that these results are inevitable. To the accusation that it dogmatizes on insufficient data, it replies with a narrow and poor logic, derived, as it should seem, from the want in its disciples of any other inlets of information than a partial observation and mere exercise of reason; unaided by the knowledge derived from the endless sympathies and spiritual capacities of our souls.

Political economy in its present state is, in fact, only a system of tracing a complicated series of facts to their causes, and is only subservient to the legislator as the means of gaining accurate information. This it may be said is nothing more than statistics, but it is so far elevated above this species of knowledge, that it deals with facts embedded in complicated processes, which it has ably, and in many cases satisfactorily evolved, and brought out purified from the surrounding subjects that dimmed and obscured them. To this extent it has been of the greatest value in legislation, and ever since its manifestation by Quesnay and Smith, it will be observed that the government of men by their passions and their prejudices has been gradually giving way, if not to the highest and best species of reasoning, yet to an intellectual domination. Ratiocination has gradually supplied the place of eloquence and rhetoric, and men have been brought from the petty warfare of partizans, and from the declamatory explosions of the conspirator, to the reasoning of newspapers and expertness of debaters.

This result is certainly not the highest point to which it is desirable to carry legislation: but still it is the substitution of something reasonable and intellectual, for the caprices and intrigues of princes and courtiers, and the ignorant claptraps of popular demagogues.

Political economy, as a science, has certainly been unfortunate in its career. It has been opposed by arbitrary governments, as too little favouring the exclusive rights and privileges claimed for the governing few; and, on the other hand, it has been derided and abused by the multitude, as remote in its results and as taking no decided course, but sometimes eliciting facts favourable, and sometimes adverse to the democracy. Its advocates, as before said, have also assumed a false position; and either have not sufficiently extended the science, so as to make it the philosophy of legislation, or have altogether mistaken the

nature of its limits and legitimate object. It has also, in the ignorance and impatience of the general mass of mankind, formidable opponents. The unobservant and unreflecting cannot be convinced that it is the indirect operation of circumstances that is most important. A nation is a long time, if in its masses it ever learns, that legislation cannot be topical. The multitude suffering from famine break into a granary, or get a law made that enables them to do so; but they are long before they are brought to believe that this will not prevent future famines. Though this is an obvious, commonplace statement, yet, for ages, as the Statute-book will prove, legislators have been with regard to it in as great error as the vulgar; and at the present day, every session at St. Stephen's proves that our legislation is a jumble of expedience and empiricism with an occasional dash of legislative science. The desire to apply an immediate remedy to a chronic disorder is so strongly implanted in every man, that empiricism has only to blow its trumpet and flourish a promise, and, for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, poor human nature is duped. The doctor holds up his pill, and the foolish patient pays for it and swallows it. Political economy has its quacks also, no doubt; but the science itself cannot be impugned for their abuses. It can, however, never be popular until sound education has been sufficiently diffused amongst the masses of the people, to induce them to consider politics, not as a contest of parties, but of principles; and until habits of ratiocination shall have become so the habit of the general mind, that the ultimate, and not the instant result of circumstances, shall be the object to be traced and pursued. The present work is admirably adapted to aid in this desirable result. The multitude of its interesting facts is sufficient to attract the idlest reader, and is enough to set up a talker, if not a writer, of the ordinary genus. It ought to have the reverse effect, by showing, as it does, in well-arranged classes, how much has been ably published on the various branches of the study; and how much, therefore, is to be acquired and considered before dogmatical articles or speeches are to be penned or shouted. Mr. M'Culloch's logical arrangement and lucid style are admirably exercised, both in the division of the work and the excellent critical notices appended to each work. His grand divisions are. Works on the Fundamental Principles of Political Economy; works on Commerce, Money, Roads, Statistics, Manufactures, Population, Revenue; and it is astonishing to find, although the present catalogue only treats of a selection of the works issued on the subject, that such an amount of labour and ability has been expended upon it. The selection is no doubt well and carefully made; but it is difficult to understand, when so many inferior and more remote writers are noticed, how it is there is none of "Godwin's Political Justice?" of which, although we believe we have read every word of the catalogue, we can find no account whatever. (Other names, too, are omitted, or but slightly noticed, which we trust Mr. M'Culloch will consider when he prepares another edition. The anonymous writers from the "Craftsman" to the "Times" are also

worthy of notice, and have had no small effect on each generation of legislators.

As exceedingly interesting in themselves, and as fair samples of the style and comprehensiveness of the work, we append the following extracts.

#### THE ORIGIN OF BANKING IN ENGLAND.

Previously to 1640 it had been customary for the principal merchants of London, when they happened to have on hand any considerable quantity of cash or bullion, to send it to the Mint (about 200,000*l.*) it ceased, of course, to be a place of deposit; and the merchants began soon after to place their money with the goldsmiths, who were generally people of capital, and whose premises were secure and well watched. This led by easy steps to the introduction of the trade of private banking; the merchants soon beginning to send orders to the goldsmiths, with whom their money was deposited, to pay the bills when due, and also sending them bills of which they were to receive payment, and to place the produce to their account. For a while the business of goldsmiths and bankers continued to be combined; but they were gradually more and more separated, till at length some opulent houses confined themselves entirely to the business of banking, that is, to keeping the money of individuals and paying and receiving their bills; discounting the bills of merchants and others; giving interest on the money deposited in their hands, provided it were allowed to lie for a certain period, &c. The goldsmiths and bankers began, also, after the Restoration, to make advances to government, in anticipation of the different branches of the revenue, and on the security of treasury bills, &c.

It may be worth mentioning that the first run on the bankers took place in 1667; being a consequence of the panic caused by the Dutch fleet entering the Thames, and destroying the ships at Sheerness and Chatham.

This, however, was but a trifling inconvenience compared with what the bankers had soon after to sustain. They had advanced to government in loans, mostly at short dates, on various descriptions of securities, the sum of 1,328,526*l.* at eight per cent. It could hardly, however, be supposed that a profligate prince like Charles II., destitute alike of honesty and honour, should make any great effort to provide for the liquidation of the claims of the bankers. But his contempt for his engagements went further than could have been anticipated; and in January 1672, he took the extreme step of shutting up the exchequer, putting a stop of course to all further payments to the bankers, but declaring, at the same time, that the stoppage should only be for one year, and that the interest on the debt would be punctually paid! It is almost needless to add that no attention was paid to this declaration, and that the debt continued unpaid till, in the reign of William III., the arrears of interest were provided for, and the debt itself funded and made redeemable on paying a moiety of the original sum, or 664,263*l.* It was long before the bankers recovered from this blow.

We believe that Messrs. Child & Co.'s at Temple Bar are the oldest banking firm in London, and understand that they still have their books of Charles the First's time; and the private account of Oliver Cromwell, who banked with them. It is well known (from Mr. Peter Cunningham's papers, and other works), that their present house occupied the site of

the Devil Tavern, the resort of the greatest wits and poets of Elizabeth's time.

#### ORIGIN OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The Bank of England, which has long been the principal bank of deposit and circulation, not in this country only, but in Europe, was founded in 1694. Its principal projector was Mr. William Paterson, an enterprising Scotch gentleman. Government being at that time much distressed for want of money, partly from the defects and abuses in the system of taxation, and partly from the difficulty of borrowing, because of the supposed instability of the revolutionary establishment, the bank grew out of a loan of 1,200,000*l.* for the public service. The subscribers, besides receiving eight per cent. on the sum advanced, as interest, and 4000*l.* a year for the expense of management, in all 100,000*l.* a year, were incorporated into a society denominated the Governor of the Bank of England; the charter is dated the 27th of July. And it was enacted in the same year in which the bank was established, by statute 6 William and Mary, c. 20, that the bank "shall not deal in any goods, wares, or merchandise (except bullion), or purchase any lands or revenues belonging to the crown, or advance or lend to their majesties, their heirs or successors, any sum or sums of money by way of loan or anticipation, or any part or parts, branch or branches, fund or funds of the revenue, now granted or belonging, or hereafter to be granted to their majesties, their heirs and successors, other than such fund or funds, part or parts, branch or branches of the said revenue only, on which a loan is or shall be granted by parliament."

#### ROMAN ROADS.

The Romans have never been equalled in the difficult art of effacing national and local prejudices, and of consolidating different and distant nations into one great homogeneous people. A considerable portion of their success, in this respect, is to be ascribed to their colonies and their great roads. No country was considered as fully taken possession of, and united to the empire, till colonies of Roman citizens had been established in it, and till highways, communicating with those leading from Rome, had been carried to its remotest extremities. The former served at once to bridle the subjugated people, and to communicate to them the language and the arts of the conquerors; while the latter served as channels by which information could be conveyed from, and to, the imperial city, and by which the victorious legions could be marched wherever disturbance or danger was apprehended. Hence the intimate relation that subsisted amongst the various parts of the Roman Empire, and which was said to give it more the appearance of a city than of a vast territory, stretching from the Euphrates to the Severn, and from Atlas to the Rhine. "The public highways," says Gibbon, "issuing from the Forum of Rome, traversed Italy, pervaded the provinces, and were terminated only by the frontiers of the empire. If we carefully trace the distance from the wall of Antoninus to Rome, and from thence to Jerusalem, it will be found that the great chain of communication from the north-west to the south-east part of the empire was drawn out at the length of 4000 Roman miles. The public roads were accurately divided by mile-stones, and ran in a direct line from one city to another, with very little respect either for the obstacles of nature or of private property. Mountains were perforated, and bold arches thrown over the broadest and most rapid streams. The middle part of the road, raised into a terrace which commanded the adjacent country



consisted of several strata of sand, gravel, and cement, and was paved with large stones, or, in some places near the capital, granite. Such was the solid construction of the Roman highways, whose firmness has not entirely yielded to the effort of fifteen centuries. \* \* \* The advantage of receiving the earliest intelligence, and of conveying their orders with celerity, induced the Emperors to establish throughout their extensive dominions, the regular institution of posts. Houses everywhere erected at the distance only of five or six miles; each of them was constantly provided with forty horses, and, by the help of these relays, it was easy to travel an hundred miles a day along the Roman roads. The use of the posts was allowed to those who claimed it by an imperial mandate; but though originally intended for the public service, it was sometimes indulged to the business or conveniency of private citizens."

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LIFE IN DALECARLIA: *The Parsonage of Mora*. By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by WILLIAM HOWITT. 16mo. Chapman and Hall.

It is well for the English reader to be introduced to Sweden. The land of snow and ice: of the brightest verdure and the remotest solitude; where the wonders under the earth in its vast mining operations are as striking as its ice-capped mountains, pine forests, and lonely tarns, are on its surface. The land too of modern heroes, the last of the mighty Scandinavian race, in whom the gigantic energies of the demigods are shadowed forth. Gustavus Vasa — Gustavus Adolphus — Charles the Twelfth, — men "whom no dangers daunt, no labours tire." The land too of some of the most patient and penetrating seekers of knowledge and examiners of nature. Linnæus, who catalogued its productions, and Swedenborg, who penetrated its operations. Of the former the fame has passed, but of the latter it is yet to come. Slow as is the world to receive new revealments in science, and quick to brand as absurd any contradiction of received opinions, it is yet surprising that Swedenborg's "*Principia*," a work declared only very lately by one of the highest professors in Europe, "not unworthy of being placed by the side of Newton's *Mathematical Principia of Natural Philosophy*," should have been utterly disregarded in all philosophical discussions, and that his great works on "the Animal Kingdom" and its "Economy," should never have been referred to even by Cuvier. Such ignorance must make us humble in our estimate of the state of human philosophy. It is probable that the grossness of judgment universally indulged in has led to this neglect, and because his theological works were esteemed visionary, his scientific were thrown by as rubbish. How false this decision is may be proved by the slightest reference to his scientific works (now in the course of able translation); and the exactitude and mathematical clearness of his reasoning powers must be acknowledged when it is known that he introduced to this country the first knowledge of the differential calculus.



This may seem wandering from the notice of Miss Bremer's book, but she is herself essentially a national writer, and highly suggestive of all that can honour and elevate her country. She well deserves her reputation, and to be introduced to the rest of the great family of Europe. It is one of her remarkable characteristics, that, although so extremely national, there is no merely local interest in her novels, and indeed they are far more comprehensible, as to manners and language, than many of Scott's Scottish Tales. She draws, as in a mirror, the picturesque beauties of her country, and portrays with a force and liveliness, not excelled by Miss Mitford, the characteristics of her fine countrymen and women. That she has a national motive in all she does, there can be no doubt, from the healthy tone of patriotism that animates every page; though, beyond a general moral to inculcate noble feelings, and maintain the kindly sentiments and affections that are a portion of the hereditary feelings of the Northmen, she does not seem to aim. Whether there are not in Sweden any wrongs like those in Ireland to be exposed in the manner of Miss Edgeworth, nor political economy to be inculcated in that of Miss Martineau; or, again, no glaring social absurdities to be exaggerated in the style of Mrs. Trollope, or sneered out of countenance as is done by Mrs. Gore, we cannot say: but Miss Bremer's power lies in her description of scenery and localities, and in her observation of character, in which she is equal to any of our female novelists, and her style and mode of applying them seem more free from conventional restrictions, and more graceful. This may be attributed to her having fewer modes to follow, and fewer materials to deal with; and also that she is less schooled by critics, or cramped by theories and examples.

The absence of all morbidness of feeling, of affectation, of false sentiment, would alone render her writings agreeable. She is strictly natural, truly cheerful, and withal alive to all the spiritual emotions. And it is in this quality we should more particularly place her above our own female writers; for while sensible to all the lower range of emotions, she gives indications of that higher intellectual reach and that expansion of spirit which the dwellers amongst the sublime in nature so commonly possess. The character of Siri, in the present tale, may sufficiently evince this. There is a taint of the Witch or the Enchantress in her, and a development of keen sensibility to profound subjects, the love of the wild and wonderful,—and a *spiritual* existence, which almost induces a belief in the reality of the sprites and elfins of the deep waters and the lonely lake.

As a mere picture of the primitive manners of Sweden, this, as all other of Miss Bremer's stories, is exceedingly interesting; with its pious pastors, honest and intelligent peasantry, and moderate-minded hospitable gentry: and as such alone is well worthy of perusal. Of her powers at weaving a complicated story, and developing a variety of interesting situations, much cannot be said. She seems to be inclined more to sketching family groups, and developing manners and charac-

teristics, as the heading of her chapters would alone prove, which in the present tale are sufficiently suggestive : as *par exemple* : " May-day Eve—The Married Pair—The Church—Follies and Enigmas—Excursions—Sundries—Descent into the Mine—The Judgment of God." This reads something like a Swedish Miss Mitford, and if Miss Bremer has not quite that lady's exquisite power of sketching, yet that she rises above her in the loftiness of her purport and the earnestness of her feeling, we think must be allowed. Her works are a useful and agreeable addition to European Literature.

We had marked many passages worthy, from their truthfulness or picturesqueness, to be selected, but must restrict ourselves to the following, which is in itself highly interesting, and gives a fair sample of the style and feeling of the Authoress :—

" It is a noble spectacle which the Silja presents on its shores on Sundays. Leksand, Rättvik, and Mora, are three parishes, which, in a circle of forest-clad mountains, enclose the " Eye of Dalarna," and which, with the parish of Orsa, with a population of between 30,000 and 40,000 souls, constitute the quintessence of Dalarna. But Mora is itself the mother-parish. Churches, large white towers and spires, rise from the shores of the lake, and gleam in the far distance amid the blue waves and green meadows.

On Sundays, you see fleets of long and narrow boats, with from nine to ten pairs of oars each, and filled with from forty to fifty persons, glide rapidly over the lake, from the populous villages to the churches. Frequently you may see some twenty boats at once approach the shore. The costumes of the people are ornamental and fine, and evidence an almost pedantic care in make and arrangement. In Leksand, yellow colours preponderate, in Rättvik red, in Mora black and white. But the head-dresses of the women, and the linen on their arms and around their necks, are universally of the most dazzling whiteness. Their round faces please pre-eminently by their freshness, fair complexion, blue, glad eyes, white teeth, and an expression of unruffled good humour. Amongst the men, you behold muscular forms, and not unfrequently noble heads adorned with a rich growth of hair, which parted on the forehead and crown of the head, falls down over the neck in those rich, natural locks, with which romance so proudly embellishes its heroes, but which we can recollect to have really seen nowhere but amongst the peasants of Dalarna. For the rest, the people of different parishes in Dalarna are not merely distinguished from each other by their costume, but also by their physiognomies, dispositions, and occupations, which, in each parish, have their characterising peculiarities.

They assemble themselves publicly for the celebration of Sunday ; and the poorest receive loans of clothes in which to go decently to the house of God. Thither you see whole households betaking themselves, from the old man on his crutches to the very infant at the breast, whom the mother or the father carries on the arm, in the softest, whitest, little cloak of lambskin.

Wife and child, great and small, you frequently behold with large bouquets of a species of garlic, called butter garlic, in their hands, which is greatly liked in these districts, and with which the children in particular are entertained during divine service.

It is fine to see the throng of these thousands of people on the shore, in whose gay and diversified costumes yet prevails a keeping agreeable to the

eye, in whose forms you behold health and vigour ; and it is delightful to observe how, in this crowd, amongst such swarms of people stepping in and out of boats, you hear no oath, not a cross word, do not see a single unfriendly glance. Imagine not, however, that you have here a people cut out for idleness, a troop of shepherds and shepherdesses. You see at once that you have before you a strong and brave people, worthy to be the descendants of the ancient Scythians. The plough and the battle-axe which, according to the saga "of burning gold," fell from heaven into the land of their ancestors, are still at the present day the symbols of their life and character. More gifted with understanding than phantasy, and fanatic only for freedom, the Dal people are, above all, ever ready to exchange the plough for the sword, and distinguish themselves by a strength and hardihood which, in combat, easily advance into severity and even into fury.

But their life is hard. For them ripen no melting fruits ; none of the comforts of improvement sweeten and ameliorate their lives. In contest with a severe climate, with a thankless soil, they secure with difficulty their crops, and mix not seldom their bread with the bark of the pine-tree. Cut off from the rest of the world, except by travels abroad, during which, however, they congregate together, and on which they incessantly long after their homes. Closely shut up in their valleys, they would stiffen in soul and sense if they had not families and religion. With sincere affection, they bend themselves down to their children, and with deep faith they look up to heaven. Even into the dogmatism of religion they love to penetrate ; and many a subtle dogma, which to the educated, but to multifariously dissipated men of the world appears incomprehensible, is grasped by their simple and profoundly penetrating minds with equal ease and eagerness. To their pastors they are devoted with child-like affection, when these do not show themselves unworthy of such attachment ; and they are proud of their churches, and contribute freely to their support and embellishment. " You expend a great deal on your churches ; I wonder that you find the means for it," said a traveller to a Dalman, as he contemplated the church of Mora, and its new and glittering copper roof. " We expend all the less on our own houses," replied the Dalman, gravely. And so it is. The huts which shelter this vigorous and large-limbed people are, perhaps, smaller and more insignificant than any others in Sweden.

The people of Mora are distinguished in appearance from the peasantry of the other parishes by a grave bearing, a darker, more determined physiognomy, and keener eyes. You hesitate, perhaps, at times, to address a solemn-looking Mora-man ; but, when he answers, you are enraptured by the pensive musical melody of his speech. A certain childlike innocence makes itself felt in his tones, and the familiar *thou*, with which he commonly addresses you, does the heart good, and transports it into more pious and simple times. Every parish in Dalarna prosecutes its own distinct branch of industry, independent of its agriculture. In Mora, the people are well known for their mathematic and arithmetical capacity, and they manufacture clocks which are dispersed over the whole kingdom. On the eastern shore of the parish, lying along the Silja, there is a little watchmaker's shop in every second peasant's hut ; on the western, joiner's work is made. The women, as indeed throughout all Dalarna, have distinguished themselves even by their skill in handicraft arts. The most ingenious fabrics of horsehair, the finest and most beautiful watchchains and necklaces of hair, come out of their large and coarse hands.

**MEMOIRS OF THE NAVAL WORTHIES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S REIGN, of their Gallant Deeds, Daring Adventures, and Services in the infant state of the British Navy.** With brief Biographical Notices of the respective Commanders. Illustrated by numerous Autograph Letters, and other unpublished manuscript documents. By JOHN BARROW, Esq., F.R.S. &c. 8vo. John Murray.

THE title-page of this volume, as set forth above, seemed to intimate that the author had caught the tone of the times in which the great commanders, he thus illustrates, flourished. It was, indeed, the age of gallant deeds, and daring adventures; though in no department of social life, has that chivalrous and adventuring spirit so maintained its primitive energy as in the Naval Service. From the worthies here recorded to the expedition now fitting out to explore the Arctic seas, the same unconquerable energy, and the same indomitable spirit has even been manifested by successive generations of manly and noble minds. It is the more gratifying to reflect on the actions of our great naval men, that it is not only in the inevitable necessities of war that they have displayed the heroic qualities which have done so much to elevate the nation and their profession, but, in the nobler pursuits of science and commerce, they have as greatly aided in the spread of civilisation and humanity. The naval character in its highest point, uniting as it does the heroism of the warrior and the knowledge of the man of science, is undoubtedly, when fully developed, as noble a specimen of humanity as its frailty will permit to be produced. Every work therefore that presents to us illustrations of such characters is particularly welcome, and must be nationally popular, treating as it does of products that must be so peculiar British, if not in the exact locality of their birth, at least in their origin; and, in this point of view, we may glory as much in the naval American commanders as their own fellow countrymen.

The age of Elizabeth was in every department of human exertion peculiarly brilliant; and the more it is examined into and illustrated, the more inexhaustible do we find it in the wonderful and the great. Whatever might be the faults of the individual, the queen was truly developed, and admirably fitted for her energetic period. Her quick appreciation of character, her sympathy with and admiration of genius however displayed, her encouragement of the aristocracy of intellect, as contra-distinguished from that which was merely hereditary, greatly aided the development and application of the vast variety of talent that adorned her reign, and aided her legislative views and the foundation of our present social state. In modern times, genius and talent have other stimulants to draw them forth; and it is well that it is so, for conventional rank has, ever since Elizabeth's reign, been the refuge of the crown, rather in opposition to, than in encouragement of, genuine ability and genius. Usurpers, with the exception of a few sovereigns, have been wiser than hereditary governors,

and the Medici and Napoleon brought forth a crop of genius that is unparalleled but by that produced under the energies of Elizabeth.

Mr. Barrow's position at the Admiralty gives him advantages over other writers in this department of literature, and he has not thrown them away. The lives selected are, Sir Martin Frobisher, Captain John Davis, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Francis Drake, John Oxenham, Captain Edward Fenton, Mr. Thomas Cavendish, Sir Richard Hawkins, Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, Captain Thomas Fenner, The Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland; Sir William Monson, Captain James Lancaster.

The aim of the book, however, it must be said, is better than its execution; there is, doubtless, diligence in gathering the materials, and accuracy in the details, but it wants that power of writing which, making these aids subservient to it, breathes into each biography a creative spirit that resuscitates the man, with all his hopes and passions, to raise a cordial interest in the reader. Of this power Mr. Barrow has none, and considering how few have it, as was noticed in reviewing Lord Brougham's late biographies, it would seem that this kind of faculty is as rare as that required to produce the finest fiction. Indeed, a dramatic power is required for both. A great biographical writer would be one of the greatest blessings the literature of the country could have. The work, however, is worthy of perusal, and in every way interesting, both biographically and as portraying the rise and growth of our unrivalled naval power. Two lives are introduced that might well have been spared, from having been the one so frequently and the other so lately written; namely, those of Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake. In the life of the latter some additional information as to Doughty's condemnation and death, which tends to relieve Drake from the charge sometimes made against him of arbitrary if not criminal conduct in causing his execution.



# DOUGLAS JERROLD'S SHILLING MAGAZINE.

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## THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

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### CHAPTER XIV.

“AND now,” thinks the reader, “St. Giles is free. There is no charge against him; he is not the murderer, men, in his wretchedness, took him for. St. James, with his injuries upon him, has withdrawn himself; and once again the world lies wide before St. Giles.” Not so. There still remains, to his confusion, a hard accuser. St. Giles is destitute. In the teeming, luxurious county of Kent, amidst God’s promises of plenty to man, he is a guilty interloper. He may not grasp a handful of the soil, he cannot purchase one blade of wheat; he is a pauper and a vagrant; a foul presence in the world’s garden, and must therefore be punished for his intrusion. Every rag he carries is an accusing tongue: he is destitute and wandering: he has strayed into the paradise of the well-to-do, and must be sharply reproved for his whereabouts. And therefore St. Giles will be committed for a season to the county gaol, as a rogue and vagabond. The roguery is not proved upon him, but it has been shown that whilst decent people have goose-beds and weather-proof chambers, he, at the best, has straw and a barn. It is, too, made a misdemeanor against mother Earth to sleep upon her naked breast, with only the heavens above the sleeper; and as St. Giles had often so offended—he could not deny the iniquity—he was, we say, committed to gaol by Justice Wattles, as rogue and vagabond. Now, to punish

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\* Continued from p. 26.



a man for having nothing, is surely a sport invented by Beelzebub for the pleasure of the rich ; yes, to whip a rascal for his rags is to pay flattering homage to cloth of gold. Nothing was proved against St. Giles but want ; which, being high treason against the majesty of property, that large offence might be reasonably supposed to contain every other.

" Something, I've no doubt, will be brought against him," said Justice Wattles ; " in the mean time, he stands committed as a rogue and vagabond." And Tipps, the constable, led away his prisoner, preceded by the host of the Lamb and Star, and the dispirited barber, who very dolorously expressed his disappointment, " that he left his business and all, and only for a ragamuffin as wasn't worth salt ! If he hadn't thought him a murderer, he'd never have troubled his head with such rubbish." " No, and you'd never have had my cart," said the landlord to Tipps. " I thought the fellow would turn out somebody,—and he's nothing but a vagrant. Come up !" cried the Lamb and Star ; and sharply whipping his horse, to ease his own bad temper, he drove off, the barber vainly hallooing for a seat in the vehicle. Whereupon, Constable Tipps, casting a savagely inquiring look at St. Giles's handcuffs, with an oath bade his prisoner move on, and then railed at his own particular star, that had troubled him with such varmint.

Nevertheless, although St. Giles's hands were white, murder had done its worst. As yet none, save the homicide, already blasted with the knowledge, knew of the deed. How lovelily the sun shone—how beautiful all things looked and beamed in its light ; the lark sang, like a freed spirit, in the vault of heaven : and yet beneath it, lay a terrible witness of the guilt of man ; a mute and bloody evidence of another Cain ! St. Giles, however, was on his way to the county gaol, ere the deed was discovered. Not willing to give an account of himself, he was committed to imprisonment and hard labour in punishment of his destitution. That he was not, in addition, whipped for his poverty, testified strongly to the injudicious clemency of Justice Wattles. Such mercy went far to encourage rags and tatters.

Leave we for a while the desolate home of Dovesnest. Leave we that miserable old man, Snipeton, writhing at his hearth ; now striving to seek for hope, for confidence, in the meek and wretched face of his wife, and now starting at her look as at a dagger's point.

A few liours had passed, and again the Lamb and Star was a scene of tumult. And this time, there was no doubt of the atrocity. It was now impossible that the worthy folks, assembled in the hostelry, could be tricked into useless sympathy. There was now no doubt that a man was killed ; and if St. Giles had escaped the charge of former homicide, why such escape only the more strongly proved his guilt of the new wickedness. "He'll be hanged, after all!" cried the landlord, with the air of a man, foretasting an enjoyment. "The villain! he was born for the gibbet," said the barber ; "if I wouldn't walk over glass bottles to see him hanged, I'm not a Christian." Whilst the barber and others were thus vehemently declaiming their Christianity, there arrived at the Lamb and Star, a most important person. Up to that hour, he had been a rustic of average insignificance ; but he suddenly found himself a creature of considerable interest—a man, heartily welcomed, as a boon and a treasure. This happy man was one Pyefinch ; and was known to the surrounding country as a mole-catcher of tolerable parts. It was he who had discovered the body of the murdered man ; and had he discovered some great blessing to the human family, it is very questionable whether he would have been so heartily welcomed by many of its members. It had, however, been his good fortune—for we must still call it so—to light upon the body of Farmer Willis, bloody and stark in his own meadow—and again and again was he pressed to rehearse the tale, whilst mugs of ale rewarded the story-teller. Instantly was Pyefinch fastened upon by Mrs. Blink, and it was hard to deny such a woman anything. After short preparation, did the mole-catcher—stimulated by malt and hops—begin his terrible history.

"Why, you see, it was in this manner," said Pyefinch. "I was a goin' along by Cow Meadow, 'bout four in the mornin' wi' my dog Thistle, just to look after the snares. Cruel sight of varmint there be along that meadow to be sure. Well, I was a thinking of nothing—or what I was a thinking on, for I scorns a lie, is nothin' to nobody. Well, goin' along in this manner, Thistle running afore me, and ahind me, and a both sides o' me"—

"Never mind Thistle," cried the landlady, "come to the murder, Tom."

"Ax your pardon, missus. I shall have to tell all this story at 'Sizes ; I know what them chaps, the lawyers, be, to bother a poor man who's no scholard,—so I've made my mind up, never to tell

the story, but after one way ; then I'm cocksure not to be caught off my legs nohow." And Pyefinch drank, doubtless, to his sagacity.

"Very right, Tom," cried the landlord ; and then he turned with knit eyebrows to his wife. "Be quiet, will you ; like all women—want the kernel without cracking the nut. Be quiet." And Blink gave a conjugal growl. "Go on, Tom."

"As I was a saying," continued the mole-catcher. "Thistle was a running afore me, and ahind me, and a both sides o' me—and barking as though he wished he could talk ; just to say, how comfortable he felt, now that the spring was come—for depend upon it, dumb creatures have their notions of spring just as well as we—well, where was I ?"

"Thistle was barking," prompted the landlady, fidgetting and casting about impatient looks.

"To be sure he was. Well, all of a sudden he held his tongue ; he was then a good way on afore me, down in the pitch o' the field. I thought nothing o' that ; when on a sudden he give cry agin, but quite a different bark to t'other. That didn't stagger me, neither ; for I thought he'd lit on a hedgehog ; and of all varmint o' the earth, Thistle hates a hedgehog ; ha ! worse than pison, that he do. Well, arter a while, Thistle runs up to me. You should ha' seen that dog," cried the mole-catcher, rising bolt from his seat, "his face was as full o' sense as any Christian's : his eyes ! if they didn't burn in 's head like any blacksmith's coals ; and his jaw was dropt as if he couldn't shut it, it were so stiff wi' wonder—and all his hairs upon his back right away down to the end o' his tail stood up like hedge-stakes—and he looked at me, as much as to say—'what do you think ?'"

"Bless us, and save us !" cried the landlady, wondering at the discrimination of the dog.

"I didn't make him no answer," said the mole-catcher, "but walks on arter him, he looking behind him now and then, and shaking his head sometimes terrible, until I came to the pitch o' the field ; and there—oh, Lord !" Here Pyefinch seized the mug, and, emptying it, was newly strengthened. "There, I saw Master Willis in his best clothes—and you know he was always particlar like in them matters there I saw him, as at first I thought, fast asleep, looking so blessed happy, you can't think. Howsumever, Thistle puts his nose to the grass, and sets up sich a howl, and then I sees a pool of blood, and then I run away as

fast as legs 'ud carry me, right away to the farm. Well, they 'd never looked for Master Willis. They 'd thought he 'd stayed at Canterbury all night ; and there he was, poor soul ! killed like a sheep in his own field. Terrible, isn't it ?" and Pyefinch presented the empty mug to the landlady, who, the tale being told, set it down again.

"It 's the smugglers as has done it," cried Becky. "They owed him a grudge since autumn, when he found their tubs among his corn : it 's the smugglers, as I 'm a sinner."

"The smugglers!—poor souls!"—said Mrs. Blink, who, though a licensed dealer in spirits, had, strangely enough, a large sympathy for contraband traders ; "they wouldn't hurt a lamb. It 's that villain, that slept in the barn ; and I only hope that you, Miss Trollop, knew nothing of the business."

"Me !" exclaimed Becky, "me know anything !" Had it been any other than her mistress, Becky would have been too happy to vindicate the strength and volubility of her tongue. The woman rose strongly within her, and tempted her to speak : but she thought of her forty shillings per annum ; and so the woman railed not, but cried.

"And how does Master Robert take it ?" cried the landlord.

"Why, wonderful, considering," said the mole-catcher. "A little dashed at first, in course."

"And he that was so merry, too, at the dance ! Well, it is a world to live in," moralised the barber. "He stood ale all round, and little thought that he 'd no uncle. He danced with every gal above stairs, and never dreamed o' what was going on in Cow Meadow. He 'll have the old man's land o' course ? Poor soul ! He 'll feel it if anybody does."

"Wakes and fairs won't be no worse for Master Robert," said the landlord. "That is, supposing this matter don't steady him. But, to be sure, what a noble soul it is. Well, if we could cry till the sea run over, it wouldn't bring back the old man ; and so here 's long life and good fortin to his heir. And a rare night we shall have of it—that is, when the morning 's over and it's all proper—yes ; a rare night we shall have at the Lamb and Star."

"I wonder who he 'll marry ?" cried the landlady.

"Nobody," averred Mr. Blink ; "he 's too free a spirit—too noble a cretur. Besides, he knows too much of life. She must be a sharp thing—yes, she must get up very early for mushrooms, who 'd get Bob Willis."

Of course, suspicion followed St. Giles to the gaol: but although his poverty, his houseless condition, and, more, his refusal to give any account of himself, fixed him in the minds of many as the murderer, there was no point, no circumstance (and many were the examinations of the vagrant) that could connect him with the deed. It was an especial annoyance to several worthy people that nothing, as they said, could be brought home to St. Giles. He seemed, above all creatures, the very creature whom such an atrocity would fit,—and yet the failure of all evidence was as complete as to certain folks it was distressing. However, there was one comfort. St. Giles was fast in prison as a rogue and vagabond; and, in good time, sufficient facts might rise up against him. He had been set down to be hanged; and in the cheerful faith of those who had judged him, it was impossible he should escape a doom so peculiarly fitted to him. Hence, St. Giles remained in gaol, like a fine haunch in a larder, to be some day feasted on.

A week had passed, and still justice was baffled. The murdered man slept in his grave, and still his murderer walked the free earth. Justice Wattles had a double motive for the restless zeal which animated him in his search for the culprit: there was his character as a magistrate; and, more, there was his feeling of kinship towards the victim, Farmer Willis being his brother-in-law. Hence, Justice Wattles, indefatigable in his purpose, called at Dovesnest. A most unwelcome visitor was his worship to Ebenezer Snipeton, then preparing to depart from his hermitage for the din of London; and at the very moment the magistrate was announced, rehearsing a farewell speech to Clarissa—a speech that, until her husband's return, should be to her as a charm, an amulet, to preserve her from the temptations of evil spirits. Snipeton had compelled himself to believe the story of his wife, avouched too as it was by Mrs. Wilton. He had tyrannised over his heart that it should give credence to that he fain would hope; and so, he would leave home, a happy husband, convinced, assured past all suspicion, of the unbroken faith, the enduring loyalty, of his devoted wife. It was better so to feed himself, than yield to the despair that would destroy him. Better to be duped by falsehood, than crushed by truth. It was accident—mere accident—that had brought St. James to his house; and that, too, in such a plight, it was impossible that Clarissa could deny him hospitable usage. And with this thought, a load was lifted from the old



man's heart, and he would—yes, he would be happy. Snipeton was wandering in this Paradise of Fools, when the name of Justice Wattles called him home.

“ Good morning, Mr. Snipeton—a dreadful matter this, sir—a dreadful calamity to fall upon a respectable family—a startling end, sir, for my poor brother,—so punctual and so excellent a man,” were the first words of the justice.

“ Very terrible,” answered Snipeton. “ I have already heard all the particulars,” and he pulled on his glove.

“ Not all, sir—I'm afraid, not all,” said Wattles. “ That young gentleman who was brought to your house”—

“ Well?”

“ He's a young nobleman to be sure; but still it's odd, Mr. Snipeton; I say, it's odd,” and the Justice leered at Ebenezer.

“ Speak out, man!” cried Snipeton; and the Justice pulled himself up at the abruptness of the command. “ What of him?”

“ Why, the truth is, Mr. Snipeton, that young nobleman has been seen lurking about here very much of late. That's odd. Do you know what business brings him to these parts?”

“ How should I know?” exclaimed Snipeton, looking fiercely at the Justice, as at one who would read the secrets of his soul.

“ To be sure; perhaps not,” said Wattles, “ and yet you see it's odd: he was brought here wounded, the very night my poor brother—the most respectable man in Kent—what a sort of stain it is upon the family!—the very night he met his fate. You didn't know, then, that the young nobleman used to hang about these quarters?”

“ Justice Wattles,” replied Snipeton, almost hoarse with suppressed passion, “ if as a magistrate you would examine me, I must attend your summons. My house is not a court.”

“ Certainly not—certainly not,” answered the Justice, suddenly taking up his dignity. “ I ask your pardon; of course, this matter will be sifted elsewhere—thoroughly sifted. Only believing the young nobleman to be your friend”—

“ He's no friend of mine,” said Snipeton, sullenly.

“ Well, a friend of Mrs. Snipeton's—oh, my dear sir! don't look at me in that way—I meant no offence, none whatever; I meant an acquaintance—a visitor of Mrs. Snipeton's, nothing more. But, of course, the law can reach him—of course, he can be made to explain everything—lord as he is. Still, being a friend of yours—I mean of your wife's—I intend to show him some consideration.



Nevertheless, as you say your house is not a court, why good morning, Mr. Snipeton—good morning." And saying this, Justice Wattles, with all the dignity he could compass, quitted the master of Dovesnest. Poor Snipeton! but now he was blowing bubbles of hope, so brightly tinted; but now they were floating about him in a sunny sky, and now they were broken, vanished.

As Justice Wattles, with a flushed countenance, crossed the threshold of Dovesnest, he was encountered by Nicholas, the sole serving-man of Snipeton. "Bless me! your worship," cried Nicholas, "here's luck in meeting you—here's a something as I was first going to show master, and then to bring to you," and with this, the man presented to the magistrate an old black leather pocket-book.

"God save us!" cried Wattles, and he trembled violently—"where did this come from?"

"I found it in a hedge—just as it is—I haven't looked at it—in a hedge by Pinkton's Corner," said the man.

Wattles, with great emotion, opened the book—turned deadly pale—suddenly closed it again, and with a faint, forced smile at his white lips, said—"Oh, it's nothing—nothing at all. But you may as well leave it with me, Nicholas: if it's inquired for, I shall have it ready. You know it's in good hands, Nicholas; and take this for your honesty; and until I call upon you, say nothing at all about it—nothing at all." With this, the Justice unconsciously made a low bow to the serving-man, and walked a few steps rapidly on. Suddenly he paused, and calling the man to him, gave him a guinea. "For your honesty, Nicholas—though the thing isn't worth a groat—still for your honesty; and as I've told you, till you hear from me, you need say nothing of the matter." Nicholas, well pleased to sell his silence on such terms, pocketed the guinea, and with a knowing nod at the Justice, went his way. Wattles walked hurriedly on, turning down a lane that skirted the Devil's Elbow. The old man trembled from head to foot: his eyes wandered, and his lips moved with unspoken words. Now he ran, and now staggered and tottered down the lane; and at length paused midway and looked cautiously about him. He then drew forth the pocket-book, and with deepest misery in his face, proceeded to search it. It contained nothing save a large gold ring, set with a cornelian. As he held it to the light, the old man sighed; then tears fast and thick fell from his eyes, and he sank down upon a bank, and, hiding his face in his hands, groaned most

piteously. "God pardon him!" at length he cried—"but Robert's done it: Robert's killed the old man; it's Robert's ring—my Bible oath to it—his ring; and the Lord has brought it to witness against him. I was sure he had done it; no, no, not sure—but I feared it, and—merciful heaven!—to butcher his own flesh and blood—to kill his own uncle!" Again the old man wept and sobbed, and wrung his hands in the very impotence of sorrow! "And what am I to do? Am I to hang him? Heaven shield us! Hang a Willis!—'twould be horrible. And then the disgrace to the family—the oldest in Kent! What shall I do—what shall I do?" again and again cried the Justice. "The murderer must not escape; but then, to hang him!—the respectability of the family—the respectability of the family!" And thus was the old man perplexed. His horror of the deed was great; he wept earnest, truthful tears over the fate of his brother-in-law, a worthy, honest soul, whose greatest weakness had been, indeed, undue indulgence of his wretched assassin. All the horror, the ingratitude of his crime would present itself to the mind of the Justice, who would for the moment determine to denounce the homicide: and then his pride was touched; he thought of the shame, the lasting ignominy, as he deemed it, that would cling to the family, and thus held in doubt, suspense—in his weakness, he would weep and pray of heaven to be supported and directed. "Robert's a monster that pollutes the earth," he would cry—"he must, he shall be hanged." And then, the stern Justice would clasp his hands, and moan, and mutter—"but the disgrace to the family—the disgrace to the family!" And thus, unresolved, days passed, and Justice Wattles said no word of the pocket-book of the murdered man—breathed no syllable of the damning evidence, supplied by the ring, against his nephew; who, it appeared, had been wrought to the commission of the act, by the refusal of the old man to supply the means of his profuse expense, cast away as it was upon the idle and the profligate throughout the country. The old man had returned from Canterbury Fair, as his assassin thought, with a large sum of money in his possession. The murderer, ready dressed for the village festival, had awaited his victim; had accomplished the act; and then, with hottest speed, made for the Lamb and Star, to join in the revelry of the merry-makers. More of this, however, as we proceed in our history.

And now old Snipeton must say farewell to his young wife. How beautiful she looked! What an air of truth and purity was around

her ! How her mute meekness rebuked her husband's doubts ! She wanly smiled, and the old man reproached himself that for a moment he could suspect that angel sweetness. He had taken new resolution from her trustful gentleness. That smile of innocence had determined him. He would quit trade, retire from London. He had enough, more than enough, of worldly means ; and he would no longer separate himself from such a wife ; but—his present ventures realised—he would retire to Dovesnest, and there pass away a life, dedicating every moment, every thought, to the better treasure that there enriched him. Henceforth he would destroy, annihilate, every rising thought that should do her honour injury ; he would be a confiding, happy husband. Nothing should peril the great felicity in store for him. With this thought, this fooling of the heart—he kissed his wife ; and though she met his touch with lips of ice, he could not, would not, feel their coldness ; but left his home, and for many a mile upon the road strove to possess himself with the great assurance that he was still an honoured, happy husband. It was a sin, a great wickedness done to heaven's brightest truth to doubt it.

Poor old man ! Wretched luckster ! tricked and betrayed in the bargain he had purchased ; bought with so much money from the priest. Willingly befooled by hope, he could not see the desperate calmness, the firm, cold resolution that possessed his young wife at the time of parting. At that moment, as she believed, she looked upon her husband for the last time : in that moment, it was her comfort that she bade farewell to him who made her life a daily misery—a daily lie. She had taken counsel with herself, and, come what might, would end the loathsome hypocrisy, that, like a foul disease, consumed her. He quitted her. She wept ; and then a ray of comfort brightened her face ; and she moved with lightened step, a thing of new-found liberty. She sought to be alone ; and yet—it was very strange—that old house-keeper, Mrs. Wilton, would still find an excuse to follow her : still, with questioning face, would look upon her. The woman could not know her resolution. Impossible. Yet still, like a spy, the hireling of her husband, she would watch her. And then, at times, the woman gazed so mournfully at her ; answered her with such strange emotion in her voice, with such familiar tenderness, she knew not how to rebuke her.

"And my master returns in a week ?" said Mrs. Wilton ; "a long time for one who loves a wife so dearly."

"Loves me!" answered Clarissa with a shudder, which she strove not to disguise. "Yes; there it is—he loves me."

"A great happiness, if wisely thought of," said the housekeeper, with cold calm looks. "A great happiness."

"No doubt, if wisely thought of," rejoined Clarissa; then, with a sigh, she added: "How hard the task of wisdom! But we will not talk of this now, Mrs. Wilton; I have another matter to speak of: I am kept such a prisoner here,"—and Clarissa smiled, and tried to talk gaily—"that for once I am determined to play truant. Would you believe it? I have scarcely seen Canterbury. I have a mighty wish to visit the Cathedral; I hear it is so beautiful—so awful."

"I would you had spoken of this to Mr. Snipeton," said the housekeeper, gravely.

"And wherefore? To have my wish refused? To be sentenced a prisoner to the house; or, at most, to the limits of the garden? No: I know his anxiety, his tenderness, his love for me, as you would say—therefore, if I would go at all, I must go unknown to my lord and owner."

"Lord and master," you would say, observed Mrs. Wilton, looking full at Clarissa.

"Owner is sometimes a better word; at least, I feel it so. And therefore, as I am determined on my pilgrimage"—

"Very well, it must be made," said Mrs. Wilton. "Whenever you will, I will be ready to accompany you."

"Oh no; I will not take you from the house: it is necessary that you should remain. Dorothy is so dull and slow, I should not feel happy to leave her alone. Let Nicholas order a chaise, and he—yes, he can attend me. Now, no words, good Mrs. Wilton, for once I must have my way—for once you must not hope to deny me."

"And when, Mrs. Snipeton," added the housekeeper, "when do you go?"

"Oh, to-morrow," answered Clarissa, with forced vivacity.

Mrs. Wilton looked at the girl with piercing eyes; then slowly, gravely asked—"And when return?"

"Oh, the next day," and the blood flushed in Clarissa's face as the words fell from her.

"No, no, no; that day would never come; your burning face, your looks, tell me it would not."

"Mrs. Wilton!" cried Clarissa, who vainly strove to look com-

manding, dignified ; to play the mistress to the presumptuous menial.  
“ Mrs. Wilton, by what right do you thus question my word ? ”

“ By the right of love ; yes, by the love I bear you, lady,” answered the housekeeper. “ I know your heart ; can see the wound within it. I know the grief that daily wears you : but, with the knowledge of a deeper wound—of grief more terrible—a grief made of remorse and shame—I implore you, leave not your home.”

“ And why not ? Since you know the bondage I endure—the loathsomeness of life I bear about me—the cancer of the heart that tortures me—the degradation of everything that makes life good and holy,—wherefore should I not break the chain that body and soul enslaves me ? Tell me this,” exclaimed Clarissa ; and her face grew deathly pale ; and her whole form rose and dilated with the passion that, fury-like, possessed her.

“ I have told you,” said Mrs. Wilton,—“ for the more terrible grief that follows.”

“ Can it be sharper, more consuming, than that I now endure ? ” asked Clarissa, smiling bitterly.

“ Yes—yes ! ” was the answer, solemnly uttered.

“ How know you this ? ” asked the young wife ; and she looked with new and curious interest at the woman fast changing before her. Changing. Her face always so calm, so self possessed, so statue-like relaxed, and beamed with a sweet yet mournful look. It seemed as though to that time she had only played a part—that now, the true woman would reveal herself. Clarissa was surprised, subdued, by the new aspect of her housekeeper.

“ You ask me, how I know this. It is a brief tale : and I will tell you. I knew a maid sold like yourself—sold is the word—in lawful wedlock. The man who purchased her was good and honourable ; one of the men whom the world accounts as its best citizens ; plain, worthy, and dispassionate ; a person most respectable. He would not, in his daily bargains, have wronged his neighbour of a doit. An upright, a most punctual man. And yet he took a wife without a heart. He loved the hollow thing that, like a speaking image, vowed in the face of God to do that she knew she never could fulfil, to love and honour him ; and he, that just, good man, smiled with great happiness upon the pretty perjuror—and took her to his bosom as the treasure of the world. True, at times he had his doubts—his sad misgivings. He would look in his wife’s face—would meet her cold, obedient eyes—and



sometimes wonder when a heart would grow within her. He had married her, believing in such growth ; it was his wisdom—his knowledge of mankind and the world—to be assured of it. And so they lived for three long years together ; the chain of wedlock growing heavier with every heavy day. She became a mother. Even that new woman's life—that sudden knowledge that opens in the heart an unimagined fount of love—failed to harmonise her soul with him who was her child's father. Still they jarred ; or, at best, were silent towards each other. I will hurry to the close. She left him ; worse, she left her child. That silver link, that precious bond that should have held her even to scorn, unkindness, misery, with sacrilegious act—she broke. She left her husband for one who should have been her husband. You do not listen to me ? ”

“ Yes—yes—yes,” cried Clarissa—“ every word ; each syllable. Go on.”

“ For a few months she lived a mockery of happiness. A year or two passed, and then her lover left her, and she stood alone in the world, clothed with her harlot shame. It was then, indeed, she felt the mother : then, what should have been her joys were turned to agonies ; and conscience, daily conscience, made her look within a glass to behold a monster there. Oh, she has told me, again and again, has told me ! the look, the voice of childhood—with all its sweetness, all its music—was to her as an accusing angel that frowned, and told her of her fall.

“ And she never saw her child ? ” asked Clarissa.

“ For years she knew not where to seek it. At length, accident discovered to her the place of its abode. And then the babe—the motherless innocence—had become almost a woman.”

“ And then the mother sought her ? ”

“ No. Her husband still lived ; she did not dare to tempt it. Her child ! How knew she that that child had not been taught to think her mother in the grave ? And more ; the mother had foregone her noblest claim at that poor little one's best need—and could the wanton come back again to urge it ? Therefore, unknown, she watched her ; and, like a thief, stole glances of the precious creature of her blood—her only comfort, and her worst reproach. The girl became a wife ; her father died, and then”—

“ And then ? ” repeated Clarissa, as the woman paused in the fulness of her emotion.



"And then the mother dared not to reveal herself. As servant she entered her daughter's house, that, all unknown, she might feed her daily life with looking at her." The woman paused; and with clasped hands, looked with imploring anguish in the face of Clarissa. That look told all: Clarissa, with a scream, leapt to her feet, and hung at her mother's neck.

"Be warned—be warned," cried the woman, and, like a dead thing, she sank in a chair.

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#### CHAPTER XV.

To the astonishment, the rage, and indignation of the neighbourhood, Robert Willis had been apprehended, charged with the murder of his uncle. After such audacity on the part of the law, no man held himself safe. The whole county rang with the charge; the whole county more or less sympathised with the innocent victim of the tyranny of justice. It was impossible to associate the jovial, warm-hearted, merry-maker with any wrong; so wholly had he won the hearts of all by his many feats of rustic skill, his many qualities of good-fellowship. The men admired him for his athletic daring; and the women for his noble figure, his ruddy face, black whiskers, and very white teeth. To be sure, he had had his follies; now and then he had played the bully, and the small voice of detraction added, the black-leg; he had moreover broken a heart or so: but he had never wanted money to pay a treat; young men would be young men, was the charitable creed of the treated. Nevertheless, it was impossible for justice to close her ears to rumours that, first muttered, grew louder and louder. Willis had been seen hurrying from Cow Meadow at the time that—according to evidence—the murder must have been committed. He had moreover paid many debts of late; had been seen with much money in his hands; and there was a strange, forced gaiety in his manner that showed him restless, ill at ease. In fine, although Justice Wattles—the prisoner's relative, and the possessor of the dead man's pocket-book—loudly protested against the indignity offered to his kinsman; although he eloquently put it to his brother magistrates, whether it was in the circle of probability for one so respectably born and bred, to shed the blood of his own relation,—Robert Willis was committed, charged with the wilful murder of Arthur Willis. And then Justice Wattles said it was

best it should be so : it was the shortest, clearest way, to stop the mouths of slanderers, and to show to the world the innocence, and, above all, the respectability, of his kinsman. Yet were there people who wondered at the change so suddenly worked in the Justice. His face, before so round and red, was shrunk and yellow ; and then he would strive to look so happy—would laugh at every other word he spoke ; would prophecy with such enjoyment the triumph of his brave, his much-wronged relative.

And so the vagabond St. Giles and the gay and generous Robert Willis were brought together. In the very good old times of our history, there was deeper and better homage paid to the well-to-do who, somehow, had done ill and was imprisoned therefore, than in these our revolutionary days, when the successors of Turpins and Sheppards, no longer hold their levees in gaol lobbies, and fine ladies may not prattle chit-chat with felons. However lovely and interesting may be the doomed man to the female heart, his fascinations are to be contemplated only through the filmy medium of the newspapers, and not, as in those very good and much-lamented old times, *tête-à-tête* with the housebreaker and murderer. Hence, Robert Willis lived in happier days. Hence, by the grace of money and station, had he many little indulgencies which softened the rigour of captivity. Wine and brandy came to him like good genii through the prison-bars, and by their magic gave to stone walls a comfortable jolly aspect ; again placed the prisoner in a tavern ; again surrounded him with the best of fellows ; hearts of gold !

It was yet early in the morning, and Willis, flushed with drink, walked the court-yard with St. Giles ; for whom, at their first meeting, he had shown a strange interest. How changed was he from the merry-maker who, but for a few moments, was before the reader at the Lamb and Star ! He seemed to have grown bigger—burlier. His face was full-blooded ; his eyebrows shagged and ragged ; his eyes flashed to and fro, dwelling upon no object ; and then he would laugh loudly, hollowly. He walked the court-yard, talking to St. Giles ; and now and then slapping him on the shoulder, to the wonder of other more respectable prisoners, who much marvelled that a gentleman like Master Robert Willis could take up with such a vagabond. And so they walked : and by degrees Willis laughed less, and spoke in a lower tone ; and it was plain—from the agitation of his comrade—that he spoke of something strange and terrible. At length St. Giles stopped short, and

cried, "I will hear no more—not a word more, I tell you. God forgive you!"

"Why, what's the matter, fool—butter-heart?" cried Willis. "I thought you a man, and you're a cur. Ha! ha! all's one for that;" and again Willis laughed, and pointed scornfully at St Giles, as—with face aghast—he walked to the further end of the court. Willis was about to follow him, when he was accosted by one of the turnkeys.

"Master Willis, here's Mr. Montecute Crawley, the lawyer, come to talk to you about your defence. He's in a great hurry; so, if you please, you must make haste; he's so much to do, he can't stay for nobody." And the turnkey only spoke the truth of the exceeding business of Mr. Montecute Crawley; to whose silver tongue the world owed the liberty of many a ruffian. Happy was the evil-doer, whose means might purchase the good offices of Mr. Montecute Crawley! There was no man at the bar who could so completely extract the stain of blood from a murderer. Had he defended Sawny Bean, dipped a hundred times in infanticide, he would have presented him to the bar as a shepherd with the bloom and fragrance of Arcady upon him! Worthy man! What a constitution had Mr. Montecute Crawley, to stand the wear and tear of his own feelings, racked, agonised, as they always were, for his innocent, his much-persecuted client, the homicide or highwayman at the bar! Happily, his emotion was always so very natural, and so very intense, that again and again it touched the bosoms of the jury, who could not—simple creatures!—but believe so eloquent, so earnest a gentleman, when he not only vouched for the innocence of the unfortunate accused, but wept a shower of tears in testimony thereof. Tears, in fact, were Mr. Montecute Crawley's great weapons: but he had too true a notion of their value to use them save on extraordinary occasions. With all his tenderness, he had great powers of self-restraint; and, therefore, never dropt a tear upon any brief that brought him less than five hundred guineas. He had heard of "the luxury of woe," and was determined that with him at least the luxury should bear its proper price. His coarse and stony-hearted brethren at the bar, had, in the envy and brutality of their souls, nicknamed Mr. Montecute Crawley, the watering-pot. But he—good, silver-tongued man—heeded not the miserable jest. He talked and wept, and wept and talked, as though he felt assured that all the world believed

his words and tears, and that only the angels knew them to be false.

And Robert Willis was now to interest the sympathies of Mr. Crawley, who had been paid the full weeping price—the fee being, as a junior counsel said, up to water-mark. The prisoner and his counsel were private together; and, as the accused went through his simple tale, it was delightful to perceive the intelligence that beamed in Mr. Montecute Crawley's eye, as though he spied a flaw, no wider than a spider's thread, in the indictment; and then for a moment he would place his ample brow—writ and overwrit with so many acts of Parliament—in his snow-pure hand, meditating a legal escape. “That's enough,” said Mr. Crawley, abruptly stopping the prisoner: “I've made up my mind; yes, I see it at once; an alibi, of course; an alibi. You were at the dance at the Lamb and Star: you've witnesses—yes, I know—Mr. Swag, your attorney, has told me all, and”—

“And you think I shall get over it?” asked Willis, looking up with unabashed face at his defender. Mr. Montecute Crawley slightly nodded his head; whereupon the prisoner, with grossest familiarity, offered his hand. Mr. Crawley knew what was due to the dignity of his profession; he, therefore, looked frozenly at the prisoner, rebuking him by that look into a proper sense of his infamy, and at the same time asserting his own forensic consequence. “Meant no offence, sir,” said the reprobate, “but as I thought we met as friends, and as Master Wattles has promised to come down well, if you get me off, why I thought we might as well shake hands on the bargain.”

“It is not necessary,” said Mr. Crawley, with a new stock of majesty. “And now I think you have told me all? I hope so, because I can give no further time to see you; and therefore I hope, for your sake, I now know all? You understand me?”

Innocent murderer—unsophisticated assassin! He did not understand his best defender. Deceived by what he thought a cordiality of voice, a look of interest, in Mr. Montecute Crawley—and suddenly feeling that it would doubtless be for his own especial benefit if he laid bare his heart—that black, bad thing—before so able, so excellent a gentleman, Robert Willis thought that he owed him every confidence, and would, therefore, without further ceremony, discharge the debt. “Why, no, sir,” he said, with the air of a man prepared to be praised for his ingenuousness,—“no, sir, I hav'n't told you all. You see, uncle—I

must say it—had been a good sort of old fellow to me in his time : but somehow, he got plaguy cranky of late ; wouldn't come down with the money nohow. And I put it to you, sir, who know what life is,—what's a young fellow like me to do without money ? Well, the long and the short of it is this,—I shot the old chap, and that's the truth."

If virtue could have peeped into that prison, could at that moment have beheld the face of Mr. Montecute Crawley, would she not have embraced—have wept over her champion—even as he had often wept for her ? He started from the confessed homicide, as though Cain himself had risen beside him. "Scoundrel ! monster ! villain !" he exclaimed with passion, that must have been genuine, it was so violent.

"Bless me !" cried the prisoner. "I hope you're not offended. You wanted to know all, sir."

"Not that—not that, miscreant !" and Mr. Montecute Crawley paced up and down in the very greatest distress. "Monster,—I leave you to your fate ; I'll not stain my hands with such a brief. No—never—never !"

"You'll not do that, sir, I'm sure," said the murderer. "Too much of a gentleman for that. 'Specially when the Justice has come down so handsomely. And I know him ; that's not all he'll do, if you get me off."

"Get you off !" cried Mr. Montecute Crawley with a disgust that did the very highest and deepest honour to his heart.—"What ! let loose a wild beast—a man tiger into the world. Monster—miscreant—miscreant !" With all Mr. Crawley's enviable command of abuse, he lacked vituperation wherewith to express the intensity of his loathing ; and he therefore quitted the murderer with a look of inexpressible scorn ; Robert Willis having, in his imagination, the very clearest view of the gallows, with himself in the cart, wending to his inevitable destination. He was given up by that miracle of an orator, Mr. Montecute Crawley, and there was nothing left him but the hangman.

Ingenuous Robert Willis—unsophisticated homicide ! Little knew that simple murderer the magnanimity of the lawyer, who would forget the imprudence of the blood-shedder, in pity for the erring fellow creature. Besides, Mr. Montecute Crawley, in his great respect for the intellectual cravings of the public, could not consent to deprive a crowded court of his expected speech—an oration that, as he knew, would impart very considerable enjoyment to his



auditors, and, possibly, achieve a lasting glory for himself. Therefore, possessed of the knowledge of the prisoner's crime, it would be the business, the pride of Mr. Crawley to array him in a garb of innocence: though, everlastingly stained with blood, it would be the fame of the orator to purify the assassin, returning him back to the world snow-white and sweetened. And, with this determination, when the day of trial came, Mr. Montecute Crawley entered the court, amidst the flattering admiration of all assembled. What a solemn man he looked! What a champion of truth—what an earnest orator in the cause of innocence—with every line in his face a swelling lie!

And the day of trial came. St. James sat upon the bench in close neighbourhood to the Judge. The court was crowded. Ladies had dressed themselves as for a gala; and when the prisoner—habited with scrupulous neatness—appeared at the bar, there was a murmur from the fair that at once acquitted so handsome, so finely-made a man, of such a naughty crime. It was impossible that with such a face—such very fine eyes—such wavy, silken hair, and above all with such a self-assuring smile—it was impossible that such a creature could be stained with an old man's blood. And then the gentlewomen looked from the prisoner to the prisoner's counsel, and now beheld in his sweet gravity, his beautiful composure, an assurance that he—that eloquent and sympathetic pleader, was possessed as with the consciousness of his own soul, of the guiltlessness of that oppressed, that handsome young man, and would therefore plead with the voice and sublime fervour of a superior spirit for the accused at the bar. Men of every degree thronged the court. The gentry—the yeomen—the rustics of the county; all prepossessed for the prisoner. And many were the greetings and shakings of the hand exchanged with the prisoner's kinsman, Justice Wattles, who tried to look hopeful, and to speak of the trial as nothing more than a ceremony, necessary to stop the mouth of slanderous wickedness. And so, restless and inwardly sick at heart and trembling, the Justice looked smilingly about the court; but strangely enough, never looked at the prisoner at the bar. The prisoner gazed searchingly at the jury, and his eyes brightened, when he saw that Simon Blink, landlord of the Lamb and Star, was foreman of the twelve.

The trial began. One witness swore that in the evening of the murder he heard a gun fired; and immediately he saw the prisoner



at the bar rush from the direction of Cow Meadow. The ball had been extracted from the murdered man, and found to fit a gun, the prisoner's property, subsequently discovered in the farmhouse. Every face in the court—even the face of Mr. Montecute Crawley—fell, darkened at the direct, straightforward evidence of the witness. He was then handed over to be dealt with by the prisoner's counsel. What awful meaning possessed his features, when he rose to turn inside out the witness! What lightning in his eye—what a weight of scorn at his lip—what thunder in his voice, terrifying and confounding the simple man who had spoken a simple truth. Poor fellow! in a few minutes he knew not what he had spoken: his senses were distraught, lost: he would scarcely to himself answer for his own consciousness, so much was he bewildered, flung about, made nothing of by that tremendous man, Mr. Montecute Crawley.

“Answer me, sir,” thundered the indignant counsel; “were you never in gaol for felony? Answer, sir.”

The man paused for a moment. He never had been in gaol for felony—Mr. Crawley knew that well enough—nevertheless the question was put with such vehement confidence, that, honest man as he was, the witness was for a time unable to answer. At length he ventured to reply that he never had been so imprisoned: which reply he again and again repeated, warned by his counsel—as by the trumpet of judgment—that he was upon his oath.

“And you’ve never been caught poaching—come, I shall get something out of you? Speak up, sir! Upon your oath—have you never been caught setting wires for hares?” roared Mr. Crawley.

“Never, sir,” stammered the witness. “Never caught in my life.”

“Ha! you’ve been lucky, then, my fine fellow,” said the counsel. “You haven’t been caught, that’s what you mean, eh?” And at this humorous distinction, Mr. Montecute Crawley laughed—the prisoner, out of gratitude to his champion, laughed—all men in the court laughed, and the pretty ladies giggled. Assuredly there is no place in which the very smallest joke goes so far as in a court of justice. There, a farthing’s worth of wit is often taken as though it were an ingot. And, accepted after such value, Mr. Montecute Crawley was a tremendous wit. “I believe, sir,” he continued,—“come, sir, leave off twiddling your thumbs and look at me—I believe you’ve been mixed up a little in smuggling?”

Come, you don't think there's much harm in that? You know how to run a tub or two, I suppose?"

"No, I don't," answered the witness with new confidence.

"Bless me!" cried Mr. Crawley, "you're a very innocent gentleman—very innocent, indeed." And then with much indignation at the unspotted character of the witness, he thundered "Get down, sir!" Now this seeming uncharitableness was, it may be hoped, very repulsive to the kindly nature of Mr. Crawley; but what he did, he did for the benefit of his client. To serve his client it was—he held the obligation as his forensic creed—it was his duty to paint every witness against him the blackest black, that the suffering, ill-used man at the bar might stand out in candid relief to the moral darkness frowning against him. Poor Mr. Crawley! In his heart of hearts, it was to him a great sorrow that—for the interest of his client—he was sometimes compelled to wear his gown, the solemn robe of the champion of truth, as the privileged garment, holding safe the coward and the bully. He was a gentleman—a most perfect gentleman—with an almost effeminate sense of honour when—his gown was off. But when he robed himself, he knew that there might be dirty work to do, and if it must be done, why he did it as though he loved it.

All the witnesses for the prosecution, save one, had been examined; and the prisoner looked about him with blither looks: and there was an interchange of triumphant glances between himself and valued old cronies in court that plainly said, "All's right;" when St. Giles was called. Then the prisoner bit his lip, and impatiently struck his fist upon the spikes in the front of the bar, and then with a hard smile—as at his folly, his absence of mind—wrapt his handkerchief about his bleeding hand. It was nothing—a mere moment of absurd forgetfulness. How could he be so ridiculous!

St. Giles was sworn. There was something strange and solemn in that miserable face; marked and lined as it was with a sad history. The man had been well-fed, well-lodged, though in a gaol. Imprisoned as a rogue and vagabond, he had nevertheless tasted of comforts that, until the crime of poverty and destitution was put upon him, he had not for many a season, known; and yet he looked harassed, weary, and wasted. Poor wretch! He had long wrestled with himself. He felt that he was cursed with knowledge of a secret forced upon him. It was another of the many unearned wrongs that blighted him. He hated himself that

he had been brought to stand in that court an accuser of that man at the bar ; -he had fought against the feeling that had urged him to tell all, and then in the dead of night, a voice would cry in his ear, " Murder—murder ! remember, it is murder ! base, bad, most unnatural murder !"—and so, as he thought, to lift a load from his heart, he demanded to be taken to the keeper of the gaol ; and then to him—solemnly admonished by the prison chaplain -he narrated the terrible story that, in his hour of mad defiance, Robert Willis had told his fellow-prisoner. That confession made, St. Giles felt himself a wretch—a traitor to the man who had put the secret on him : he would have given worlds to recall the story told : it was impossible. He had told all. And in open court, he would be summoned to meet—eye to eye—the prisoner : would be required to rehearse a tale that should make that man, smiling so full of health and strength at the bar, a clod of earth. It was these thoughts that had cut themselves in the face of St. Giles : it was these thoughts that, like poison, struck a coldness at his heart ; made him tremble, and look a most forlorn and guilty wretch, when called upon to tell his story.

He told all he knew. The prisoner at the bar had confessed to him that, stung by the unwillingness of his uncle to feed his means, he had killed the old man : at such an hour—with such an instrument. More : he had robbed him : and had hidden the dead man's pocket-book somewhere near Pinckton's Corner. The prisoner had dropt a ring—it had always been too large for him—as he feared upon the spot where the old man fell.

And then St. Giles was cross-examined : anatomised, torn to pieces by the counsel for the prisoner. A very few minutes, and so potent was the scorn, the indignation of Mr. Crawley, that St. Giles stood before the court the vilest of the vile of men ; a human reptile—a moral blotch : a shame upon the race of Adam. The whole court looked upon him with wondering eyes—a monster of wickedness. And St. Giles felt the ignominy : it pierced him like a sword, yet with calm, unaltered looks he met the hatred of all around him.

And with the testimony of St. Giles closed the evidence for the prosecution. Twenty witnesses for the prisoner proved that it was impossible he could have been near Cow Meadow at the time of the murder : no : he was at a merry making at the Lamb and Star. Again, every inch of Pinckton's Corner had been searched, and there was no pocket-book : another proof—if such indeed

were needed—of the diabolic malice of St. Giles, who, it was plain, to cloak his own infamy with some small credit—hoped to destroy the prisoner. Mr. Montecute Crawley had been exceedingly moved by this tremendous evidence of the iniquity of man : whilst cross-examining St. Giles, the counsel, touching upon what he termed the apocryphal pocket-book, had wept ; yes, had suffered large round tears to “course down his innocent nose,” to the lively concern of the court ; and, more especially, to the emotion of many ladies, who wept in sympathy with that sweet man—that soft-hearted barrister.

The judge summed up the evidence ; and the jury, after the pause of perhaps two minutes—their verdict was already smiling in their faces — through their ready foreman, Simon Blink, acquitted the prisoner. Robert Willis was—Not Guilty ! What a shout rose from the court. It was in vain that the judge looked angrily around him : there was another huzza ; another, and another. Friends and neighbours shook each other by the hand ; and all blessed the admirable Mr. Crawley, the excellent judge, the upright and most manly jury ! The hubbub suddenly ceased : and wherefore ? Men were touched into respectful silence ; and why ? Oh, the scene was most impressive : for Mr. Justice Wattles—an old, and most respectable magistrate—entered the prisoner’s dock ; and there, in the face of the world, embraced his innocent kinsman—folded to his heart the pure, the spotless, the acquitted. And then Robert Willis left the gaol ; and the multitude without shouted their sympathy and gratitude.

St. Giles remained within the prison. His term of captivity was ended ; yet, out of compassion for his misery, the governor would permit him to remain until night-fall, when he might depart unseen. Did he show himself in open day—such was the belief of the people of the gaol—the mob would tear him piecemeal. He had tried to hang an innocent man ; would have shed the blood of the noblest creature in the county ; and burning alive was a fate too good for him. And thus St. Giles was spurned and execrated. Shut up with felons, he was shunned by them as something monstrous ; a demon, for whom they had no words save those of cursing and contempt. St. Giles, with a crushed heart, walked the court-yard. A few paces were tacitly allowed him by his fellow-prisoners ; and he walked, in misery, apart from all. It was a beautiful summer’s evening, and he paused, and with glassy, vacant eye, surveyed a swarm of insects dancing and whirling in that brief, bright world



of theirs, a sunbeam in a gaol. "A gentleman wants to speak to you," said one of the turnkeys, looking contemptuously at the witness for the crown. "Come this way." St Giles obeyed the order, and entering the body of the prison, found there his former benefactor, young St. James.

"You are the man who gave evidence against the person tried to-day for murder," said St. James.

"Yes, sir; and I spoke the truth: the very words the man said to me, I—"

"It is no matter. I did not send for you on that bad business. You and I have met before? How is it that I find you in this place?"

"I had no place to lay my head in—not a penny, only what your honour's goodness gave me, to buy a crumb; and so for that reason, after I'd been hauled up, as they said, for killing a man that was afterwards found alive, they sent me here. But bless you, kind gentleman! for your goodness to me. I hav'n't been without doing wrong in my time, sir, I know that: but the world, sir, hasn't dealt kindly with me, nohow; it hasn't, indeed, sir."

"Where do you come from?" asked St. James.

"I come, sir, from"—and St. Giles stammered—"I come from abroad."

"And you are willing to earn honest bread? Is it so?" said his lordship.

"Oh, sir!" cried St. Giles, "if I might only have the chance! But it's a hard case to put a man to—a hard case to deny a miserable creature honest bread, and then if he don't starve without a word like a rat in a hole, to send him here to gaol. I say it, sir; I've had my sins—God pardon 'em—but I've been roughly treated, sir; roughly treated."

"I hope to think so," said St. James. "I may be wrong; but what I have seen of you to-day induces me to trust you. I want to know nothing of your history; nothing of the past. All I expect is an honest future. If you can promise this, you shall enter my service, and so stand upright again in the world."

"I do promise, sir—with all my heart and soul—with all"—but the poor fellow could speak no more; tears poured down his face; tears choked his speech.

"Here is money. Get yourself decent covering, and make your way to London. When there, present yourself at my house. Send this card to me, and I will see what may be done for you;

remember, I depend upon your good resolution, that I may not be laughed at for hiring a servant from a gaol." With these words, St. James quitted the prison, leaving St. Giles bewildered, lost in happiness. He glanced at the card, saw the name—the name of that noble, gracious boy, who had before preserved him—and the poor convict fell upon his knees, and with a grateful bursting heart prayed for his protector.

Let us now for a brief space, shift the scene to the Lamb and Star. It was ten at night, and the house was crammed with revellers, all met to celebrate the triumph of injured innocence—to drink and drink to the attested purity of Robert Willis. What stories were told of his spirit, his address, his gallantry—how often, too, were curses called down upon the head of him who would have spilt such guiltless blood—how often did the drinkers wish they had St. Giles among them, that they might tear him to bits—yes, limb him for his infamy! And ere the night passed they had their wish; for St. Giles entered the Lamb and Star, and called with the confidence of a customer about him. But who was to know St. Giles in the neatly-dressed, trim-looking groom—the tall, clean-faced looking young fellow—that took his mug of ale from the hands of Becky, and nodded so smilingly at her? True it is, the girl stared; the blood rushed about her face; and darting from the room, she cried to herself, "It is—it is! the Lord preserve us"—but Becky looked with womanly eyes, and remembered the ragged outcast in the spruce serving-man. In a few moments she returned to the room, and whilst she affected to give change to St. Giles, she said in a low, agitated voice—"I know you—they'll know you, too, soon; and then they'll have your life: go away: if you love—if you love yourself go away! What a man you are! What brings you here?"

"Just this little remembrance," said St. Giles, "for you got yourself into trouble for helping me: just this odd little matter; keep it for my sake, wench," and he placed a little silken huswife in her hand.

"Law!" said Becky, "I didn't do nothing for you that I wouldn't ha' done for anybody else; still I will keep this, anyhow;" and Becky again blushing, again ran from the room. At the same moment, there was a shout outside the house of "Master Willis—Master Willis," and loud and long were the huzzas that followed. The door was flung open, and Willis, frantically drunk, rushed in, followed by several of his companions who with him



had celebrated the triumph of the day. Willis threw himself into a chair, and called for "a thousand bowls of punch"—and then he would have a song—and then he would have all the village girls roused up, and dance the night through.

Great was the respect felt by the landlord of the Lamb and Star for Mr. Willis: nevertheless, the tumult rose to such a height, that Blink, with bending back, and in the very softest voice, begged of his honour not to insist upon a dance so late at night. Willis, with a death-pale face—his hair disordered—his eyes stupidly rolling—glared and hiccupped, and snapt his fingers at the nose of the landlord.

"Now, squire, do be advised, do indeed—you'll hurt your health, squire, if you've any more to-night, I know you will," said Blink.

"You know!" shouted Willis—"Mughead! what do you know? Yes—ha! ha! ha!—you're a pretty conjuror, you are. You know! Ha! you were the foreman of the jury, I believe? A pretty foreman a precious jury! And you found me Not Guilty! Fool! nuncompoop—ass! Here I want to say something to you. Closer—a little closer." Blink approached still nearer to the drunken madman, when the ruffian spat in the landlord's face; he then roared a laugh, and shouted "that for you! I killed the old fellow—I did it—damn me, I did it." And the wretch, trying to rise from his chair, fell prostrate to the ground; whilst all in the room shrunk with horror from the self-denounced homicide.

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### THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

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I saw, with seemingly waking eyes,  
And a strange and strong reality,  
My wife in her dying agonies,  
And a fiend with a face replete with glee  
Bending over her wasted frame,  
Calling her mockingly by her name.  
Anon he spoke—"Oh, oh," said he,  
"A husband drunk as drunk can be!"

Bite at the bosom, starveling young :  
Thy father is drunk, thy mother is dead :  
Live to be doom'd, live to be hung—  
A pauper, a felon, but die in no bed."

I saw my eldest-born in rags,  
A quiet, silent boy was he ;  
But his was not the soul that drags  
Days tainted by life's leprosy.  
Proud in his youth well spent,  
Sad in his hopes to tatters rent,  
A bosom bursting with shame's dismay,  
Blasted the bud of his promising May.

I saw, and how my soul shook then,  
My daughter (my joy, my pride,  
Ere I had turned to a pestilent den  
My home and its fireside) ;  
I saw her, my fair and delicate child—  
Yes, once she was delicate and fair,  
Meek and lowly, gentle and mild,  
And ever with softest speech to spare ;  
I saw her with front brazen and bold,  
Bloated and broken ere she was old ;  
And looks I saw from her once chaste eyes,  
And words I heard from her lips once pure,  
Telling abroad her infamy ;  
And I shriek'd with pain beyond endure !

And then I saw a younger frame :  
My fair-hair'd Alfred, he was there ;  
I remembered the time when he nightly came  
To my feet, and murmur'd his little prayer !  
And Tom with his face of innocent mirth,  
And his voice of cheerful, chirrupping glee ;  
And Will, who lit up our evening hearth  
With his flashes of infant jollity ;  
And George, a smiling and gentle boy,  
Who lived in a quiet gush of joy ;

And they were gaol-birds, with sodden'd faces,  
 Cursing and railing, without a gleam,  
 A ray of thought in all their traces !  
 Trembling I woke,  
 And trembling spoke,  
 " Thank God ! 'twas but a Drunkard's Dream !"

J. K.

## THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY.

IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

" Of all the cants that are canted in this canting world," wrote Sterne, " kind Heaven defend me from the cant of Art ! " We have no intention of tapping our little cask of cant, soured by the thunder of great men's fame, for the refreshment of our readers : its freest draught would be unreasonably dear at a shilling, when the same small liquor may be had for nothing, at innumerable ready pipes and conduits.

But it is a main part of the design of this Magazine to sympathise with what is truly great and good ; to scout the miserable discouragements that beset, especially in England, the upward path of men of high desert ; and gladly to give honour where it is due, in right of Something achieved, tending to elevate the tastes and thoughts of all who contemplate it, and to prove a lasting credit to the country of its birth.

Upon the walls of Westminster Hall, there hangs, at this time, such a Something. A composition of such marvellous beauty, of such infinite variety, of such masterly design, of such vigorous and skilful drawing, of such thought and fancy, of such surprising and delicate accuracy of detail, subserving one grand harmony, and one plain purpose, that it may be questioned whether the Fine Arts, in any period of their history, have known a more remarkable performance.

It is the cartoon of DANIEL MACLISE, " executed by order of the Commissioners," and called The Spirit of Chivalry. It may be left an open question, whether or no this allegorical order on the part of the Commissioners, displays any uncommon felicity of idea. We rather think not ; and are free to confess that we should like to have

seen the Commissioners' notion of the Spirit of Chivalry stated by themselves, in the first instance, on a sheet of foolscap, as the ground-plan of a model cartoon, with all the commissioned proportions of height and breadth. That the treatment of such an abstraction, for the purposes of Art, involves great and peculiar difficulties, no one who considers the subject for a moment can doubt. That nothing is easier than to render it absurd and monstrous, is a position as little capable of dispute by anybody who has beheld another cartoon on the same subject in the same Hall, representing a Ghoule in a state of raving madness, dancing on a Body in a very high wind, to the great astonishment of John the Baptist's head, which is looking on from a corner.

Mr. Maclise's handling of the subject has by this time sunk into the hearts of thousands upon thousands of people. It is familiar knowledge among all classes and conditions of men. It is the great feature within the Hall, and the constant topic of discourse elsewhere. It has awakened in the great body of society a new interest in, and a new perception and a new love of, Art. Students of art have sat before it, hour by hour, perusing in its many forms of Beauty, lessons to delight the world, and to raise themselves, its future teachers, in its better estimation. Eyes well accustomed to the glories of the Vatican, the galleries of Florence, all the mightiest works of art in Europe, have grown dim before it with the strong emotions it inspires; ignorant, unlettered, drudging men, mere hewers and drawers, have gathered in a knot about it (as at our back a week ago), and read it, in their homely language, as it were a Book. In minds, the roughest and the most refined, it has alike found quick response; and will, and must, so long as it shall hold together.

For how can it be otherwise? Look up, upon the pressing throng who strive to win distinction from the Guardian Genius of all noble deeds and honourable renown,—a gentle Spirit, holding her fair state for their reward and recognition (do not be alarmed, my Lord Chamberlain; this is only in a picture); and say what young and ardent heart may not find one to beat in unison with it—beat high with generous aspiration like its own—in following their onward course, as it is traced by this great pencil! Is it the Love of Woman, in its truth and deep devotion, that inspires you? See it here! Is it Glory, as the world has learned to call the pomp and circumstance of arms? Behold it at the summit of its exaltation, with its mailed hand resting on the altar

where the Spirit ministers. The Poet's laurel-crown, which they who sit on thrones can neither twine nor wither—is *that* the aim of thy ambition? It is there, upon his brow; it wreaths his stately forehead, as he walks apart and holds communion with himself. The Palmer and the Bard are there; no solitary wayfarers, now; but two of a great company of pilgrims, climbing up to honour by the different paths that lead to the great end. And sure, amidst the gravity and beauty of them all—unseen in his own form, but shining in his spirit, out of every gallant shape and earnest thought—the Painter goes triumphant!

Or say that you who look upon this work, be old, and bring to it grey hairs, a head bowed down, a mind on which the day of life has spent itself, and the calm evening closes gently in. Is its appeal to you confined to its presentment of the Past? Have you no share in this, but while the grace of youth and the strong resolve of maturity are yours to aid you? Look up again. Look up to where the Spirit is enthroned; and see about her, reverend men, whose task is done; whose struggle is no more; who cluster round her as her train and council; who have lost no share or interest in that great rising up and progress, which bears upward with it every means of human happiness, but, true in Autumn to the purposes of Spring, are there to stimulate the race who follow in their steps; to contemplate with hearts grown serious, not cold or sad, the striving in which they once had part; to die in that great Presence, which is Truth and Bravery and Mercy to the Weak, beyond all power of separation.

It would be idle to observe of this last group that, both in execution and idea, they are of the very highest order of Art, and wonderfully serve the purpose of the picture. There is not one among its three-and-twenty heads of which the same remark might not be made. Neither will we treat of great effects produced by means quite powerless in other hands for such an end, or of the prodigious force and *colour* which so separate this work from all the rest exhibited, that it would scarcely appear to be produced upon the same kind of surface by the same description of instrument. The bricks, and stones, and timbers of the Hall itself, are not facts more indisputable than these.

It has been objected to this extraordinary work, that it is too elaborately finished: too complete in its several parts. And Heaven knows, if it be judged in this respect by any standard in the Hall about it, it will find no parallel, nor anything approaching to it.

But it is a design, intended to be afterwards copied and painted in fresco ; and certain finish must be had at last, if not at first. It is very well to take it for granted in a Cartoon that a series of cross-lines, almost as rough and far apart as the lattice-work of a garden summer-house, represents the texture of a human face ; but the face cannot be *painted* so. A smear upon the paper may be understood, by virtue of the context gained from what surrounds it, to stand for a limb, or a body, or a cuirass, or a hat and feathers, or a flag, or a boot, or an angel. But when the time arrives for rendering these things in colours on a wall, they must be grappled with, and cannot be slurred over in this wise. Great misapprehension on this head seems to have been engendered in the minds of some observers, by the famous cartoons of Raphael ; but they forget that these were never intended as designs for fresco painting. They were designs for tapestry-work, which is susceptible of only certain broad and general effects, as no one better knew than the Great Master. Utterly detestable and vile as the tapestry is, compared with the immortal Cartoons from which it was worked, it is impossible for any man who casts his eyes upon it where it hangs at Rome, not to see, immediately, the special adaptation of the drawings to that end, and for that purpose. The aim of these Cartoons being wholly different, Mr. Maclise's object, if we understand it, was to show precisely what he meant to do, and knew he could perform, in fresco, on a wall. And here his meaning is ; worked out ; without a compromise of any difficulty ; without the avoidance of any disconcerting truth ; expressed in all its beauty, strength, and power.

To what end ? To be perpetuated hereafter in the high place of the chief senate-House of England ? To be wrought, as it were, into the very elements of which that Temple is composed ; to co-endure with it, and still present, perhaps, some lingering traces of its ancient Beauty, when London shall have sunk into a grave of grass-grown ruin,—and the whole circle of the Arts, another revolution of the mighty wheel completed, shall be wrecked and broken ?

Let us hope so. We will contemplate no other possibility—at present.



# RIYMES FOR THE TIMES.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

## No. I.—THE MURDERER'S SACRAMENT.

### A FACT.

#### I.

To nations, as to men, are guides  
 From Heaven offered. Outward things  
 For those hold what, for these, abides  
 In private mental whisperings.  
 Fate guides not realms ;—with guiding facts  
 Themselves unto themselves are fate.  
 Hear, England ! God, whose words are acts,  
 Hath spoken much with thee of late !  
 One message, like most others, sent  
 In these last days, died all unheeded :  
 None knew or cared for what it meant ;  
 Yet was its warning not unneeded !  
 It told us whence to dread the storm  
 Which now begins to gleam and mutter ;  
 And pointed paths to true reform,  
 In fact's strong phrase, which I re-utter :

#### II.

All night fell hammers—shock on shock ;  
 With echos Newgate's granite clanged :  
 The scaffold built, at eight o'clock  
 A man was brought out to be hanged.  
 Then came from all the people there  
 A single cry that shook the air,  
 A single cry, that turned to storm  
 Of yells and noises multiform,

Where each, with mad gesticulations,  
Rivalled the rest in execrations ;  
Mothers held up their babes to see,  
Who spread their hands and screamed for glee ;  
Here a girl from her clothing tore  
A rag to wave with, and joined the roar  
In shrieks, and singing, and savage jests,  
Tossing about her naked breasts ;  
There a man, with yelling tired,  
Paused, and the culprit's crime inquired ;  
A sot, below the doomed man dumb,  
Bawled his health in the world to come ;  
These blasphemed, and fought for places ;  
Those, half-crushed, cast frantic faces  
To windows, where, in freedom sweet,  
Others enjoyed the wicked treat.

At last the show's great crisis pended ;  
Struggles for better standings ended ;  
The rabble's lips no longer curst,  
But stood agape in horrid thirst ;  
Thousands of breasts beat horrid hope ;  
Thousands of eye-balls, lit with hell,  
Burnt one way all, to see the rope  
Unslacken as the platform fell.

The rope flew tight ! and then the roar  
Burst forth afresh ; less loud, but more  
Confus'd and affrighting than before.  
A few harsh tongues for ever led  
The common din—the chaos of noises,  
But ear could not catch what they said.  
—As, when the realm of the damn'd rejoices  
On winning a soul to its will,  
That clatter and clangor of hateful voices  
Sickened and stunned the air, until  
The dangling man was dead and still.

The show complete, the pleasure past,  
The solid masses loosened fast ;

Each went his way, or lagged behind,  
 As fittèd lest his need or mind :—  
 A thief slunk off, with ample spoil,  
 To ply elsewhere his daily toil ;  
 Two foes, who had disputed places,  
 Went forth to fight, with murderous faces ;  
 A baby strung its doll to a stick ;  
 A mother praised the pretty trick ;  
 Some children caught and hanged a cat ;  
 Some friends walked on in pleasant chat ;  
 Some, heavy-paced and heavy-hearted,  
 Whose dinners were to earn, departed,  
 Much envying those who'd means to stay  
 At gin-shops by, and "make it a day ;"  
 Others cursed loud their fortune ill,  
 Whose callings forced them from their fill  
 Of that day's feast :—" 'Twere worth a crow  
 To stop, and see them cut him down ! "

## III.

What wrought this riddle in a land  
 With hosts paid, well and willingly,  
 For preaching love, and manners Lland,  
 And perfect Christianity ?

What left that lack of light, which, when  
 One sinner stood a mark to others,  
 Made him so boldly judged by men,  
 Whose presence there proclaim'd them brothers ?

For callous and malicious hearts  
 Are murderers in the sight of heaven,  
 Though place and time that fit the parts  
 They wait to play be never given.

What sent those men and women there  
 To see that soul-astounding sight ?  
 What made those eager faces wear  
 A frightful joy, instead of fright ?

Joy, not that joy in what is just,  
 Which dwells in breasts without a stain ;  
 But that abominable lust,  
 Which battens on another's pain.

Why come so oft such jubilees ?  
 " Ah ! " sighs the lazy statesman, " Why ? "  
 To these, and questions such as these,  
 Did God that very day reply :

## IV.

" There to be hang'd till you are dead ! "  
 The man had heard it, had been led  
 Again to prison, and had heard  
 The preacher preach God's holy word—  
 Too late ; for, by his fear abused,  
 The phrase of all seem'd all confused ;  
 And this seem'd all that all men said—  
 " There to be hang'd till you are dead ! "

They bade him kneel before the board  
 Which bare the Supper of our Lord ;  
 The preacher took the bread and wine,  
 And preach'd of that repast Divine,  
 The efficient Body and Blood :  
 —The " body and blood ! " A sudden flood  
 Of scarlet light lit up his cheek,  
 And though, just then, no tongue did speak,  
 A clear, loud voice close by him said—  
 " There to be hang'd till you are dead ! "

Kneeling passively, by the board  
 Which bare the Supper of our Lord,—  
 Our Lord, of whom he had never heard,  
 Until the judge's final word  
 Had shut the gateways of his soul,—  
 He ate the bread, received the cup,  
 And, for the first time, looking up,  
 A glance at each and all he stole,  
 And cried, from custom's old control,

"HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTHS, GOOD GENTLEMEN!"<sup>\*</sup>  
 Nodding around.—All started then;  
 For the iron tongue of the death-bell swung,  
 Mix'd with the doom'd man's words, and said—  
 "There to be hang'd till you are dead!"

But soothed at heart, by sight of one  
 Who heeded sorrow more than wrong,  
 And sought him whom the rest did shun,  
 And gave him wine to make him strong,  
 He rose, and, turning, all the while,  
 An ignorant, appealing smile  
 Towards that kindly-spoken preacher,  
 Who came too late to be his teacher,  
 Aware of the place to which he led,  
 He follow'd *him*, with willing tread,  
 There to be hang'd till he was dead!

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### GARDENS FOR THE POOR.

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WE have often thought it a great pity that poor men are not of the same common nature as rich men, as the latter would then be spared many perplexities that at present beset them, whenever they want to be charitable, generous, or even just. For instance, they would then only have to consult their own feelings, views, and tastes, in order to know at once how they might labour, in many important directions, to promote the physical, moral, and intellectual well-being of the poor, who have been committed to their legislatorial charge. But, as it is, what can the Fitz Clares and the De Boodles do, but guess at the character and causes of the emotions that make the breast of Simpkin heave, or the brain of Jobson throb against his aching temples, in the depth of their poverty and hopelessness? And surely these gentlemen take all possible pains to acquire correct information. No philosopher ever

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\* This is the "Fact" referred to in the title; and, as it did not go the round of the papers at the time, it seems necessary to state that it occurred last year, prior to the execution of a man named Ward, for child-murder.

watched with more pertinacious curiosity the movements of some strange insect in a bottle, or laid bare the anatomy of a helpless and quivering animal in his study, with more determined purpose, than do our aristocratic legislators, from time to time, by means of their commissioners, survey the poor man, and mark how he and his, eat and drink, and lie down, come into—and go out of his cottage; or investigate all the phenomena of his condition in their parliamentary committee rooms. But to what end? They can get, after all, but a very vague notion of the economy of the human creature, and none at all of the end and aim of his life; except that it seems somehow or other to have been designed for the enhancement and glorification of *their* lives. Now, had the world of humanity been so happily constituted (mind, they do not wish to be ungrateful for what *is*, in merely supposing what *might have been*—far from it) but, *had* the world of humanity been so happily constituted, that when De Boodle saw Simpkin hungry, he might have been sure, from his own experience, that food was the remedy; that when he saw him ill-clad, clothes would be useful; when ill, that he wanted the appliances of recovery; when addicted to coarse, demoralising, or brutal pleasures, that he needed refined, elevating, and gentle ones; when miserable, in a word, that he must want happiness—De Boodle would have known what to do, and gone to work like a man to do it. It would have been delicious to see how he would have rooted up, like so many noxious weeds, those “axioms” of political economy, that make and keep men idle, ignorant, and debased,—and how soon he would have found means to employ all, and educate all, and when he had achieved the mighty task, and was contemplating its results—with what gusto he would have said, “There, gentlemen, that’s what I call political economy, even in your own low views of the science; we shall now neither need soldiers nor police, prisons nor poorhouses!” But, alas! for the difference between the De Boodle and the Simpkin natures! In the absence of the most unerring of guides—sympathy, the well-wishing aristocratic legislator is obliged to bring forth from the mighty mountain of facts and theories that parliaments and commissioners, for we know not how long, have been building up—the mouse of—a field gardens bill! De Boodle thinks, that when a labourer has done his ten hours’ work daily, of digging, and ploughing, and ditching, the way to set him up in the world is, to give the poor weary wretch the opportunity of crawling some half mile, or mile, or possibly more, to cultivate his



half-acre of ground. But De Boodle is partly correct in his views. The increase of the wrong—over-labour, may decrease a still greater wrong—under-feeding. But it must be owned this measure is not of the kind that is "twice blessed." Whatever it may do to him that takes, it assuredly does not bless the legislator who gives. And what a view does it not furnish of the utter helplessness and destitution of the working classes of England!

But *field-gardens*! Is it indeed thought that the poor man will there cultivate the only "Heart's-ease" that this life is to afford him? That he will take a pride in his "Love in a Mist," and liken it to the retiring but real love that his benefactors or superiors—the words mean the same thing—exhibit towards him? That he will, flower-worshipper like, be every now and then seen on his knees in a fit of admiration of the "Lords and Ladies" that so remind him of the exalted personages who have helped to enable him to rent a slice of the parish's field garden? But no, they do not expect this; they hope he will be grateful and humble, and grow potatoes;—and so he will; he wants them too badly to let any gayer plants occupy their place. And such, in the middle of the nineteenth century, is to be the poor man's garden!

Well, in one of these occasional upheavings, or advances of the principle of development, referred to by the author of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, we may hope to see all this set right by the elevation of the Simpkin nature to that of the De Boodle. And, wandering the other day in the horticultural garden at Chiswick, during a fête, we were amusing ourselves by reflecting with what hearty energy and skill the well-bred, well-educated man of rank and birth, would then take the newly-raised labourer by the hand, improve his condition, teach him all that he himself knew, conduct him to all his places of resort, instil into him all his tastes. And therewith we began to fancy we saw the pair,—the aristocrat, and the artisan,—entering arm in arm; the latter ravished, eye, ear, heart, and soul, by the sight of the fair lawns, and glowing parterres,—by the sound of the music now heard, sweetly toned down by the distance, issuing from a far-off grove, now bursting out in an opposite direction close at hand; and above all by the unapenkable grace and loveliness of the fairest of England's daughters, as they moved to and fro, numberless as the flowers beneath and around their feet. But the aristocrat knows the place, and hurries his friend along into the nearest tent: there will be no getting a sight of the flowers if they do not plunge at

once into the crowds of flower-gazers. And flowers are there which may well make even an aristocrat, with all the wealth of the Indies at his command, pause in wonder and admiration at their beauty ; or at their fantastic or startling characters, or at the skill with which, by a study of the natural habits of plants, gardeners have obtained these graceful or gorgeous specimens. But he admires them now more than ever, as he sees their effect upon the unaccustomed eyes of the artisan ; who moves slowly along with the general line of gazers, step by step, in a very dream of delight, climbing alps after alps of astonishment, as he passes from the pelargoniums to the roses, and from the calceolarias to the cacti, which last fairly constrain him to turn away his dazzled eyes. And then there are the orchids to attract his attention, smelling so sweet, and looking so strange—speckled and spotted—and of all kinds of indescribable shapes, growing in all kinds of indescribable modes—now through the bottoms of baskets, now out of the tops of pyramids of logs. Mould they seem to require none—but luxuriate amazingly on the tender and delicate fibres of an old stick. The tents all passed through,—the still increasing living current next flows on towards the conservatory, that looks like one of the bubbles of which Macbeth speaks—

“The earth hath bubbles as the water has,  
And *this* is of them ;”

blown up, no doubt, in sportive mood, by some great spirit of the earth, as a schoolboy sends forth his globes of soap and water, hardly more airy and beautiful than this gigantic house of glass. And the aristocrat all this while learns as well as teaches. He sees that if his class may impart to the artisan's, the right taste to enjoy, the artisan's class may infuse into the enjoyment itself that is to be thenceforth mutual, all the freshness and vividness that belong to comparatively unsophisticated natures. And in this he begins to see but a type of the mightier results that are to follow the amalgamation of those, who, possessing different and in each case estimable qualities, have been but too long divided.

The aristocrat now spake of the society to which they owed this exhibition, so unique of its kind in our—perhaps in any country, and dwelt with enthusiasm upon the energy and liberality with which it had developed a taste for horticulture, and upon the extraordinary means it adopted to gratify the taste so developed. The most distant parts of the world he said had been ransacked

by their own collectors, in order to add to our floral stores ; "that plant," he observed, "they fetched from one of the loftiest mountains of Peru ; and *there* are a host of new comers from Canton, the fruits of the explorations still going on in the celestial land. The aristocrat said the artisan must become one of them—a member of the society ; and the artisan kindly assured the aristocrat he would.

"But come," said the aristocrat, "where is your garden ? what is it like, a back-yard ? or a drawing-room for out of doors ; with the most beautiful of green carpets—the sward—beneath your feet, that Chaucer so well describes,

‘ So small, so thick, so short, so fresh of hue,’

and garnished more luxuriously than the upholsterer ever dreamed of, by Nature's own hand, in her choicest trees, shrubs, and humbler growing plants ? Come, what have you got in it ? I suppose, as usual, lilacs and lilies, a rose or two, and a flag ; all very beautiful ; but, my dear fellow, we do not enjoy their beauty half as much as we should, if our attention was occasionally called away to some rivals, and we could, therefore, revert to them with a freshened eye and thought. The love of novelty is a law, and be sure a wise one : see how the sky above us is eternally changing its forms and colours ; mark how, in the course of the shortest walk, picture after picture is presented to us, all differing from each other, in endless succession, yet formed out of the simplest of elements,—trees, and an irregular surface. Such care has been taken by Nature to create and to satisfy a love of novelty and change ; and all we have to do is to imitate her,—and in this, as well as in everything else, to let all the changes be good. So, get a magnolia, with its superb evergreen leaves, much larger than those of the laurel, and with its delicate cream-coloured flowers, of corresponding magnitude, scenting the air around with their delicious fragrance. Get the rhododendron, with its immense heads of flowers, purple, or scarlet, or white, or spotted all over with touches so delicate, that one might fancy the fairies had been dancing in them, and left these—their foot-prints. Get the broad-leaved kalmia, that sends up its small flowers in such profusion, that one wonders what has become of the leaves ;—flowers, too, that, appearing first like so many waxy closed bells, white, but pink-tinged, are in that state, and in their full development, as open cups, the very perfection of minute elegance. Get the yucca, stateliest and

most imposing of flowering shrubs, whose palm-like stem, and broad-sword leaves, and wonderful luxuriance of flower,—rising sometimes to the height of six or seven feet above the plant, tell of its tropical origin, and of the speed with which vegetation there carries on all its mysteries of growth.

“Then what say you to a winter garden?—fresh vegetation defying snows and frosts, and reflecting back smile for smile from glossy leaves, whenever the sun happens to look out—as though to see how things did get on in his absence. Well, to pass over your laurels and box, your aucubas, and sweet bays, your phillyreas, yews, ivies, there is the large, and to the people, comparatively unknown class of flowering evergreens, among which the magnolia, kalmia, rhododendron, and yucca before mentioned, and many others scarcely less beautiful, are included; these will help to give you flowers in the summer, foliage in the winter. But you want winter flowers as well as winter foliage? Then you can have them. The Christmas rose shall put forth its large white blossoms, delicately tinged with green in the centre, in the very middle of that season from which it derives its name, and continue to gladden you with its bloom whenever you have the courage to venture forth to look at it, until the crocus begins to push its yellow head through the ground, and the rose feels that it is no longer wanted. At the same time, the sweet-scented coltsfoot shall remind you of one of the most favoured treasures of the past summer and autumn, the heliotrope’s perfume, and scarcely lose by the contrast; while the Russian violet, may almost beguile you into the belief that the coming spring is already at hand, and you look around half expecting to see the ‘daisies white’ as well as the ‘violets blue,’ of which the poet speaks. But our winter Flora is even yet more beautiful. Little as her gifts have been sought after or prized, there is one at least among them truly valuable. The orange itself has not a more delightful smell than the chimonanthus, which, if you will but give it the comfort of a wall, or even of an old paling, will make a summer of its own, wherever it is, by putting forth a profusion of elegant flowers, during the three darkest and severest months of the year. Then the plants with berries—ripe, rosy, and cheerful-looking; why they would of themselves make you a capital winter garden. The beautiful holly will find you yellow as well as red berries; the small-leaved cotoneaster will keep—as it has long before the winter been,—and as long after the winter it will remain,—rich

with tiny scarlet fruit. Above all, the evergreen thorn will clothe your house-side or porch, with a garment of stedfast flame. Come," said the aristocrat; "you must make your garden one for the winter, as well as the summer." And the artisan was but too delighted at the idea.

"And now," continued he, "for a word of advice, that, coming from a rich man, may possibly be better esteemed than it would be from a poor one. Don't forget that flowers, beautiful and sweet as they are, are not valuable simply in themselves for those qualities, but in the use we make of them. Don't, therefore, become a man whose whole soul is circumscribed within the space of these two words, 'Florist's Flowers;' a man who cares more for *doubling* his petals than his family's means; and who, worst of all, is constantly unspiritualising the beautiful existences around him by the jargon of the counter. Do you, for instance, remembering Thomson's line, happen to pause before a

'Polyanthus with unnumber'd dyes,'

it is a dozen chances to one but you are told the flower that attracted you is worthless, in spite of its apparent beauty. 'Don't you see,' runs the unanswerable query, 'that it is pin-eyed?'

"Yes," said the aristocrat in conclusion, "you shall become a horticulturist; I will tell you what I know, and set you in the right path to learn much more. You shall study how to lay out your little plot of garden ground, and become a very painter in your knowledge of the effect of combinations of form and colour. Insects will plague you; you must study their habits, if it be only to know how to get rid of them, and you shall be an entomologist. You shall learn which are the 'baleful weeds,' which the 'precious juiced flowers;' and in knowing their mischievous or nutritive qualities, you shall be no contemptible physician. You shall trace how these and all other classes, though differing so greatly, yet spring from the same, or nearly the same, common materials, and assume all their different modifications of form and colour, and purpose, under the operations of external influences, and you will be a botanist. You will be drawing analogies between the laws of flowers and the laws of men, asking if they are not the same—if the diversities among man are not also chiefly caused by external influences; and you will be a philosopher. You will, from these and a thousand other speculations that must be suggested in a garden to a thoughtful



mind, be daily arriving at higher and purer views of Him and his purposes, who is the Author of all ; you will become a lover alike of God and man—in short, a Christian. And such, my dear friend, is the garden I should like you and every working man to have ; such are the uses to which I would recommend you to put it.”

J. S.

## UNFASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.\*

BY PAUL BELL.

### MARTHA ROSSITER'S TWO JOURNEYS.—PART II.

It seems odd to me that the ladies who have treated the Mothers, the Grandmothers, the Stepmothers, the Sisters, the Wives, the Daughters, and the Aunts of England, should so sparingly have dwelt upon one fact of female history ; namely, the generous tendencies of women to support men whenever called upon. And this not only silly Madame Mantalini, for the sake of a pair of beloved black whiskers, from betwixt which flattering endearments flow ; but sensible sisters, daughters alive to a father's wasteful propensities ; ill-used governesses, whose little savings are wrung out of them to appear in a smart coat on the clerical back, or a gay trap of curtains and elbow-chairs, in the medical first floor. I cannot bear to think of such things ; and I wish the statistics of the question were published for the shame of mankind, since I would have every selfish fellow who flaunts about the world, on the price of a woman's comfort or labour, sent to the good old manly exercise, long practised ere gymnastics were thought of—or silly lords mounted from kitchen chairs to ride in silly tournaments so called—I mean, beating hemp in Bridewell ! What are the provocations of a parish scold, when compared with the infamy of a parish sluggard ?

In the table of such sacrifices, which, according to my code, should be drawn out by the respectable householders of every district, poor Martha Rossiter's name would figure conspicuously. Few indeed have endured privations like hers, in pursuit of their object. Like many other persons of sedentary habits, she was liable to those dull dry headaches, which made the sun shine dark,



and the gayest colours assume the sombre Gotobed tint. Then by nothing short of incessant labour could she have contrived to raise the money she raised to keep Charles Jobson, her brother, at school. Having, by prodigious effort, obtained the situation of housekeeper in a Ladies' Seminary, the next thing was stealing every possible hour from sleep to add to her funds by divers small exercises of craft, embroidery, millinery, for which she found a precarious sale, and the like. I once heard her, when some people were talking of taste as a pleasure, describe the agony of a long sleepless night, which it sometimes cost her to invent something new, so as to keep her few customers in good humour. She succeeded, however, to the point of being absolutely solicited to join a small business, where an enterprising and indefatigable head was wanted to put animation into a fading concern. The joy of such a prospective increase of her means brought on a long and costly illness. How weak of her! but there are many, say the Le Grands, who are anything but fit to bear prosperity! (N. B. And, therefore, are mercifully but seldom allowed the chance of trying.)

Do what she would, then, poor Martha Rossiter could not get "before-hand" with the world; hardly, indeed, was she able to struggle on abreast with it. For eight years she never permitted herself a holiday. There were those twenty pounds, lent her by Mrs. Priscilla Gotobed, still unpaid; and there was the Quaker lady, not more flexible as she grew older, to be seen from time to time in the town; in the very street where the little gay shop was kept by the poor weary heart; conceiving, worthy woman! no doubt, that every bunch of nasturtiums in the window,—every cockade of cherry-coloured ribbon, laid out for an hour ere it was sent home, to benefit passers-by, was a token of "light-mindedness" and an "indisposition to perform duties as divine truth pointed out." Well, it may seem absurd to fine ladies for any one to make such a fuss about a poor twenty pounds; but ere they give up Martha Rossiter, as a person without principle, let me ask them, *did* any of them ever educate a brother and send him to college? I happen to know the collector of a lying-in charity, and he has shown me a list of arrears; very odd, if such as I am addressing can be censorious with a clear conscience.

Then, too, I hope that if these charitable souls *have* played a sister's part, as above, it has been for some one less choice, less expecting, and less handsome than Charles Julius Rossiter (*Jobson* having blossomed into *Julius*, none quite knew how or when). Whether he was born hard, or other people hardened him by admi-

ration and flattery, is no affair of mine. Some praised his character for its firmness ; some for its enthusiastic determination “to aspire ;” the art of getting on being sometimes thus described. He early marked himself out as one who escaped from all the worldly pleasures of “this garish scene,” to be soothed by the bouquets, and bands, and Bible-covers, made ready against his ordination by a chorus of seraphic young ladies. “He was so unfortunate in his family, poor young man !” was the remark circulated with regard to him ; and which he countenanced, if not originated. “He was so handsome ;” against which truth, moreover, he did not protest a “nay.” He had written something in verse, called “Apocalyptic Ardours,” (how afraid, by the way, were the Le Grands of being asked in *our* hearing what the title meant !) which had pleased prodigiously. Lady Hope Brighton,—who does not know Lady Hope, that “uncompromising woman,” as her congregation delights to term her ?—had pronounced it “sound,” and a hundred less distinguished maidens were ready to swear to the “sense” thereof. Some whispered, that since Lady Hope had interested herself in Mr. Charles Julius Rossiter, her decided views of single blessedness had shown odd signs of change. She promised him a living, at all events, at the death of a certain incumbent, who was much wished out of the way, his “*ism*” not happening to match Lady Hope’s, and who, by happy fortune, was known to be slowly dying of the dropsy.

What room was there in the midst of all this charming excitement—of all these glowing prospects—for one passing thought of the poor little drudge in the provincial town ? whose hard struggle did not become easier as years went on, and as times grew bad, and as Priscilla Gotobed began peculiarly to addict herself to *her* side of the street. (That exact woman, however, was too kind a creature to *dun* any one, were it even a vain milliner : she only *watched*.) Merely short and dry letters arrived from the rising vessel of grace ; sometimes nothing more than a formal receipt of the hardly-earned bank-note ; sometimes a text or two, which could not be turned to account in communicating with Lady Hope. Charles Julius was fond of preaching up humility to his sister, and of denouncing the deceitfulness of riches, till the poor, prematurely-old little woman began hardly to like to look at the seven—eight—nine—ten guineas she gradually accumulated. She once gently admonished him that her business did not answer her expectations. Back (lo and behold !) came an epistle (not post-paid), choke-full of “chastisements” an

"judgments." As for his going near her in vacation-time, that was never spoken of after the first term. Mr. and Mrs. Maudlin, of Bethel Court, claimed him one year; another, the five Miss Heats, who were so eminent in the cause of converting the Jews. Martha, for a week, was fool enough to fancy that Miss Tryphosa Heat, the youngest but one, must be a *very* attractive young lady. But alack! the flame of Charles Julius soon got cold, nay, went out utterly—as Lady Hope rose on the horizon. He had never meant anything, and had been deceived in the young lady;—the best of us might be. She proved but superficial.

It is a miracle; but Martha not only still clung by her brother, but still loved him. His advancement was all she had to live for;—and the payment of those twenty pounds. And, in a woman, love can live on without reward.

One bright Saturday, however—for even life such as hers has its bright Saturdays as well as its black Mondays—any one who had cared to compare Martha Rossiter's visage with that she had worn some eight years or more, might have observed some pleasant change in it. It was the face of one laid out for a holiday. And on the counter lay a new bonnet, and a new shawl, and a new tippet, twin brother to that the vandykes of which had made good Mistress Gotobed uneasy—obviously for Martha's own wearing; her accumulated profits after so many years of toil and anxiety! the very first signs she had manifested of taking thought for herself! And the little woman was flushed, and her hands trembled; and she sate down upon a best cap ready to be sent home, and spilt the salt down the back of the one apprentice as they sate at dinner. For Martha was not too old for expectation. She was to go that night, in the Highflyer, to —, to hear Charles preach his first sermon—to surprise him. But a duty was to be done before the indulgence began. The next-door neighbours wondered what made the little milliner hop out some six times into the street that afternoon. "To watch the upholsterers in the opposite house, of course," sneered the Le Grands: "no wonder that the business did not flourish better." "And those Radicals," chimed in the second sister, "are always so forward!"

The sound came at last; the slow pat of Priscilla Gotobed's high heels, and the rustle of her stiff silk. She was eight years older since we last met her, and now moved very slowly. The flight of time had discharged every shade of colour from her face; her cheeks were white, her hair was white, and her pale

passionless eyes, as nearly white as possible. A shape, I must confess, to haunt one in its quiet, ghastly way, almost as vividly as some rouged old duchess startles one by her airy immodesty. Yet never was young beauty so welcome to the eyes of young love, as the ancient Quaker lady to the humpbacked little milliner of Bridge Street West.....

"Mrs. Gotobed, ma'am, I believe," fluttered Martha, quite in a haste, laying eager hands on the spotless white shawl. "I've been waiting in the hopes you would pass this hour, ma'am; I heard you only got home last night, or would have made free to come up as far as Acre-lane on Wednesday. Will you step in for an instant?"

"Thee knows," replied the meek woman, "that thy commodities are not calculated to suit any staid person."

"Surely, ma'am," was the reply, with a nearer approach to diversion at an idea than ever Martha had felt before, "though I *have* a piece of dove-coloured silk.....Pray walk into the parlour, ma'am; it was not that—but, ma'am, it is the twenty pounds you lent me so long ago! Will you please accept them again, with best thanks. Here they are all."

"Thee art so rapid," answered the Friend; "I expect no one has troubled thee for payment."

"But *I* have troubled myself! I have never rested about it, ma'am! And these ten times, at least, have I thought I was making up the sum without running into debt; and then—College costs so much, ma'am (I don't know if it be so with clergymen of your persuasion!).....and books—and.....and I felt shy of writing to you, to say how things were, lest you should imagine—God bless you, ma'am—it was a saving kindness!" And with that, and a curtsy—the old awkward slide of one foot behind the other—Martha tendered the money.

The bright gold was in the old lady's hand ere she could resist receiving it; for all her movements were slow and timid. Hard thoughts had lain in her mind about this luckless twenty pounds for many a year, and she wanted to unsay them; questions were to be asked about Martha's circumstances—for she meant to return the money; some little word in season to be dropped about "so flighty a calling" as hers, "and the necessity of improving time," had Priscilla only known how to practise what she was so ready to preach. "After all, it might be more acceptable and delicate to send back the money accompanied with some token of esteem."

And then, too, the good, narrow woman's sympathies were somewhat checked by the appearance of the flattened cap, audacious in all its pristine sinfulness of mazarine blue grapes, red roses, and a perplexing flutter of ribbons. So she rose, and by way of composing her mind began to count the gold. "Thee art aware," she said, when the enumeration was completed, "here are nineteen."

"Nineteen, Ma'am!" repeated Martha, hastily. "O, true, I borrowed one this very hour to pay for . . . there it is ma'am. And now, if you will excuse me, and just sit and rest yourself . . . but it is a busy day with me, ma'am—a very busy day. I am going over to-night, to ———, to hear my brother preach his first sermon to-morrow."

Here was a new unsettlement for the quiet old Quaker lady! a peg whereon to hang much admonition—ill suited for a busy Saturday afternoon, and the impatient spirit of one on the eve of a holiday. So, that (not to emulate her tediousness) Caution eclipsed Beneficence, for the moment; and seeing that there was no opening for a few quiet admonitions wherein to unburden her mind, she submitted to be fairly swept out of the shop by the influx of sundry traffickers in vanity; and was presently sailing down the sunny side of the street, in as deep a waking dream as many a sleeper addicted to political excitement and a hireling ministry ever enjoys in his slumber—anything rather than the unfeeling and bloodless automaton she seemed. Yet "You may see through such a statue as that with half a glance," is a remark the Le Grands are rather fond of making on the Gotobeds.

In the hurry of that blissful afternoon, however, poor Martha had not an instant, if she had possessed ever so sprightly a will, to sit in judgment on Mrs. Gotobed. She would not have liked, it may be, to have been cheated of the feeling of freedom—of a purpose accomplished—whence, the old lady's deliberation may have been, in reality, the truest kindness. Other matters of more consequence, however, escaped her in her happiness. Prosperity, it seemed, was making her careless about money. That odd pound had somehow been spent unwittingly part in a tidy new prayer-book part in a fine white cambric handkerchief, as a little present, by way of a crowning surprise, to her reverend brother. And it was not till her band-box was packed—and herself in the coach-office yard—and the vehicle was horsed, and the impatient cry of "Now, ma'am, inside or outside?" resounded in her confused ears, that she recollected, that her travelling store *had*



been only just enough before the deficit, and that she must now, somehow or other, economise it out of her treat. What right had so wretched a manager to set out on a holiday?

“Give up the excursion!” said Caution in one ear. “Go on!” urged Temptation in the other. “How will you get home?” inquired Reason—that damper in the guise of go-between, so valuable a friend when active, so disheartening a kill-joy when passive. Meanwhile, “Come, ma’am, come! we can’t wait for you all night!” added a pressure from without to all this perplexity. Dizzy, anxious, full of self-reproach, the little woman stumbled into the dark and full vehicle to set out on her holiday-journey. But for that alloy, where would have been the aching weariness she felt in every limb?—where the fever of spirits, plaguing her in the midst of all her happy expectation? With that pound in her pocket, she would have been assured that Charles would be as glad to see her, as she him. Now . . . . . The Le Grands will have it that she must have been ill when she started if she could fidget herself so about a paltry twenty shillings.

Fretting herself, however, into a fever, sate poor Martha—only half conscious of what was passing in the dark—only half able to profit by comforts which are not vouchsafed to every traveller. There were three fellow-passengers; the night was warm—and the party wakeful—and the poor traveller was rapidly proceeding on the principle of Mrs. Robin Gray’s Jamie, who “made his crown a pound”—exaggerating her lost sovereign into a fortune, when she was roused by a sort of sour, chirping sound—not conversation, though partly made up of words; not poetry, though there were rhymes; not music, though a sort of Christiani ed “Deep deep sea” was traceable—but a Traveller’s Hymn, executed by two wiry treble warblers, and much praised by a bass voice. “That is Lady Hope’s favourite, is it not, Miss Anne?” was the question;—“Lady Hope Brighton’s;” with an emphasis poked at the stranger, who *might* be some one worth impressing.

“Not that I know of, sir. Dear Lady Hope takes little part in our music; she fears its dissipating effects too much!”

“An excellent woman,” grudged the invisible bass; “would that others were but as consistent in their reprehension of all extravagance.”

Poor Martha sighed—this was aimed at her. Her cheeks would never be cool again—no, not even if she recollected Mrs.



Gotobed's face as she took the money. . . . Meanwhile the *trio* were performing an anthem in praise of other of Lady Hope's perfections. "Cold meat between the services,"—second footman discharged for rambling in the fields on a Sunday last June—two charming converted heathen at Brighton Haven—the white rose Lady Hope had given out of her own garden, with her dear humble hands, to that William Wrinkles who had poisoned his first wife's three children, and who in prison, thanks to &c. &c., had become an eminent &c. &c. the splendid presents she had made (*this by the female voices only*) to that fascinating Mr. Rosaiter whom she was bringing forward. . . .

"I wish he may be worthy of her," replied the bass, "if she does marry him. The lady opposite will excuse my acquainting her that I have corns!"

"O, I beg pardon, sir," said Martha, for the moment confused out of all care about her twenty shillings; "I did not know I touched you, sir."

"Marry him!" exclaimed the other virgins with a sort of squall. "Dear Lady Hope! . . . he's a very good person . . . a very handsome youth; Clarissa, I always said so! But there must be family, if you please, for Lady Hope, and he does not belong to respectable people, even."

"Always in difficulties they are," chimed in the sympathetic Clarissa; "I heard him say so myself, and he did not like to be pressed about them. What can, dear friends, be such a trial as an unregenerate family?"

The poor little humpbacked woman was back among her lost shillings, taking, however, a certain prayer-book bound in black morocco, and a certain white handkerchief, by the way. She was feeling sick, giddy—anything but sure that she had business there—still totally unable to speak up for herself.

"Well, Miss Anne," yawned the *basso*, "but I think Lady Hope will marry him, nevertheless. And nothing will be so easy as for her, then, to disconnect him from his family. He will rise in the Church, their evil courses be forgotten, or, who knows? (let us all hope charitable things), be repented of. And then, I dare say, Lady Hope would make it easy for them to leave England. There's the Protestant settlement at Mouna Koa . . ."

"But she has not got him yet!" burst from Miss Clarissa, with rather a mundane tartness; "and there's no chance of his family repenting. They are in an awful state, sir. You shake so, ma'am" (to Martha)—"you make me nervous. Coach passengers should

not rock so back and forwards. Come, Anne, as no one wants to sleep, suppose we sing 'The Wandering Sheep.'” And the bleating thereof arose past the power of Martha's self-assertion to interrupt. “Who could have spoken so cruelly of her? Mrs. Gotobed, perhaps.” She was beginning to feel as if her head would burst; that must be with sitting inside. She ought to have studied her circumstances better; she should have gone on the top: then she grew faint, forgetful: those unfortunate twenty . . . twen . . . . The “Sheep” mercifully was *encored* by the performers; and when the canticle stopped, the dull sound of heavy, hard breathing was to be heard. “No need of designating what sort of a fellow-traveller we have,” was the kind Clarissa's version of poor Martha's snore as with a doxology I think it best not to quote, she, too, prepared to drop off for the night! . . .

Pass their dreams. And now, from the belfry of a span new church, as trim as conformity with the rules of the cruet-stand order of architecture and Roman cement can make it, a loud clear bell is jangling, in a tone as far from Papistry as possible. (Lady Hope had presented the bell, and bespoken an excess of Lutheranism, and a pinch of John Calvin in the metal; and printed her receipt under the symbolical title of “Tinkling Cymbals.”) Carriages were “cutting in,” much as they do to a playhouse-door,—that is, with much wrangling of coachmen,—and bonnets of rainbow hues, enough to have shocked Mistress Gotobed into a shaking palsy, were streaming up the steps and struggling in at the gallery-door. And there was the blind organist, with a green shade over his eyes, his hands practising on imaginary keys as he came; and, among the rest, Miss Anne and Miss Clarissa, a tolerably mature pair of lilies, refreshed with the morning dew of an ample breakfast after their arrival. And there came THE NEW CLERGYMAN, in Lady Hope Brighton's carriage, Lady Hope Brighton leaning on his arm; Miss Clarissa observing the while, that she had never seen “Lady Hope looking so far from well as that day.” And there were two very tremulous damsels in serious straw bonnets, with very round eyes, and very red cheeks, who were not afraid to step forward and heard the Lion of the day; “one with a nosegay, which he would perhaps be kind enough to use in the vestry:” the other with . . . . It was a grand day for Charles Julius, and he behaved, as did Lady Penrhyn's dog, of ballad memory, “beautifully;” took the bouquet with a grave sweetness and a compassionate smile (*aside*) for Lady Hope's private benefit; and was about

to accept the prayer-book, with perhaps a word or two, to afford the admiring circle a foretaste of the "milk and honey tones" they had been promised, when a voice, half stifled with emotion, behind him, cried, "O Charles! pray use mine to-day;" and turning, adjured by a dear name, which even Lady Hope had lately deigned to learn,—the solemn cynosure of all eyes encountered a weary-looking, hard-featured woman, plainly dressed, who was struggling forward to touch the hem of his garment, in a condition of undeniable excitement!

"Poor woman!" cried he, scarcely vouchsafing a look, and not recognising a voice made hoarse by fatigue and strong feeling; "I can do nothing for her in such a state."

"The very creature!" exclaimed Miss Clarissa, "who waked us up at the last stage, when the fat man got in, and *would* give him her place, and get out and walk. I should know that tippet of hers in China. I told you what she was, Anne, last night." And, so saying, the devout procession swept in, leaving Martha behind. Her little offering had dropped on a tombstone, and she shrunk to the ground beside it. They had gone in, and he had not spoken to her!

Some one presently came and bade her get up. She was past hearing or seeing; and, trying to obey, she stumbled. It was perceived that she was very ill; and they got her to a house hard by. She would tell no one to whom she belonged; but a child presently picked up the neglected prayer-book, and the names of giver and object were read; and, instead of going to Lady Hope's cold luncheon, the Reverend Charles Julius, flushed with emotions of a thousand kinds, was, nevertheless, compelled, on issuing from church, to take his place beside the guardian of his childhood. The—what shall we say?—the joy, then, of that holiday had been too much for Martha's overtaken frame, and overstretched brain: and the only articulate words she was ever after heard to utter were, "I shall not want that pound to take me home." Lady Hope wrote a tract on the fearful consequences of Sunday pleasuring; and the Heats and the Miss Clarissas, when satisfied that she had no desire of putting her threatened nuptials into execution, at least with the brother of a milliner, were used to speak of the end of Martha's holiday, as a fortunate dispensation, "which separated their promising young minister from the snares of so worthless a family."

So ended (save for a few kind words from Priscilla Gotobed, and a general relaxation in the mind of that good woman of her distrust of those "who are beguiled into selling finery") the two journeys of Martha Rossiter.

## THE ENGLISHMAN IN PRUSSIA.

## No. I.

WITH the exception of those who go to Germany for the purpose of studying the language or carrying on some mercantile transactions, the English tourists and visitors go there either to "economise" for a few months, or to obtain relaxation and amusement. They find so much that is delightful in the Rhenish provinces that they seldom care to visit any part of Old Prussia. Besides the temptations offered by the scenery of the Rhine, the influence of the French still remains, and renders its inhabitants more disposed to be courteous, lively, obliging, and easy to deal with, than in the provinces which were never so directly and continuously under such influence; besides that the speaking of a little French is still prevalent all along the Rhine, and enables many of our countrymen to "help out" their somewhat imperfect German, the study of which was far less common in their school-days. The English usually feel themselves pretty much at their ease in these provinces. True it is they indulge in various small complaints and grumblings, according to their celebrated habit of *not* conforming to the manners and customs of the foreign places they visit, but of requiring everywhere a resemblance to their own country; provided, however, they are not personally molested or troubled (for they care nothing about being laughed at, if it is not in their very faces), and on the whole well received and attended upon, they contrive to pass their time very pleasantly and find few faults of really serious consideration. Their worst grievances are of a petty, personal kind, and their severest animadversions confined to the mere annoyances and wants in travelling or domestic arrangements. As to the Politics, Religion, or Morals, they know nothing about them, nor think about them. For religion, they are contented with staring at religious processions, seeing the pictures, and hearing the music in the churches and cathedrals; for morals, they merely observe that there is no such laxity as in France and Belgium; and as for politics, the only opinion they form of them is derived from the trouble or no trouble they may have with reference to the examination of their passports. Of the real

political system of Prussia—the condition of the people, and the state of popular feeling and opinion—they know nothing whatever. Nothing appears on the surface, and how should tourists and ephemeral visitors see the truth or hear of it? They would not believe it if they did hear it. Even if some temeritous individual should venture to declare the actually-existing state of things in Prussia, scarcely any one who was merely passing through towns, or up and down the river, could credit his statements. Everything appears so calm, religious, and contented. Besides, therefore, the evidence of his every-day senses, the tourist would settle any accidental doubts that were presented to his mind by referring to the name of Cousins, and the excellent system of education in Prussia, and to the amicable reception of Friedrich Wilhelm IV. at the court of England, in which favourable impressions he would absorb all the unknown evils that exist. It will be the business of the “Englishman in Prussia” to display the true state of affairs in that country.

He, then, the above individual (and the word *He* may just as well be adopted as the word *We*), went to reside in Prussia—not with any definite object of studying German or music; not to seek amusement; and certainly not to write a book: he went there chiefly to rest himself after writing a book, and to take the chance of such additions to his stock of German and music as might be had without much labour, and such amusements as might be had without much seeking after. He associated very little with those of his own country whom he met there, but chiefly with Germans. Being thus open to the ingress of all predominant opinions and interests of the country, he almost unawares found himself, in the course of seven or eight months, in possession of political systems and secrets of a kind which he had never conceived to exist in so apparently single-minded and paternal a government.

No formal treatise is about to be written, and no regular and systematic development of facts or principles is to be expected from these papers. The writer did not, as he has previously said, go to reside in Prussia with any such intention; he kept no journal, ferreted out no dark plots and policies, and in his note-book he did not put down “everything,” but only such impressions as presented themselves to him unsought for, and such statements of highly-educated Germans as “made him prick up his ears.”

The first strong impression he received was quite a physical one, viz., that of extreme sickness and giddiness from the fumes of



very rank tobacco ; his second strong impression was that of astonishment at the unvarying ugliness of the faces of the Rhenish peasantry, male and female. These observations may not seem very philosophical to set out with ; nevertheless the "Englishman" thought both these circumstances of further import than the immediate fact, and begs to offer a few words in excuse for the apparent levity. Many German gentlemen are by no means particular as to the kind of tobacco they smoke, and it is often so strong and rank as to be scarcely endurable in a room by an uninitiated foreigner ; but as for the pipes of the peasantry, they are almost invariably filled with some of the rankest. The present sufferer had had sufficient experience of abundant smoking in the West Indies, the United States, Canada, &c., but he was not proof against poison for all that ; and consequently, having mixed among the peasantry in the market-place, on the first market-day after his arrival, he received the very unpleasant sensations just alluded to, and subsequently among crowds upon various occasions the same result occurred. Well, here is a whole nation of constant smokers ! Many gentlemen appear to have the pipes in their mouths during at least one-half of the day, and the majority of the peasantry *the whole day*. The labourers in the fields have all their pipes in their mouths while at work, and these pipes are only laid down a minute upon great occasions and emergencies requiring the highest efforts ; the same thing is seen among all the working classes. If a house is being built, you see all the bricklayers with pipes in their mouths ; the coachmen drive, the gardeners dig, the tailors stitch, the butchers "kill," all with pipes in their mouths. One can regard it in no other light than a national mania. Now, with this constant action upon the physical system, can anybody doubt that it must have a positive effect upon the mind ? Unquestionably it has—when not stupifying, it is narcotic, sedative, or "calming," a condition most congenial to endurance, and to the proceedings of priest-ridden and despotic governments. Physically, the effect is most probably injurious. The Germans say that smoking promotes easy digestion. It may be so ; and after the extraordinary mixture of strange things, and the quantity that is eaten by nearly all who can afford it, this property of tobacco must be admitted as of great virtue ; but the peasantry and working classes are not so circumstanced, as their food is much lighter and much less, and certainly is quite within the "means" of the exercise of daily work. It may therefore be fairly assumed that



their incessant smoking of this rank stuff, has a considerable share in the injury of bodily strength.

The working classes in Prussia are hardy, from early habits of privation or exposure, but scarcely ever possess muscular strength, and still seldomer activity. As for personal beauty, of form or face, in either sex, the absence of any signs of such things are very remarkable. Surely the fact of thousands of women, girls inclusive, passing along a street where the "Englishman," had planted himself with earnest eyes, and not presenting one single pretty face, nor one healthy, rosy, or ordinarily good-looking face, is not a trifling matter, but to be regarded, in a national sense, as a very serious circumstance. Thousands, did he say?—he has several times stood and watched the slow passage along a street, of five, ten, and twenty thousands of the Prussian peasantry, walking along, two, three, and four abreast, in a religious procession, and has not been able to discover a single handsome face or fine form among the whole of the adult men and women, nor one pretty or rosy-cheeked face among all the girls. Why should this be? Not only the upper and middle classes, but the humble classes, among the *town's people*, present many very fine forms and handsome faces. It cannot be the rank tobacco-smoking of the peasantry, because the young women, at least, do not smoke; and if their faces are smoke-dried by the pipes of the family, that would not, at the same time, wither up the juices of the body, and injure its development. Besides all this, there is the soul-and-body expression of the countenance in all those masses of people. In all it is one and the same—dry, withered, tawny, hard, dull, stupified, enduring; mentally prostrate, and prematurely old. Can all these come of rank tobacco? No; whatever share it may have in those characteristics, there are two other things—a hard life for the body, and gross superstition for the mind.

The diet of the peasantry is very poor, of little nutriment, and not enough in quantity. In the winter they undergo considerable privation; their houses, huts, and hovels, being ill-built, fuel expensive, and their clothing not warm enough. As for work, the men do not work harder than our agricultural labourers; but the women and girls do, and at laborious work, of a kind only fit for men. It is true the women and girls in many of our districts throughout England, work quite as hard as those of whom we are at present speaking, and yet often present handsome faces and stout forms; but it will almost always be found, in such instances,

that their diet is better. The South Staffordshire colliers live upon the best of diet. Nor would a comparison with the women and girls in our manufactories be any nearer, as the characteristics are totally different. The women and girls of the Prussian peasantry are far from being weak, delicate, malformed, or sickly—they are simply ugly, hard-featured, and meagre. This appearance is confined to the peasantry, even in cases where they reside within a mile of the towns, in which no such characteristics prevail among the humbler classes.

The handsomest and finest girls in these towns, are the better sort of servant girls, and more especially the dressmakers. That these latter work hard from six or seven in the morning to six or seven at night, is undoubted; but there is no such thing as “night-work” in Prussia, and there are many *Festtage* and *Feiertage* (feast-days and holy-days), besides Sundays, when no sort of work is done; and “after Church” there is nothing but amusement. The poorest servants of all-work, or kitchen-maids, usually dance well; can read and write well; have their lovers, and, indeed, are very fond of writing love-letters. As for the milliner and dress-maker girls, and girls who serve in shops, their personal appearance, in all respects, is often of a superior kind. The diet of these classes is probably something better than that of the peasantry, and besides, their work being of a nature more suitable to females, they are not so constantly exposed to the weather, nor to the atmosphere of the rank tobacco of the little huts and cottages of the country-people. Moreover, the dress of the town’s women is graceful and becoming, while that of the peasants is the most ungraceful and unbecoming that could well be invented. These differences of circumstance may still be thought hardly sufficient to account for the wonderful difference that has been stated to exist between the appearance of the above classes, living, as they often do, in such close neighbourhood. It is one thing to state a problem, and another to solve it. The writer, however, can do no more towards it, unless, indeed, the presence of a greater amount of superstition may help to account for the stolidity, or mental prostration, so visible in the face of the peasants.

Superstition is carried to the grossest extent among the Prussian peasantry, in the Rhine provinces. There is scarcely anything too extravagant or ridiculous for their belief. Even when the object they are called upon to worship, is a tangible, matter-of-fact absurdity, they worship it without hesitation. The instances that

came under the writer's own observation were numerous; the most striking, however, and one, the effect and the consequences of which have been prodigious, both in power and extent, is that of the *Heilige Rock zu Trier*—the Holy Coat of Trèves. This is nothing less than the identical shirt worn by Jesus Christ, and now the chief relic in the cathedral of that city. It will be very difficult to speak of the affair without the appearance of ridicule; and this would be of no great consequence but that it might be fancied by some that even such deserved ridicule involved a want of reverence for the sacred Name. It is trusted, however, that the majority will perceive that reverence itself might naturally cause indignation and ridicule to be launched at such desecrations. To prevent any misunderstandings, however, the brief account shall be given with circumstantial gravity and without comment.

The bishops, priests, and church dignitaries, of the districts most interested in the event, made known to the people that at a certain time there would be exhibited at Trèves, the Holy Coat of the Lord Jesus Christ. It has been deposited in the cathedral, since the year 1810. All the devout inhabitants, more particularly the poorer classes, were thus set in a ferment, and tens of thousands of the Rhenish peasantry of both sexes instantly began to prepare for a pilgrimage. According to the numerous engravings of this Coat, it should rather seem to be a short frock, tunic, tabard, or shirt, of the most primitive form. The clergy declared it to be the identical garment of Christ, and that it was the same he had worn when a child. He had never worn any other. As he grew the shirt had stretched, so that it always fitted him. It was a garment without a seam, in perfect preservation, and of all the sacred relics that had been collected by the Empress Helena, it was of course, beyond comparison, the most exquisitely precious. The day of its arrival in Trèves approached, and tens of thousands, chiefly composed of the peasantry of the Rhenish provinces, scraped up and collected the means of making the journey, and set out on the pilgrimage. Then commenced the operations of that most formidable of weapons, viz., the German pen. The newspapers all began to speak about it, and pamphlets appeared; the newspapers and pamphlets disagreed with each other; answers and rejoinders were made, and a voluminous paper war instantly arose. At first the pamphlets, written by clerical or other devout believers in the shirt, confined themselves to tracing its history and "handing down," with a view to

show its undoubted authenticity and originality ; then followed declarations of its being unique ; and then miraculous attributes began to be ascribed to it. These writers confined themselves to simple titles, such as “ The Holy Coat ; ” “ The Sacred Frock of Trèves ; ” “ Our Lord’s Shirt ; ” “ The Holy Unseamed Garment,” &c. But presently a learned professor entered the field, with a pamphlet of erudite research and inquiry, concerning the various coats of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here was a heretic ! “ Heresy and schism ! ” cried the previous historians and devout controversialists,—and the professor was angrily answered, and “ put down ” by the general thunder. He had scarcely touched the ground, however, before another learned professor flew to his rescue and defence in a pamphlet, the very title of which was at once a daring and insolent declaration of open and unqualified hostility. He called it “ The Holy Coat of Trèves, and the *twenty other* Holy Coats of Our Lord.” The controversy now rose to its height. Whenever any subject of strong general interest transpires in Germany, there is almost always a whole library written upon it. The voluminous mass of publications that have issued on this subject would be scarcely credible in England. Professors of the Universities joined in the fight, particularly in Bonn, and seemed disposed to fight against each other by preference, till one of the clerical warriors in another quarter wrote a pamphlet called “ The Holy Coat, and the Critical Tailors of Bonn,” which at once called off the professors from each other, and made them fall desperately upon the churchmen. The most death-dealing blow of all (though it only aggravated the wilfulness of superstition) was given by one of the elder professors in a very grave tone of respect for the garment. Many years ago there had been great discussions concerning “ the miraculous boy,” who had a golden tooth growing quietly among his other teeth. A library had been written upon the subject. Many dear friends separated for ever, in consequence of having taken opposite sides in the discussion. Was it merely an extraordinary freak of nature, or a miraculous revelation ; and if the latter, what did the tooth portend, and what was the nature of the boy’s mission ? But at length it occurred to some person to go to Ratisbon, where the boy lived, in close religious charge, and insist upon narrowly examining the tooth itself ; which being done, it turned out that no such thing as a golden tooth was anywhere to be found in his head ! “ Now, in the present case,” said the professor, “ no reasonable man doubts

the fact ; no rightly conditioned mind doubts that this coat or shirt is the actual one that was worn by our Lord Jesus Christ ; everybody of any understanding and piety is fully aware of the authenticity of the blessed relic. But, as there are unfortunately many unreasonable and impious people in the world, who disturb the peace of the rest, it would be best to force conviction upon their minds. This can easily be accomplished. It has been known from time immemorial that all genuinely sacred relics, of the highest class, are indissoluble by fire ; that fierce element has no power over them ; and hence the test is infallible. You have, therefore, nothing to do but take the sacred shirt, and put it into the fire ; you will withdraw it untouched in a single thread by the flames, and all the world *must* be instantly convinced." This proposal made the church dignitaries stagger back several paces with breathless dismay ; all, however, returned to the contest with increased fanaticism. Nor did the English residents in Prussia remain unconcerned witnesses of the excitement around them, but openly expressed themselves shocked at seeing the credulity of the poor so practised upon, as to make them undertake this injurious and, to many, *ruinous* pilgrimage. One Englishman, living in Coblenz, conceived the temeritous notion of throwing some practical ridicule upon the whole affair, and proposed to two of his countrymen that they should take a shirt out of his drawers, and affix it to the top of a long pole with a piece of wood nailed across the top, so as to extend the arms of the garment ; and that he would carry this out into the streets in the evening, if they would slowly walk in procession after him. He calculated, rightly enough, that there would very soon be no want of sufficient numbers to collect at this procession ; but he had never considered the shower of stones that would soon have fallen upon his head, which his friends had the good sense to anticipate. It will, of course, be understood that nearly all educated Germans, excepting the clergy, joined in this feeling of indignation at so gross and injurious a superstition. Nor should it be omitted that some, even among the clergy, stood out from the rest, and exclaimed against it. The boldest among these was Ronge, who may be looked upon as a second Luther on various accounts. He has been displaced from his clerical functions, and obliged to retreat to a distant province. Slander has followed him : they said he only took that side because he wished to lose his clerical office "in order to be married." A very unnatural wish, to be sure, supposing it to



be true ! But honour has also followed him : a subscription was made, and an income offered him. He declined it, however, with gratitude, saying he was able to support himself.

Such are the most prominent of the collateral affairs of this celebrated pilgrimage, which has so recently disgraced Rhenish Prussia. Of its miserable consequences to the peasantry, especially during the long winter that followed, a brief account must be reserved for the next paper.

Though without any systematic classification in the subjects, a certain order will be observed in the writer's mind in the conduct of these papers ; and it will be perceived that he has commenced with the lowest and poorest classes. They are by far the most numerous, and must be regarded as the broad, flat, level, trodden-down basis, upon which the whole fabric of Prussian policy has been erected, and at present stands with such apparent calmness and permanent security.

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## TRAVELS IN BABAALAND.

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No wonder that this work \* has awakened such universal surprise ! It is, indeed, one of the most remarkable books which we have ever received from Germany. Many different opinions, no doubt, will be expressed concerning the probability of the accounts which it contains : for ourselves, with all possible respect for the philosophical rule—of not judging the tales of a traveller by old-world prejudices, we confess we have not been able to shake from our mind suspicions with regard to the singular statements of this volume. But we shall turn to the book at once and let it speak for itself.

The preface contains some remarks which strike us as being singularly subtile and ingenious, but a little “too German,” perhaps. The author observes, that “the great charm of books of travel is found in that peculiar light, radiating from the focus of the writer's soul and character, which invests objects often described with a new charm as often as they come under the inspection of a new observer.”

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\* Herr Gespenster's Reise nach Babääländ. Leipsic. 1845.



Thus some, like Irish reporters at public meetings, see as through a multiplying-glass. Falstaff saw, in this way, the ten rogues "in Lincoln green," in the dark. The interesting child who transformed a solitary grinnalkin into "forty cats upon the house-top," was another instance of this peculiar faculty which well deserves the most attentive study of the metaphysician.

Another observation in the author's preface is as follows : —

"Amid the various, and sometimes discordant accounts of travellers, there is a principle by which we may judge of the correctness of any statement. It was never doubted by ancient philosophers that every thing of which our reason affirms that *it ought to be*, must surely exist as a *fact* somewhere in the world. Thus, the '*black swans*,' of which the ancients spoke hypothetically, have actually been discovered in Australia. On this sublime principle the ancients built all their systems of astronomy, cosmogony, and theology ; and though Lord Bacon attempted to refute it, his endeavour proved vain."

Now this principle seems well suited to confirm the author's statements with regard to Babāāland in Parleæma. In this remarkable province we find our order of education reversed, and even "babies" (literally, in first, not second childhood,) are set to teach adults and aged people !

"With the aged is wisdom" is not the motto in Babāāland. Perhaps "Young England" has received secret intelligence from the Parleæmese. Now, as all our unsuccessful trials of a contrary plan of education have only proved that a new experiment *ought* to be tried somewhere, why may we not allow probability to the author's statements ? Though he describes the principle of education in Babāāland as carried out to an extent never dreamed of in Europe, yet it has been suggested by some of our wisest men. Wordsworth, especially, confesses that he owes all his philosophy to his "recollections of early childhood."

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy :  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing boy."

On the principle unfolded in that noble ode, the people of Babāāland have constructed a system of education worthy of our study. But it is time for the author to tell his tale.

"I had taken with me an old man from Dadāāland to be my guide into Babāāland, of which I had heard so singular an account,

especially of the mode of education employed there. We passed through a very pleasant country as we journeyed along the bank of the river Babāā. The valleys were exceedingly verdant. As we walked along, my guide, though an old man, was very lively and chatty, until we approached the boundary of Babāāland, when he suddenly became sedate and reserved. I asked him the reason of this change in his deportment. 'Bless you!' said he, 'we are just entering a country where we shall be required to hear much and say little. You see,' he added, taking off his hat, and exposing his hoary head, 'we are getting into years, and must have lost a good deal of the wit we once had. We shall have to go to school and attend baby-lectures when we get into this Babāāland.' A more beautiful spot I never saw than this country; but the pride of the place seemed to be in its infants. We met scores of plump, rosy, serene-looking children, carried in the arms of their nurses, to enjoy the fresh air and sunshine, beautifully dressed, decked with flowers, and arrayed in academical badges. There were Doctors of Philosophy not two feet high! As we passed these little Platos, I observed that my old guide bowed reverentially to every infant, and I soon found it necessary to fall in with the custom of the country.

"I hired lodgings in Babāāland, at the house of a young man who held the office of inferior usher in a respectable academy, of which an infant was head master. From my intelligent and communicative host I received full information respecting the Babāā system of education, and it was surprising to hear with what ingenuity he could defend its leading principles. 'Sir,' said he, 'at least, you must admit that the experiment is worth making. You must allow that the old system, still pursued in Europe, has not proved so successful that you are warranted in despising other methods. You must allow that the errors which have involved, as you tell me, your churches, your various classes of society, and even nations, in angry disputes, have not been promulgated by infants. Did children, sir, invent your partial and complex code of laws—or did they invent those canons of theology which have led to cruel persecutions? Did children find out swords, muskets, and bayonets?' I had little to say in answer to these queries. In the morning of the next day, I went, with my host, to the academy. As we walked together, he explained to me the nature of his office, as inferior usher in the academy. For this office he had been elected, on the ground of his retention of

the wisdom of childhood ; but as, in Wordsworth's language, he had travelled some distance *westward*, he was accounted only worthy to act as interpreter to the words of wisdom delivered by the eastern sages—the infantine doctors. I never saw a prettier place than this academy. It is a neat, lightsome building, of white marble, surrounded with a gay flower-garden. On entering, I was charmed with the spectacle. On a platform, extending across one end of the room, were seated twelve children, under a canopy of flowers. One of them sat a little higher than the rest, and this was the president of the academy. I was struck by the remark of my old guide, who stood beside me : ‘ Ah ! ’ said he, looking on the happy face of the president, ‘ to be as wise as he is—to have a brow as smooth—what would I give ! ’ I asked permission to address to the president, through his interpreter, certain questions on European affairs, and this favour was readily granted. I give a summary of his replies to many of my questions regarding the topics which excite the public mind in Europe and in America.

“ All the kings must be very good boys, and the queens must be very good girls. Little boys and girls are not to work, work, work all day among the wheels, or down in the dark mine (as you tell me) ; but must go out and play in the fields, and see how the flowers grow, and learn what the sun shines for, and what the birds sing. You should build good schools, and not so many gaols. You must let the people walk on the grass, for it does them good ; and not build great walls, and lock your gates, and drive all the people and the children upon the dusty road. You must not merely go to play at cricket with the people who cannot get bread ; but first show them the pretty game of eating a good dinner, and then teach them other pretty games. If Sunday, as you say, is a good day, then the poor people may eat hot pies on Sunday. (Hear, hear, Sir Andrew Agnew !) If little boys and girls are born black, you must not whip them and make them work hard for being black ; for they cannot help it, and they are as good as yourselves. (Hear, hear, America ! )

“ When a man is poor and cannot help it, you must not put him in prison for it : if he has not a penny in his pocket, the fresh air, and the sunshine, and the sight (if not the taste) of green fields and gardens, still belong to him as well as to you. When a man has four little ones at home, and their cheeks are growing thin and pale, and their mother is very ill, because there

is no bread and milk for them ; if the man walks out into the field, and sees a rabbit running across, and catches it and brings it home, because he thinks it will make nice broth for his children—oh, it is a pity to put him into your prison for that ! for you know little children are worth more than rabbits. Now, we little children like to be happy, and we like those who make us happy ; and if you want us to grow up good to you, you must be good to us. But you cannot make us good by keeping us in church all day. You must walk abroad with us, and show us all pretty things, and teach us to sing pretty little songs and play pleasant games, as well as to read good books and go to church ; and then, when your children have many pleasant things to think of and do, they will not have so many naughty tricks. Before you whip a little boy or send him to prison, you must ask yourself, ‘ What have I done to teach him that naughty trick ? ’ When a man makes a pretty book for the people, he shall have the money. (A hint on copyright ! ) All the religious boys and girls are to make no such great noise, not to meddle with one another so, never call foul names—that is very rude (a hint for Exeter Hall ! ) but all try to be good and quiet, and say no more about it.

“ My reader may imagine my surprise when I heard questions angrily debated among grown-up people, thus easily settled by the wisdom of a child ! I left the academy more favourably disposed towards the Babāā system of education.”

Here we take leave of this singular book ; for the author advocates, with all possible gravity, a trial of the system in our own country ; and even ventures to say that a college of children would legislate better on some points than some of our rulers.

J. G.

## THE GIPSY AND THE FARMER'S MAID.

### A BALLAD.

The farmer's maid, before the glass,  
Combs out her long brown hair,  
And, if she smiles, forgive her, for  
Her face is very fair.

And Margaret, too, is very young ;—  
Not seventeen years have fled  
Since she was born to poverty  
Within a lowly shed.

Who steps into the maiden's room  
With such a stealthy pace ?  
The gipsy-wife—as bold as brown  
Her forehead and her face.

She steps behind the maid and peeps  
Into the mirror there,  
And in the glass together meet  
The brown face and the fair.

“What, Nan ! the cunning gipsy-wife !  
How could you find your way ?”—  
“I come to ask if I may read  
Your pretty hand to day.”

The maiden stretches forth her hand,  
And gives her silver too —  
“’Tis there—now tell my fortune, Nan,  
But let it all be true !”

“Here is the line as clear as day,  
But would you think it true  
That all the land upon this farm  
Shall, some day, come to you ?

“’Tis thinking of your pretty face,  
Young Richard keeps awake ;  
Unless you give him kindly words  
His heart is like to break.”

Why sings young Margaret at her toil ?  
What makes the maiden glad ?  
Such sudden joy oft flies away  
And leaves the spirit sad.

Is it the summer blue that stirs  
A rapture in her blood ?  
Why does she love the twilight walk  
Along the shady wood ?

The summer goes, the autumn comes,  
And Marg’ret’s face is wan :—  
So endeth all the sudden joy  
That in a dream began.

And now 'tis Richard's wedding day ;  
 But Margaret is not bride ;  
 She stands and listens to the bells  
 Close to the water's side.

'Tis twilight ; but the wedding peal  
 Keeps up a merry din—  
 "Still, master Richard, fare you well !"   
 Says she, and plunges in.

The bridegroom with his bride walks out,  
 To show his pleasant ground—  
 "And whom," he asks, "art bringing here ?"  
 —'Tis Margaret pale and drown'd !

The gipsy travels on her way  
 Amid a vagrant band,  
 And never dreams a maiden's blood  
 Is clinging to her hand !

J. G.

## THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS.

CONTAINING THE OPINIONS AND ADVENTURES OF JUNIPER HEDGEHOG, CABMAN,  
 LONDON ; AND WRITTEN TO HIS RELATIVES AND ACQUAINTANCE, IN  
 VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

LETTER XVIII.—To RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, Esq. M.P.

SIR,—As I once had the honour to drive you down to Parliament—and as I found you such an affable gentleman, with no pride at all in you (I say nothing about the sixpence you gave me over my fare)—I make no bones at all in writing these few lines to you, about your motion for private hanging. I see by the newspapers that you want to make a law to hang inside of the gaol, in a snug and quiet way ; and not to have the show in the open street. Pardon a cabman's boldness ; but really Mr. Milnes you can't have thought of the shocking consequence of your measure, if so be it had been carried out. What ! Make a law for private hanging ! With one bit of parchment destroy what I'll be bold enough to call one of the chief amusements of the people ? Sir James Graham knows better than this : for he generally contrives



to have an execution on Easter and Whit Monday, just by the way of an early whet to the appetites of the holiday-makers. First the Old Bailey and then Greenwich : Mr. Calcraft, the hangman and then the fire-eater and the clown. Your bill, sir do forgive my boldness—was very rash, and not at all just. They 've taken away bear-baiting, and duck-hunting, and dog-fighting, from what they call the lower orders ; and now you 'd deprive 'em of their last and dearest privilege—you 'd, with one dash of the pen, rob 'em of their own public gallows ? And you call yourself a friend of the people, Mr. Milnes—a stickler for their ancient sports and pastimes ? I don't wonder that for once something like shame came over Parliament—that not forty conscientious members stopt to listen to you—and that, in a word, you were "counted out."

I have said your bill was unjust, shamefully unjust, unless you can prove to me that there was a clause in it to what they call indemnify the housekeepers in the Old Bailey for their loss of vested interests, seeing that they make no end of money by letting their windows at a popular hanging. Why a locker 's worth any money to 'em ; for it 's odd how hanging brings down the pride of some of the upper classes, many of the nobs enjoying it quite as much as the lower orders, only that they give one or two guineas—according to the beauty of the murder—for comfortable sitting-room. If the men they call the Six Clerks were indemnified, surely you wouldn't rob the tradesmen of the Old Bailey.

But it really is shocking to see how a mere Member of Parliament will set himself up against a Clergyman of Newgate ! Didn't the Rev. Mr. Davis preach that the whole use and beauty of hanging was to be found in making it public ? According to him, if it was possible to hang a man where all England might see him strangled, why all England would certainly be the better for it. I've no doubt that the cause of so much crime is in the smallness of the Old Bailey, that will only accommodate such a few ! Why shouldn't the gallows be erected on Salisbury-plain with cheap railway excursions from all parts on hanging days ?

Pardon me, sir ; but there never was such a mistake as to think to do away with the wickedness of hanging by making it private. In the first place, if to see a hanging is no warning to the beholder, do you think that to hear or read of a hanging would do all the good of an example ? Does what men see, or what they hear, stir 'em the most ? But let us suppose that a man is to be hanged inside of Newgate. Why the penny-a-liners that get

their sops-in-the-pan out of the condemned cell,—why they would write all sorts of pretty things, all kinds of interesting stories about the last minutes of the criminal, and so the curiosity of the town would be more agog than ever. The picture newspapers that publish the murderers' portraits—those family papers for the instruction and amusement of the younger branches, would give half-a-dozen pictures where they now give one. The secrecy of the thing would give a flavour to the whole matter.

And now, suppose that a rich man was to be privately hanged : a banker we'll say, or, saving your presence, even a member of Parliament. Well, we know how unbelieving is man. There's thousands of people who would never sleep quietly in their beds, for the thought that the said banker or member was never hanged at all ;—but was smuggled out alive in a coffin, and shipped abroad. Every year or so, there'd be a letter in the newspapers from somebody who had seen the banker, somewhere in the Back-woods, where he had married one of the Chactaws, and got a family of ten children. No, Mr. Milnes, private hanging won't do, the people arn't to be cheated out of their pleasure after that fashion.

Besides, Mr. Milnes, all hanging's a bungle. The gallows is condemned, marked to come down ; timber by timber it's loosening, and it's no use trying to keep it together with small corking-pins. No, Mr. Milnes, it will better become you, be more like your kind, good-natured-self, to give a pull at the planks ; to bring the whole machine to the ground, to make it a thing of the past, like the bonfires that burnt witches,—and for the hangmen thrown out of work, why small retiring allowances have been given to worse public servants. Hoping, sir, that you'll excuse my boldness, I remain, your obedient servant,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

P.S. You know my number, sir, and I'm always in Palace Yard.

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LETTER XIX.—TO ISAAC MOSS, SLOPSELLER, PORTSMOUTH.

DEAR ISAAC,—Sir Robert Peel has stood your friend ; and if you've only the money, and the freedom, and the luck, you may be Lord Mayor of London as soon as you like. You can't, as a Jew, sit in Parliament as yet ; but the world goes round, Isaac.

and I shouldn't wonder if some day that was to come. Only think if a Jew—an hon. member for Whitechapel—was some day to find himself alongside of a Colonel Sibthorpe; for every Parliament has its Sibthorpe, just as every spring has its green geese.

Sir Robert Inglis, of course, stood up for Mother Church, who, in faith, must have a tremendous constitution, seeing how the dear creature has been ill-treated by all sorts of infidel politicians. I really do believe that Sibthorpe wouldn't now trust Sir Robert with the church plate; no, not even with the taking of the two-pences at the door of St. Paul's, for fear he should cheat in his accounts.

Mr. Plumptre would have nothing to do with the Bill, because he said "every Christian man, who was sensible of his religious obligation, should consider what would be *for the honour* of the Most High." Ah, Isaac, there it is! What a lot of wickedness has been done in this pretty world of ours—and all with a conscience—for what Christians thought would be "for the honour of the Most High." For such honour men have roasted one another, as they wouldn't roast live beasts, at a stake: for such honour, they have done all sorts of wrong, shutting up their fellow-creatures in dungeons, and tearing and torturing them all manner of ways, as if they thought when they did most wrong to mortal creatures, they did most honour to the good God that made them.

Well, Isaac, I'm only a cabman,—but when I sometimes read the debates, I do now and then thank my stars that I'm out of Parliament. And then the conceit of them that's in it. When they've done anything that's good, what do they do? Why they only walk about, like the bird in the fable, in the feathers of better people. They never do nothing of themselves. No good seed is ever grown in Parliament; not a bit of it; the thing's grown outside of the place, and then transplanted. Talk of the wisdom of Parliament, Isaac! Why they get their wisdom from people who've never set their eyes upon Mr. Speaker. What did Parliament ever *begin*, I should like to know? That is, understand me, what that's good? No good laws wise laws are begun outside; thought of, invented by quiet folks who never think to put M.P. to their names; and whose great trouble it is to get the good acknowledged. And when at last, after wasting I don't know *how much* of heaven's good time—after the rumpus of many,

many years,—Parliament consents to take the good thing. I'm hanged if the goose doesn't hatch the swan's egg, as if it was a thing laid by itself, and not put into its nest by other people.

“The honour of the Most High!” Surely, Isaac, the best way to show such honour is to love your fellow-creatures as the greatest work—so far as we know—of the Most High; and not poor, small things as we are, to walk about the earth, and when we poke up our noses highest in the face of heaven, think we have then the best right to tread the hardest on the necks of everybody that don't agree with us. 'To hear a few folks talk in Parliament, you'd think that they'd assured to themselves all Paradise as a freehold, and, standing upon their rights, would set up in it man-traps and spring-guns against all intruders.

However, never mind, Isaac. There was a time when a king of England would have drawn a tooth a day out of your jaws, if you didn't undraw your purse-strings; and now—so do this wicked world roll on—you may wear a Lord Mayor's chain, and as a magistrate commit vagrants to gaol like any Christian.

Your friend,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

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## THE CAVE OF UIG AND THE CAVE OF DAHRA.

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SOME three centuries ago two Highland clans urged fierce warfare. They were half-naked savages; they lived by rapine; they preferred stealing cattle to breeding them; they held their glens by the tenure of cumbersome broad-swords and rude bows and arrows; they hated each other because their names were different, for their fathers had taught them that difference between names meant feud betwixt races; they looked at each other as each other's natural enemies, and the many gray cairns composed of hastily piled whinstone, which dotted with dim specks their brown moorland, told each its tale of battle lost and won, when hunting parties met and shed their own instead of the wild deer's blood.

These clans were cruel and vindictive, for they were densely ignorant. Pent up in their rocks, and surrounded by their lochs and torrents, they were secluded from the world. No softening influence reached them. They had no commerce to civilise, no

peaceful industry to employ them. They were hunters, and fishermen, and warriors, just as are the savages of North America, and the rude inhabitants of New Zealand. Only the Scotch barbarians used the dirk for the scalping-knife, and the Lochabar axe was their tomahawk.

The principal stronghold of one of the contending tribes was a little island in the Hebridean group; a barren, rocky spot, girt by eternal surf. Here their women and children were bestowed, and thither, one mild winter's day, resorted the galleys of their enemies. Their intention was of course to plunder, burn, kill. They did plunder and burn the huts they found upon the shore, but they found no human beings to massacre. The island appeared deserted, desolate, as though never trodden by man. The invaders ransacked it well, threaded its every glen, scoured its every ravine, but all was solitary and desert. Baulked of their victims, they prepared to leave the place. They set their sails and tripped their anchors, but hardly had they cleared the creek in which they lay, when a sharp pair of eyes on board the hindmost galley espied, by the uncertain light of a winter's dawn, the figure of a man, cautiously moving over the rocks. A shout announced the discovery, and the islander disappeared. But the secret had been betrayed. The invaders had hidden themselves in their island, not deserted it. In half-an-hour their assailants had re-landed, and set themselves with awakened hope to the search. This time it was not a vain one. Snow had fallen during the previous night, and the footsteps of the solitary man, whose imprudence had betrayed his clan, were easily distinguished. The Highlanders exultingly followed up the trail. The fugitive heard their shouts behind him. He doubled and leaped, and walked backwards, and practised every trick he might to deceive his pursuers; but the sleuth-hounds have not truer noses for blood than had his hereditary enemies. So they tracked him to the general hiding-place. It was a curious natural cavern—the entrance through clefts and chinks of riven rock, overgrown with the furzy shrubs and dank fern which constitute the principal vegetation of these barren islands. Within were collected the women and children of the clan, with a few of the men—principally the old and infirm. The secret cave was long a secure and unsuspected hiding-place; but they were the last refugees who ever sought its shelter. With shouts of triumph and exulting wrath, the assailants gathered wood and sea-weed, and the dried heath, and piled it round the entrance to the cavern. Those



within maintained the silence of despair. No terms were offered or besought. A few muttered Gaelic words alone passed—and in a short space, a huge bonfire burnt at the cavern's mouth, and the scorching heat and stifling smoke rolled in upon its occupants. And then rose the dismal wail of their misery. Over the crackling and roaring of the fire—over their yelling hurrahs—over the triumphant screams of their pibrochs—the murderers heard the cries of the stifling women—the clamour of the tumult of the dying wretches—fighting desperately, as it seemed, with each other, or struggling to burst through the fiery barrier which kept them from the cool fresh air. One by one these sounds ceased—the blaze sank—died away ; it had done its work—no living creature remained within the rock. There was a clan less in the Highlands. The invaders sailed away in triumph, leaving the dead unburied as they lay. They never were buried. The island was deemed accursed—haunted by the spirits of those who met their fate there. And often during the winter's storms, and sometimes even when the summer sea and sky were alike tranquil, the western fishermen said they heard low wailings and sharp piercing shrieks, ghastly and unearthly, come from the deserted island. In process of time, these superstitious notions died away. Now the island is inhabited, but the evidences of the truth of the legend are still in being ; and many a summer tourist has seen the bones whitening in the sand, which lie in wreaths in the celebrated Cave of Uig.

And now there is another cave in the world with a similar legend—future travellers, in future times, will often toil up the hot ridges of the Atlas Mountains, to see the Cavern of Dahra, where a whole tribe of Arabs were foully murdered—and how ? Were they half-naked savages, in deadly feud with another tribe as barbarous as themselves ? Were the murderers some nameless African clan, obscure in the world's history as those they put to death ? Was the whole catastrophe one of those which inevitably must occur, when savage wars against savage ? No :—it occurred in a struggle between civilised man and semi-savage man ; and, foul disgrace ! the civilised were the murderers—the savage the victims. It occurred in a war between the invaders of a country, and the inhabitants, who fought for their old possessions—their property, and their rights ; and, foul blot,—the assailants piled up the faggots, and the defenders perished ! It occurred in a war, waged by the nation which arrogates to itself the position of leader of European civil-



sation—which claims the crown of the most civilised, the most enlightened, the most polished people of the earth. The Arabs pretend to no such distinction: they form roving clans of uncivilised men, living a primitive pastoral life, in caverns and tents:—yet it was the enlightened, the polished, the humane aggressors, who roasted some eight hundred of the savages, for the crime of defending their own country, —of daring, in legitimate warfare, to resist the legions which would have wrested it from them.

Colonel Pelissier will go brightly down to posterity; his exploit is a peculiar star, which "dwells apart" in the annals of modern warfare. He went so coolly about his work too; the murder was no deed of a few minutes, no sudden outbreak of wrath, no massacre prompted by fiery longings for revenge. The cavern, into which the Arabs retreated, was a vast one; it had many chinks and crannies, and it was long ere the stifling smoke and baking fire did their work.

The Frenchmen heard the moans and shrieks, and the tumult of despair, as dying men and women turned furiously on each other, and sought to free themselves from lingering agony by more sudden death: they heard the butchering strokes of the yatagan and the pistol shots, which told that suicide, or mutual destruction, was going on in the darkness of the cavern: they heard all this renewed at intervals, and continued hour after hour, but still they coolly heaped straw upon the blaze, tranquilly fed the fire, until all was silent but its own roaring; and burnt, maimed, and convulsed corpses, blackened, some of them calcined, by the fire, remained piled in mouldering rotting masses in the cave, to tell that a few hours before a tribe of men, women, and children, had entered its dreary portals.

And now, *La grande Nation*, what think ye Europe says of you? You plume yourselves on being the most mighty, the most advanced people of the earth. As the Chinese drew maps which made Peking the centre of the globe, so do you, in your moral geography, regard your country as the very focus of light, intelligence, and humanity. Of course the claim is just, the Cave of Dahra proves it. All is fair in war, and war you hold to be man's chief and noblest employment on earth: the false glare of military glory which continually bedazzles you, shows massacre and rapine decked in the colours of good deeds. The itch of conquest seems to make you confound good and evil. A prime minister, in his place in your legislature,

coldly "regretted the occurrence." The most influential of your journals preserve a guarded silence. No word of censure is breathed against the man who caused the massacre of Dahra—hardly a word of pity for his victims. Had Pelissier been an English commander, we tell you that his fame—his position—his very life would have been sacrificed before the shout of indignation which would have arisen from every English heart. We know you Frenchmen to be brave. You have been proving it for centuries. Reprobate the Dahra massacre to prove that you are not cruel. If fight you will—fight like civilised soldiers; not like lurking savages. Mow down your enemies—if you must have war—in the fair field. Face them foot to foot and hand to hand; but for the sake of your fame—for the sake of the civilisation you have attained, stifle not defenceless wretches in caverns—massacre not women and children by the horrible agency of slow fire.

We write more in sorrow than in anger. Much should we regret the penning of a word calculated to warm into activity the slumbering embers of national hostility. We trust that that fire will blaze up no more. It is our pride and our pleasure to appear as peace-makers, doing all that in us lies to promote—without respect of nation—good-will between man and man. But in the name of civilisation—of humanity—of our hope in human progress and our belief in its future destinies—do we denounce—with sorrow and with indignation—the cruel, the cowardly murder of Dahra—do we lament that the nineteenth century should have seen renewed one of the most horrible deeds of the sixteenth—that the crime of a forgotten Highland clan should have been repeated by the soldiers of a great people—that the Cave of Uig should have found a melancholy parallel in the Cave of Dahra.

A. B. R

## A HISTORY FOR YOUNG ENGLAND.\*

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"The judgments of God are for ever unchangeable: neither is He wearied by the long process of Time, and won to give His blessing in one age to that which He hath cursed in another." WALTER RALEIGH.

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## CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

## THE REIGN OF STEPHEN.

1135 1154. The most popular and powerful of the Norman barons on the death of Henry Beauclerc, was undoubtedly Stephen, Earl of Boulogne. He was the third son of the Earl of Blois by the Conqueror's daughter Adela, and he had married the niece of Beauclerc's Saxon Queen. In right of his wife, whose brothers, Godfrey and Baldwin of Boulogne, had been chosen successively kings of Jerusalem, he inherited, with not a little of the favour of the English party, the English territories of the Earldom of Boulogne; and by his valour in the field of Tenchebray, he had won the large possessions of Robert Mallet and of the Earl of Mortagne. He was the favourite of his uncle, the late king; who, in apparent unconsciousness of danger to Matilda's inheritance in that direction, had given him unreserved and bountiful helps to his ambition. Frail indeed were the chances of Henry's daughter to intercept the 'golden round,' which, while Henry yet lived, seemed to play around the brow of Stephen.

I have said how little the idea of a female reign assorted with either Norman or Saxon usage. The Saxons had been even loth to give the title of queen to the wife of their reigning sovereign; and in the first settlement of the Norman fiefs (though the rule gradually lost its severity), incapacity for military service disqualified the female from inheritance. Nor was her sex Matilda's only disadvantage. A violent love of quarrel had involved her in public disputes with her husband; and there was not a baron in her father's court, excepting one, who had not cause to resent her proud malignant temper. There is little doubt that she loved Stephen,

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\* Continued from page 85.

and would have gladly shared with him a less possession than a throne. Mathew of Paris records one of the common rumours of the time, that for him she had not scrupled to break her vow of conjugal fidelity. If anything could have added to the bitterness of the fate that awaited her, it was this. If anything could have sharpened the pang of a betrayed and lost inheritance, it was to see it in the grasp of Stephen of Boulogne.

Both were absent from England at the moment of Henry's death ; but many days had not passed before a light vessel from Whitsand, ill-fitted for the stormy wintery sea it had crossed, touched the Kentish coast. Stephen leapt from it to the shore with but a few retainers, and hurried to Winchester. Here he was met by his youngest brother, Henry, lately created bishop of that see ; by the Archbishop of Canterbury ; by the powerful Bishop of Sarum ; and by William de Pont de l'Arche, who kept the keys of the royal treasury. These men held at their disposal not a few of the powerful influences on which, in that crisis of doubt and change, the English crown depended ; and by their hands, without the formal interposition of the council of prelates and barons, the crown was placed upon the head of Stephen.

They had nicely weighed the balance of advantage to themselves ; and they did not care to throw into the scale the solemn oaths of allegiance they had sworn to another. The only affectation of a scruple arose in William Corboil the archbishop, and this was set aside by an easy deception, willingly assented to. It was not difficult to find a good swearer (the steward of the late household, aptly named Hugh Bigod, proffered himself at once), to make oath of having heard their late royal master, on one occasion, desire the succession of Stephen ; and with this the good primate was perfectly satisfied. Roger of Sarum, and Henry of Winchester, made less pretence of acting with other or higher regard than to the many more manors they might thus obtain for the profit, the many more parks for the pleasure, and the many more castles for the protection, of their Holy Mother Church. William de Pont de l'Arche observed boldly at once, that the royal money, of which he kept the keys, and which in its turn commanded access to such wide submission and allegiance, was too heavy and sharp an instrument to be wielded by the hand of a woman. And at once, both in Winchester and London, Stephen was proclaimed sovereign of England and of Normandy. Large allowance may be made for this act, in the circumstances of the time : but

it is undeniable that a political and moral crime was committed, and it brought its due retribution.

It may have been, that the people welcomed any pretence of elective sovereignty before the doctrine of submission to the will of a dead sovereign : it may have been, that the personal popularity of Stephen overbore opposition ; but it is quite certain that, at the first, a general and strong rejoicing attended the act of usurpation. The rude incidents of the age are, however, to be kept in view. The 'king's peace' could not then, as now, subsist without the king. Between a death and a succession, there seldom failed an interval of lawless violence ; wherein the power of executing justice, and of affording security to public or private rights, ceased altogether. Hence, while the principle of hereditary claim was yet of uncertain operation, there was always a large substantial class, to whom any reasonable settlement of the throne was matter of intense desire, as bringing back, at any rate, the chances of order. In the short interval since the death of Beauclerc, license and outrage had prevailed in unusual excess ; and popular violence had found vent against the royal forests. The whole country, says a contemporary writer (the author of the record called *Gesta Stephani*), was covered with beasts of chase, which now disappeared, as it were by miracle. While Henry lived, you might have seen them wandering in herds of a thousand together ; and within a few days of his death, you could not discover two head of deer in a whole forest.

Henry died on the second of December ; and on the twenty-second of that month, Stephen was crowned. The feeling to which I have adverted, gave also a significance and authority to the mere ceremony of coronation, which it did not retain in later times. There was something of power and efficacy in it to create a title, where none else existed. As essential as Investiture to the possession of a fief, it exacted no less that kind of Homage which is implied by popular concessions and liberal public promises. Nor was Stephen reluctant to offer these. In what may be called his coronation charter, first setting forth that by the grace of God, and the consent of the clergy and people, he had been 'elected' king, he promised to redress grievances, and to grant the people all the good laws and customs of past times. He said (and afterward made solemn oath at Oxford to the same effect) that he would not retain in his hands, or for his profit, the vacant bishoprics and abbeys ; that he would restore to the clergy and



laity, their respective woods and forests ; that he would grant to every one, the liberty of hunting on his own lands ; that the annual land tax of two shillings the hide (so unpopular under the name of danegelt), should be wholly remitted ; and, finally, that in all things he would restore the ancient usage, and enforce the ancient mulcts in pleas and trials.

He had to wait but a brief space for the responding homage of the barons. From far and near they hastened to his court ; and conditional fealty was even proffered to him by Matilda's chief adviser and most powerful friend, the late king's favourite natural son, Robert Earl of Gloucester. A timely distribution of the royal treasures (of which Beauclerc's coffers contained ample store) had meanwhile brought crowds of adventurers to his standard ; and at the outset of his reign there seemed as little doubt of the general admission of his title, as of his ability and strength to maintain it. Pope Innocent the Second sent him confirmation, as of a legitimate succession to the throne ; and named his brother Henry papal legate.

But yet there were not wanting shrewd observers who foresaw his danger,—when they saw the more potent barons and prelates win from him his consent to fortify their castles, and build such new ones on their estates as they alleged to be now needed for personal security. The sons of the Conqueror had reigned by little better right than that of usurpation ; but, in stern refusal of all such requests as these, they had been able to profit by a lesson taught to them by their father. In Stephen's inability to copy that lesson, whose wisdom no man better knew, he revealed the essential weakness of his position as contrasted with theirs.

*They* had not to contend with three formal oaths of allegiance,—taken not only by themselves but by the great council of prelates, barons, and chief tenants of the kingdom,—and on three occasions within the last eight years, solemnly tendered to another claimant of the crown. In 1127 ; in 1131 ; and finally on her son Henry's birth in 1133 ; homage had been thus sworn to Matilda. And it was found to need some 'consideration,' in the shape even of dangerous concessions, to pay for all these oaths of the barons and the prelates of England,—holy and high-born men. Stephen inwardly determined, indeed, that since their modesty in asking was to be his only measure in giving, he would grant all that should please them and perform only ~~what~~ <sup>what</sup> would please himself : but it was easier thought than ~~done~~ <sup>done</sup>. 'By God's Birth' he swore (his favourite oath), ~~when~~



Roger of Sarum preferred some new request, 'I would give him half England if he asked for it : till the time be ripe, he shall tire of asking before I tire of giving : ' but it too often happens, in cases of this kind, that the ripeness and the rottenness of time make their appearance together.

The first blow was struck for Matilda by David, King of Scotland. This prince was, by marriage, in an equal degree of relationship to Matilda and to the wife of Stephen ; but he was noted for a chivalrous sense of duty and of honour, in striking contrast with the barbarism of the people he ruled ; and he steadily refused to transfer the allegiance he had sworn. He stigmatised as perjured traitors the English king, his bishops, and his nobles ; and he caused it to be everywhere proclaimed that he would not sheathe his sword till it had placed Matilda in her just inheritance. His armies, says a writer of the time, were unclean and barbarous ; neither hurt by excessive cold, nor by severe hunger ; trusting to their swift feet and light armour ; esteeming death as nothing among themselves, and exceeding every one in cruelty toward foreigners. They spared neither childhood nor old age ; and were seen to put pregnant women to death by tearing the unborn infants out of the womb with their swords.

By such horrible agencies was the war of good faith against perjury to be now carried on in England. A miserable contradiction ! common to these early times. When the proud and long-descended Normans drew up in line of battle before these rude, fierce enemies, the Norman bishop who blessed their ranks, and who, riding in his coat of mail through the forest of spears they bore, called them that illustrious band of chiefs before whom bold France trembled, to whom fierce England had submitted, under whom Apulia had been restored to her station, and whose names were famous at Antioch and Jerusalem,—yet did not dare to answer by any holier or juster warrant than his sword ecclesiastical, the shout against false and perjured knighthood which rose from the opposite ranks, as the Scottish king inflamed his half-naked savages with reiteration of the cause of quarrel.

The various Scottish invasions lasted through a space of five years ; and though in every instance repulsed, were the cause of unutterable misery. The profanation of churches, the conflagration of villages and monasteries, the promiscuous slaughter of childhood and old age, and the sale of high-born handsome women into Scottish slavery,—did not exhaust the horrors of the time. The

great barons took occasion, amidst the general disturbance they had themselves created, to affect a kind of personal independence ; and, taking advantage of the ill-fated concession of Stephen, they fortified their castles, and established in their districts a law and sovereignty for themselves. The example spread ; and there was soon not a petty chieftain in the country that had not erected his fortress, assembled his body of retainers, and defied the execution of the laws. And in every instance, the neighbouring lands were plundered ; the proprietors were carried off ; and unheard of cruelties put in force, to extort enormous ransoms.

I will here give the substance of the wailing and lamentation of writers who lived at the time, and who have preserved a record of its sufferings and horrors. There was no security in the land, from these great and petty tyrannies. Men and women, by day and by night, if they were supposed to possess property, were seized and carried from their homes ; and subsequent tortures, such as no Christian martyr ever underwent, wrested from them what silver or gold they could command. Some were suspended in the castle dungeons by the heels, with their heads hanging downward amid smoke ; others were hung up by their thumbs, with plates of heated iron applied to the soles of their feet. The heads of some were pressed with knotted thongs, so tightened as to break in the skull ; some were flung into pits full of snakes and toads ; and some were so inclosed in short and shallow chests lined with sharp-pointed stones, that they could only be taken out with dislocation of every limb. To a kinsman of the great and chivalrous Earl of Gloucester (Philip Gay) the honour was due of having invented the ‘Sachentegé,’ or culprit’s halter : a heavy iron engine studded with sharp points, and so made to encircle the neck and press upon the shoulders, that the miserable sufferer, already in a set of chains so heavy that two men could hardly lift them, was unable to sit or stand or lie along, without excruciating agony. Thousands were left to die thus, or to waste away in hunger. On towns and villages the marauders levied tribute after tribute, calling it in their language *tenserie*. When no more could be obtained, the town or village was burnt ; and when, in consequence of these atrocities, the flight of husbandmen had left all adjoining lands barren, the very garrisons of many of these seats of tyranny had been known to have perished of famine. You might have travelled a whole day, all the contemporary writers

agree, without finding in the towns one living soul, or in the country one cultivated field. To till the ground would have been as useless as to plough the sands of the sea-shore. So that it was said aloud, 'Christ and his saints are sleeping!'

Stephen saw too late the frightful error that had wrought these miseries in a land which he seems to have really loved, and to a people he would have gladly protected. All the chroniclers, adverse and friendly, admit his generous dispositions. He had a prompt and decisive spirit; was as undaunted in battle as he was forbearing and gentle afterward; and so popular with the high by his courtesy and conviviality, with the low by his accessibility and condescension, and with all by his affability and benevolence—that William of Malmesbury declares the general affection for him was hardly to be conceived; while the Prior of Hagulstadt, also his contemporary, enlarges with delight on his perpetual good-humour and unbounded clemency. Promptly he would have checked, no doubt, the pestilence that so suddenly overspread England; and the records of the first half of his reign are for the most part a series of gallant exertions to this end, by the help of foreign troops which his treasures invited into England;—but in every single tedious siege, time and opportunity were elsewhere lost; and when, by enormous sacrifices, he had to a certain large extent reduced and punished the knightly gangs of banditti, he looked round, and saw the greater barons and prelates hostilely arrayed against him. 'Why! By the Birth of God!' he cried. 'They chose me king! Why are they thus deserting me?'

The answer was easy. They had resolved to desert him, because on both sides the discovery seems suddenly to have presented itself, that each was plainly unfit for the designs of the other. They were deserting him, because they saw him not unready to desert them. And he had not the resources which in the like case Rufus had. It was the fatal incident of Stephen's usurpation, that in all his nobler tendencies and efforts it had left him unprotected. 'He was humble and courteous to the good and mild,' says the simple and just-minded Ordric Vitalis; 'and if the decent nobles would have suffered it, he would have been the liberal and benevolent guardian of his country.' But alas! they had only to raise their standard in any corner of the kingdom, and tell the history of the usurpation. Enough were always found, though the Devil bade them, to serve Heaven: and no baron

(however doubly perjured himself), who raised the sword with appeal against the perjury of the king, but found some portion of the people ready to fling up caps for Matilda.

The retribution had arrived. That which had helped Stephen to his throne, would help him to no justification for having seized it. It was a thing which, while it had availed not against any of his evil successes, was powerful against all his good. The shadow of his broken oath stood like a great gulf before him, when, against the treachery of his barons, he would have made appeal to the people. His case was but the counterpart of theirs. Corruption and Violence had been practised on all sides. On all sides, whether successful or unsuccessful, there was the image of Injustice. The mass of soldiers and citizens in every great town and city who had welcomed his accession, not less for himself than as a kind of testimony of providence against the much-hated sway of women,—now, as they deplored the evils that had fallen on the land, exclaimed that even good ends might be ill sought by bad means ; and that Perjury and Justice were not fitted to pair together.

Stephen's first grand rupture with the prelates and barons who placed him on the throne occurred in the case of Roger of Salisbury. He struck at him (in Beaclerc's reign he had been chief justiciary and regent), as the most manifest abettor of oppression, lay and ecclesiastical, and a secret plotter against the throne. William of Malmesbury has drawn what was good and evil in this prelate, with a few masterly touches. He erected splendid mansions on all the estates, he observes (so calling the castles he had fortified), with unrivalled magnificence, in merely maintaining which his successors will toil in vain. His cathedral he dignified to the utmost with matchless adornments, and buildings in which no expense was spared. It was wonderful to behold in this man what abundant authority attended, and flowed as it were, to his hand. He was sensible of his power, and, somewhat more harshly than beseemed such a character, abused the favour of Heaven. Was there anything adjacent to his possessions which he desired, he would obtain it either by treaty or purchase ; and if that failed, by force. And now, against this potent priest Stephen took his measures so suddenly and well, that he reduced his power, broke his proud heart with vexation, and forced his two nephews, the Bishops of Lincoln and Ely, to place also at the foot

of the throne all the secular pomp and military parade, in which they had begun to rival even their uncle's daring example.

Upon this the king's brother took alarm, and as papal legate protested against such outrage to the Church. Stephen, in answer, swore that his meditated outrages, if so his bishop-brother of Winchester termed what he had done, were but beginning. Whereupon the legate summoned a synod of prelates, and called upon the king to appear by his counsel. By his counsel appearance was accordingly made; and Alberic de Vere, instructed by Stephen, rose and calmly told the assembled churchmen that they had mistaken their rights and duties; that the three bishops he had punished, were punished for the better protection of the people; that they were bound by their vows to live humbly and quietly according to the canons of the church, which prohibited them from all kinds of military pursuits whatsoever; and that they could not claim the restitution of castles and places of war, which it was most unlawful for them, as churchmen, to build or to hold. He was met by loud clamour and shouts of scorn; but, appealing to the legate in the king's name, he and his companions sternly drew their swords, and waited the dissolution of the council.

War now openly declared between Stephen and the Church, the issue was not long doubtful. His brother, the legate, offered his unreserved aid to the Earl of Gloucester, and to the barons in his interest. At the close of the month in which the ecclesiastical council had been thus dissolved, Matilda landed with a hundred and forty knights on the coast of Suffolk; and within two years was crowned at Westminster as the lawful queen. Stephen fought as became a grandson of the Conqueror, but unavailingly. After efforts of the most daring bravery at the last battle of Lincoln, where he used his battle-axe till it broke, and his huge two-handed sword till it shivered in his grasp, he was taken prisoner, carried to the castle of Bristol, and there, after an unsuccessful effort to escape, loaded with chains. But as they took him prisoner he had sworn his oath, that he yet would not die a deposed king.

Matilda was crowned by Stephen's brother. And, in obedience to a compact she had made with him, that the Church should be allowed to ratify by its powers her accession to the sovereign authority, the legate called a synod for that purpose. William of Malmesbury was present, heard the speech of the deposed king's brother, and has preserved it in his Chronicle. The bishop



of Winchester began, he says, by contrasting the turbulent times they had witnessed with the tranquillity and happiness enjoyed under Henry Beauclerc; then, deploring the death of that monarch's son, he adverted slightly to the repeated oaths sworn for Matilda, and said the absence of that lady, and the confusion into which the country was thrown, had compelled the prelates and lords to crown Stephen. He blushed to bear testimony against his own brother, he added, but Stephen had violated all his engagements, particularly those made to the church; and hence God had pronounced judgment against him, and placed them again under the necessity of providing for the tranquillity of the kingdom by appointing some one to fill the throne. 'And now,' he went on to say, 'in order that the kingdom may not be without a ruler, we, the clergy of England, to whom it chiefly belongs to elect kings and ordain them, having yesterday deliberated on this great cause in private, and invoked, as is fitting, the direction of the Holy Spirit, did, and do, elect Matilda, the daughter of the pacific, rich, glorious, good, and incomparable King Henry, to be sovereign lady of England and Normandy.' I need not point out the momentous claim here indicated by the papal legate; and the danger there would have been in its sanction, by the continued authority of Matilda.

But her rule was brief. Her first rude acts on her arrival in London were, to impose a tax, and refuse the redress of a grievance. The citizens rose against her simultaneously, and drove her from the city. A year of desperate conflict followed, in the course of which many castles were besieged and taken; the towns of Worcester and Nottingham were pillaged and destroyed; and the famous city of Winchester, the second in the kingdom, and holding forty churches and two abbeys, was plundered and burnt to the ground. Matilda had several narrow escapes. From one castle she made her way by being placed in a bier, and borne out as to her burial; as she passed from another, in the depth of winter, she was disguised in white, that she might creep unobserved along the snow-covered ground. Stephen had not the less his reverses of hope and danger, but his gallant spirit gave them greater interest. On one occasion, when his fortunes were far from at the best, he gave Matilda safe conduct to her brother's castle, in the highest spirit of chivalrous courtesy.

I need not dwell upon the result of the struggle, either in Eng-



land or in Normandy. The vicissitudes and result were in both of the same rude character. I have perhaps already spoken too largely of a reign which illustrates rather an abstract truth in morals than any lesson of wisdom or advance in our English political history. Stephen was replaced upon his throne ; and to a renewal of public disturbance which threatened the closing year of his reign, sudden check was given by a timely compromise, securing him quiet possession while he lived, and guaranteeing the succession to Henry, Matilda's son. He died at Canterbury, on the 25th of October 1154.

When his brother, the papal legate, attempted on the revival of Stephen's fortunes to justify to the council of the kingdom his desertion of Matilda, as he had, somewhat less than a year before, defended his desertion of her rival, he said, with astonishing powers of face, that the judgment of God had made itself visible in the failure of her attempt, and that it was God himself who now restored his brother to the throne. This was the tone with which men were too apt to accommodate themselves to revolutions in that age, whether for good or for evil. To resist a victorious competitor, was to resist the judgment of Heaven. It is, however, very obvious now, that in no wise did the judgment of Heaven less distinctly declare itself than in the various vicissitudes of this deplorable reign. But yet the providence of Heaven—that superintending care in which good men believe, and an exaggeration of the sense of which had induced this error—still, even through those distressful times, was watching over England. The events I have glanced at weakened the military power of future kings, and curbed their means of aggression on the subject. Many of the worst incidents of the great baronies were moderated or removed. Rapine, whether knightly or ecclesiastical, was discredited. Hereditary succession was also in some sort established. And, in the shares of land which fell to the portion of the knightly adventurers whom Stephen called to his aid against his rebellious barons, the way was preparing for that great middle class of proprietors, who, in subsequent eventful times, were to hold the moderating balance between the aristocracy and the throne.

## New Books.

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**PRIESTS, WOMEN, AND FAMILIES.** By J. MICHELET. Translated from the French (third edition), with the Author's permission, by C. COCKS. p. 8vo. Longman & Co.

THE author of this remarkable book is already known to every country, where there is a literary public, by his powerful histories. Of his admirable history of France, and the novel and eloquent style in which it is composed, we have already endeavoured to give our readers some idea. Michelet is more than a great writer, he is a great man. He writes so powerfully not from mere literary talent, but from the mighty energies of his intellectual character. He has greater objects in view than mere literary success, and his books are no more to him than orations to a statesman. They are means to a higher aim, and in testing his character and powers, he must be weighed by a higher standard than authorship. This character, however, is not peculiar to Michelet, although it is almost peculiar to his nation, for France is the only country where literary power leads to the highest honours and offices. And this it is that gives to the works of Guizot and his great compeers, that breadth of purpose and profundity of thought that belongs necessarily to the philosophic statesman. The scholar in France is no longer a recluse, gathering painfully and in penury a mass of facts together, in what was termed "classical language," but is a full and nobly-developed man, amply stored with a knowledge of the past and a vast experience of the present. He studies mankind in every possible mode, with the reflection of books, in the concretion of history, and in the individual, from innumerable specimens, which his situation enables him to command.

All these powers and means are brought into operation in the present work, and consequently it is a book uniting many excellencies: the interest of the memoir, the fervency of a theological inquiry, and the pungency and force of a dissection of human nature. It required a dauntless heart, and an armoury of attack well provided, to enter the lists with the Jesuits. It is a contest of light with darkness, of reason with a subtle form of superstition. To break the bonds of physical captivity is a hard task, and tries the noblest hearts, but to give freedom to the enthralled mind is a deed of still more difficult accomplishment. Of all the varied forms of mental delusions and weaknesses, the common English reader (thank heaven!) can have very little idea. The infinite vagaries of the confined and self-preying spirit or intellect, can scarcely be conceived by those nurtured in the cultivation of natural sense, and in the open air of virtuous and free society. The active life

and free converse of respectable families keep the spirit from the taint of fanaticism, and the mind clear from the humours and corruptions which seem to be unavoidably produced by isolation and priestly direction. To those who are thus innocent and ignorant of the diseased state of soul engendered by the perversions of religion and learning, the present book will reveal a state of circumstances and modes of spiritual existences that are appalling and disgusting. The work cannot, however, have the effect here which it has had in its own and other Catholic countries; because the majority here can only regard it as a curious and wonderful revelation of human mental disease and degradation. As such it is highly interesting, and, as a warning, is worthy the attention of all who are anxious to guard the many from the designs of the subtle and intriguing, whose love of domination leads them to perpetuate slavery in any form, bodily or mental.

The grand aim of the work is to lay bare the modes pursued, and the effects resulting from priestly "direction," which has been formed into, and is pursued as a science by the Jesuits. In fulfilling this aim, M. Michelet displays great knowledge of the entire history of this powerful and dangerous religious faction, and also of human nature; and he pretty well proves that their whole aim is to dupe and direct, sometimes for religious, and often for political, purposes, as large a section of the human mind as they can conquer. They are the first men, who forsaking the mere outward power, sought to subdue minds, and leaving to others the form of political and religious submission, secured the reality themselves. They very early aimed at the possession of the youthful mind of the civilised world, and indeed of the uncivilised. Their predecessors aimed at absolute dominion, by keeping the world in ignorance; they by instructing it. Leo the Tenth said, the printing-press must either destroy the Church or be destroyed. But the Jesuits were wiser in their generation, and said, "No! we will make the engine of attack an implement for our purposes." And craftily and unremittingly has their aim been carried out, from the time of Loyola downwards. The leaders of this formidable band have cultivated and trained to the finest development, two leading characteristics of human nature, enthusiasm and the love of domination. They have drawn talent into their sect from every class, and working upon it, have produced a band of men, moved by one feeling and one principle: fanaticism towards their leaders, and unbending domination wherever it was possible to exercise it. It must be confessed that these motives are too prevalent in all systems of priestcraft; and "direction," as it is termed, is found strongly developing itself amongst our dissenters; some of whose ministers exercise, over the female portion of the congregation, almost as much power as the Roman Catholic Jesuit. In this latter case, however, "the confession" of every emotion and thought, is wanting, and this prevents the obtaining so complete a dominion.

Of all the tyrannies that weak man exercises upon his weaker brother, that which is spiritual is the most to be deplored, because it is the most

difficult from which to escape. It is said that it may be, and is, exercised for good purposes, but the answer is, "direction is never good." It is a mere dry stick to hold up the plant, that gives no strength, but the rather prevents it putting forth its own powers. It differs from education, for that, if duly performed, tends to the self-development of the individual, and gives opportunity for the energies of nature to fully manifest themselves.

The whole question, however, is deeply and eloquently argued by M. Michelet. It has been said of him, and that by English writers, that he has a fanatical vehemence that impugns his judgment; but this cannot be substantiated. He is far from fanatical, but living in the centre of the operations he so justly stigmatises, he expresses himself strongly, as against a reality of which he feels assured. The evils he exposes make us shudder, not from their physical coarseness or vice, not from the worldly and fleshly evil attached to them, but that we are shown a spiritual and mental degradation, that reveals a region of weakness and woe, it is depressing to contemplate; and which becomes appalling from the hopelessness of remedying it. We find a narrow-minded, and (at the very best) a conscientious bigot, ruling a weak and enthusiastic mother, who conveys to her offspring all the tenets of this comparative stranger. With such a system of terrorism; with the substitution of such cast-iron and super-subtle morality, for the free affections and virtues of a happier state of society, we cannot wonder that a nation could be brought to acquiesce in a St. Bartholomew's Massacre or a Sicilian Vespers. We find a false system supervened on the natural character, and like all falsehoods, however artfully contrived, it is brittle and rotten; and, as has often been proved, the enthusiastic, fanatical nun passes into the opposite extreme, and becomes the most abandoned of sensualists. The perusal of the work produces anything, however, but a fanatical feeling. And we have not found a sentence that shakes our faith in the grant to Maynooth. M. Michelet is (we understand) a professed Roman Catholic, and all that he and other enlightened men do, is to cry out for "Air." Take us (say they) out of these damp, unwholesome, confined cells, and let us breathe the wholesome air of a pure religion, uncontaminated by the super-subtle and hypocritical direction of another human being, who is himself in a most artificial and undesirable position. Clear away the wretched scaffolding that supersedes and obstructs true religion. The only remedy is a freer and more open converse with the healthy, which will ultimately restore the natural tone and temper of the soul. Everything, therefore, that tends to this is good, and so are the grants to Maynooth, and the establishment of colleges and schools that shall bring men of opposite creeds into contact.

We had marked several passages illustrative of M. Michelet's peculiar characteristics and excellencies, to show how penetrating his views are, and how he traces the manifestation of a principle in the buildings, habits, architecture, pleasures, or literature of the period.



is the power that peculiarly qualifies Michelet for an historian, enabling him at once to seize the predominating and generating ideas of the age, and follow them in their remotest productions, and to their most unapparent and unexpected results. Want of space and other considerations induce us, however, to refer the reader earnestly to the book itself, and this we the more readily do, because, like all the other works of the author, it is not only powerful and profound, but written so clearly and agreeably, that the most volatile and idle reader will comprehend and enjoy it.

**MEMOIRS OF SOPHIA DOROTHEA, CONSORT OF GEORGE I ; chiefly from the Secret Archives of Hanover, Brunswick, Berlin, and Vienna ; including a Diary of the Conversations of Illustrious Personages of those Courts, illustrative of her History, and Letters and other Documents, now first published from the originals. In 2 volumes, 8vo. H. Colburn.**

THE most rabid devourer of the gossip of courts, and of what are called "illustrious personages," will find enough of that dangerous mental confection in these volumes, and more than enough of the inanity, depravity, and vice, that are as rife in the petty palaces of the princelings, as of the Cæsar of half the world. After perusing these kind of works, one cannot be surprised at the bitter attacks of the writers of the Voltaire school upon all classes and kinds of regality, nor of the crusade made by common sense and the common people against such vile systems of government, or rather impotent domination. Whatever was good in the feudal system (supposing even that the theory was ever carried into practice) had entirely evaporated on the formation of the great monarchies of France and Germany ; and nothing but the brutality and stupidity of the savage were left to these representatives of a long line of boorish and half-civilised aristocrats. Mere rank and position, "the accident of an accident," was the only thing or quality worshipped, and we have a strong, but by no means rare, example of this in the treatment of an aspirant to claims not recognised, which occasioned his perpetual imprisonment, "*during the whole of which he was not permitted to speak to any one, but was served in silver.*"

The writer, or compiler of these memoirs (whoever he may be) is neither democratic in his politics nor stern in his morality ; but his revealments of the successive monarchs of the house of Hanover, are by no means complimentary to their heads or their hearts, as the common phrase runs ; and whatever credit may be due to the promoters of the Act of Settlement, in fixing the succession on the descendants of Sophia of Hanover, certainly their choice did not fall amongst the wisest, nor the most refined race even of monarchs. Narrow minded almost to idiocy, and brutal to the verge of insanity, it was a strange freak of fortune that placed them on the most potent throne of the world. Here, however, they proved comparatively harmless, reduced to the mere puppets of an administration, though they ever hankered

after the petty royalty, where their wills would be unshackled, and like the ancient tyrant, would have forsaken the limited monarchy to tyrannise in the school. It must, too, be confessed that five generations have done little to Anglicise this foreign race, and their tastes, tendencies, and characteristics, are still far more German than British. It is sad to see still existing, the same hereditary indifference to the intellectual in art and literature; the same contempt for English genius; the same hatred of "boetry and bainting," as George the Second expressed it; and the same love of the game of war and its mimic amusement—"beast-slaughtering." The writer of these memoirs, whose tendencies are towards rank-worship, would alone substantiate our assertions. Of the early career of George the First we have the following account:—

At such a court as this, where the father was a profligate, and the mother little better than an atheist, their associates and dependents were not likely to have been the most exemplary characters, and therefore we are not much surprised that Prince George, very early in his career, distinguished himself by qualities the reverse of amiable and intelligent. The importance of his position he was soon made to understand, but he never could be brought to comprehend the necessity of his acting in a manner consonant with it. As he showed neither taste nor ability for the lessons of his tutor, he was sent to the army as soon as he could handle a weapon; and in his fifteenth year we find him serving under his father in the brilliant campaign of 1675. \* \* Fighting he liked a great deal better than learning, in fact, better than anything else; for after his first campaign, he appeared to find no pleasure but in the camp, and rarely left the army but to hurry back again whenever there was a prospect of active service. In this way he visited different parts of Europe, of which, had he not been attracted by the clamour of war, he would not have troubled himself to learn their names.

Of his awkward attempt to catch the great heiress of the British Throne, the Princess Anne, the author says:—

The Princess must have been more amused than surprised by his addresses; and the ladies of her father's court, there is no doubt, found infinite amusement in the awkward efforts of the German lover of her Royal Highness to render himself acceptable to her. But though the Princess Anne declined him for a suitor, his visit to England was not altogether unprofitable, for one of the Universities did him the honour of conferring upon him the distinction of Doctor of Laws!

Of the unhappy wife of this "coarse-minded and self-willed reprobate," as the writer terms him, the story is sad enough. The daughter of an elegant and refined Frenchwoman, she was carefully educated, and was miserably situated amongst these German boors, where she was the victim of a most heartless state-marriage. Some idea of her situation may be gained by the knowledge of the fact that she was brought into personal contact with, and hostility to, a family of demireps of the name of Platen, of whom the author, with somewhat of unconscious humour, says, "The women of this family constituted a *strawpotocracy*, that for



three generations monopolised the attentions of the amorous heads of the house of Brunswick-Luneburg."

As to the guilt or innocence of the Princess, there is nothing in the present volumes either to confirm or remove the suspicion. The work is the product of one greatly prepossessed, not to say prejudiced, in favour of the unhappy Princess. And, indeed, it is difficult to retain an impartiality of judgment when a charming and refined woman is opposed to a brutal and coarse tyrant. There is certainly nothing in the present work amounting to anything like proof against the unhappy lady, who appears rather to have been the victim of petty politics and numerous abandoned rivals. That, neglected and outraged, a woman of warm feelings and considerable intellectual vivacity should have participated in a passion with a man so accomplished and distinguished as Count Konigsmark, is certainly plausible, and countenanced by the conduct of almost all who have been the victims of such infamous marriages. The only fact against her is, that the Count left her apartments at an hour unsanctioned by the etiquette of the court, and was beset by a band of soldiers and murdered. This certainly does not look as if proof of guilt could be produced, but rather that the only means of getting rid of her was taking the alleged amour at its highest point of suspicion. This slaughter of Konigsmark is only one of the many dark stains of blood that have so fearfully clung to the line of the house of the white horse; in whose annals the death of men and the dishonour of women seems to be accounted as little.

The account of her death is pathetic; after an imprisonment of thirty-two years, during which, according to all accounts, her conduct was exemplary, especially towards her neighbourhood, which she greatly improved and benefited. During this period, her husband had ascended the powerful throne of England, and her daughter married the sovereign of Prussia. The pulses of her ambition must have many times bounded strongly at the thoughts of the high station she had a claim to, and her deprivations must have caused her many pangs. Her daughter, the Queen of Prussia, brought up away from her, had but little affection, and united to a "frantic brute," could do but little for her. Her agent, also, Count de Bar, proved a traitor.

Previously to this disappointment, the unhappy prisoner (says the author) had contrived to preserve her good looks, and seemed to enjoy excellent health. In the latter part of her life she was still tall and rather portly in her appearance. She continued to drive about the neighbourhood, attended as usual by a legion of guards and spies; and was as busy as ever in superintending her household, though the same details had been her daily task for nearly thirty-two years; and took the same interest in the advancement of the village children, though a second generation had taken the place of those who first obtained her notice; and continued to write, though her correspondents had been so thinned by death, they were reduced almost entirely to the person entrusted with her negotiations with her daughter.

A sense of despair seems at length to have crushed her high spirit. She

took to her bed in the autumn of 1726. A strong fever, with great mental excitement, was her malady. Her attendants thought she was delirious, for she spoke wildly of her wrongs, and made use of strange expressions respecting her husband. The spies were horror-struck at the awful earnestness with which the dying victim of domestic tyranny denounced their employer; and the authorities at Ahlden strove to prevent any news of these terrible scenes and revelations getting abroad. The patient grew worse, and on the 13th of November the once lovely and innocent Princess Sophia Dorothea of Zelle lay a corpse in the prison in which she had so long been immured. Thirty-two years—a life to many—the unhappy creature had thus dragged out, robbed of her children, her liberty, and her rights!

The work has evidently been got together from various documents, and is spun out by the introduction of papers and letters to an unnecessary length. It is scarcely the product of a literary personage, for it is exceedingly loose and verbose in its construction. It will not make much way, either by its power of writing or from its authority; for, although stress is laid upon the genuineness and originality of the sources from which it is drawn, nothing is said of the mode in which they were obtained. This, however, is not of much consequence, for the subject is more one of curiosity than involving any important result. It cannot be considered as any valuable addition to historical literature, though it will interest those who like “the romance of real life,” or feel an intense curiosity with regard to the sayings and doings of all those who have “handles to their names.”

If nothing else were gained by its perusal, a hearty hatred of the monarchy of the day might be gained, for Europe seems to have been horribly “monarched,” in the last century. With George the First, who was accused by his son of destroying two wills made; and who himself quietly took possession of his father’s and pocketed all the legacies; and who also sought to debauch a young lady of great beauty and worth—one of the maids of honour, Miss Bellenden—by bribing her with a few guineas. In Prussia, Frederick William played such pranks “as make the angels weep:” nearly starving two of his children, and “spitting in the dishes to prevent their eating.” The King of Poland, previously Elector of Saxony, left three hundred and fifty-four children by innumerable mistresses, and expended upwards of fifteen millions sterling in absurd entertainments. Whilst Denmark was kinged by Christian the Seventh, a young man of weak mind, debauched habits, and unprepossessing appearance, who was completely in the hands of a little coterie of female relatives. As these northern potentates can be well matched by the debauched Louis the XVth and other Southern monarchs, who can wonder there was a fearful uprising of common human nature against such domination, and that a revolutionary savage should ask for the heads of 300,000 aristocrats, to destroy for ever the possibilities of such outrageous misgovernment of millions?

MEMOIRS OF THE LADY HESTER STANHOPE, as related by herself, in conversations with her physician, comprising her opinions, and anecdotes of the most remarkable persons of her time. 3 vols. post 8vo, with illustrations. H. Colburn.

THREE things conjoin to give great interest to these volumes. The revealments of the inner life and sentiments of a vast number of the highest and most influential persons in England; a portrayal of Asiatic manners and feelings, seldom to be obtained, and the development of the personal character of Lady Hester Stanhope. Matters the most contrary are thus associated, in a mode to give a perfect freshness to the details. We are at one moment in the marble oriental chamber at Djoon, on the top of Mount Lebanon, enjoying the hookha and sipping coffee, sherbet, or a sipjan of orange-flower water with the orientatised lady, and the next are transported to Carlton Palace to see George the Fourth listening to a woman singing "The fiddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle," and cry "Bravo! charming." And we cannot refrain here from contrasting two portraits of this western Sultan.

"The Prince (says Lady Stanhope) had not one good quality. How many fell victims to him! Not so much those who were most intimate with him—for they swallowed the poison and took the antidote—they knew him well; but those were the greatest sufferers who imitated his vices, who were poisoned by the contagion without knowing what a detestable person he was."

"Look on this picture and on this," by Sir Walter Scott, which is appended as a contrast in a note.

"A sovereign whose gentle and generous disposition, and singular manners, and captivating conversation, rendered him as much the darling of private society, as his heart felt interest in the general welfare of the country; and the constant and steady course of wise measures by which he raised his reign to such a state of triumphal prosperity made him justly delighted in by his subjects."

We think there are more marks of sincerity in the lady's than in the novelist's anecdotes and characters of the high in worldly rank. Lady Hester seems to have been a spoilt child all her life; but her naturally generous and impulsive disposition prevented her from becoming utterly selfish; and she scorned, with a woman's scorn, baseness in all its forms. She was not sufficiently intellectual to emancipate herself from the gross prejudices of her position and early associates, and thus there is an odd and unpleasant clashing of absurdity and sense, and kindness and tyranny. She reminds one a good deal of Lord Byron in her satirical carplings at conventional society, and the poor tame inanities it breeds and fosters. If, however, she wanted his lordship's talent, she had truer notions of high feeling. There is the same singular admiration of Eastern manners, blended with a verbal disparagement of aristocracy; the same hankering after petty domination; the same fearless harshness

in pursuit of it. Misdirected as the lady's mind was, and egotistical and even weak as much of the work is, the reader cannot but sympathise with her, and almost say, "what a noble mind was here o'erthrown," or, at all events, frittered away by the frivolity of the class she belonged to. A female of the aristocracy has even less chance than a man, to escape from the triple wall of prejudice, pride, and falsehood, that encloses them from the rest of mankind. Lady Hester Stanhope made many efforts, but early notions are perhaps indelible. Had she been the daughter of a sensible lawyer or physician, her talents would have been much more developed; as it is, she is more indebted to her eccentricities than her abilities for the notoriety she has gained.

The work itself is exceedingly entertaining, as all anecdotal works must be; and it contains much that is highly suggestive; much that must call forth reflection on the strange anomalies of human society, whether of the East or the West. It would be difficult to decide, from this book, whether the debasing superstitions of the East are more to be deplored than the meanness and civilised inanity of the higher classes of the West. But one must not consider these kind of books after this fashion; but still it may be safely said, that there is much in it that can be turned to good account, by those who read for profit, as well as by those who read only for pleasure.

Amongst innumerable illustrations of the revolting characters produced by the semi-barbarism of Eastern manners and laws, may be produced the following account of one of the wild beasts, who hold absolute power over their fellow-creatures:—

— "Mustafa Pasha was, indeed, a sanguinary tyrant, Doctor; he made a noise like the growl of a tiger, and his people knew that blood must flow. It was his custom, when the fit was on him, to send for some poor wretch from prison, and kill him with his own hand. He would then grow calm, smoke his pipe, and seem for a time quieted. But he was a shrewd man and a clever pasha."

There are but few descriptions of Eastern scenery, and the work partakes too much of a "hodge-podge." The continued egotism of the principal personage becomes also tedious; who, with every allowance for a perverting education and false position, can never be regarded as an estimable person.

LECTURES, addressed chiefly to the Working Classes. By W. J. Fox.  
Published from the Reporter's Notes. Vol. I., fcp. 8vo. Chas. Fox.

THIS is in every way a cheering volume to contemplate. It is cheering and encouraging to those interested in the great cause of mankind to find such lectures delivered to the people, and still more pleasing to find the people appreciating them. It bespeaks a real advance in the guiding and the guided. How different from the Crown and Anchor oratory of the past generation. Here are elegant and sterling disserta-



of all. Unequal fight! The devil is a coward in the end: and so, after a show of scornful opposition, the poor cowed fiend gave up the contest, and Robert Willis went no man knew where. A sad blow was this to Justice Wattles. That he should have spent so much money on so hopeless a creature! That he should have gone to the heavy expense of Mr. Montacute Crawley! That at so vast a price he should have saved his kinsman from the gibbet,—when the desperate fool had hung himself in the opinion of all men! It would have been better, far cheaper, to let truth take its course,—but then there was the respectability of the family! After all, it was some poor consolation to the puzzled Justice, that however a Willis might have deserved the gallows, he had escaped it: opinion was a hard thing; but at the hardest it was not tightened hemp. Nobody could say that a Willis was ever hanged. Truth, after all, had not been sacrificed for nothing; and that was some comfort at the least.

In due course, the Kent waggon brought St. Giles to London. It was about five o'clock on a bright summer morning when St. Giles, with rapturous eyes looked upon the Borough. Yes, he had returned to his hard-nursing mother, London. She had taught him to pick and steal, and lie, and yet a child, to anticipate the iniquities of men; and then—foolish, guilty mother!—she had scourged her youngling for his naughtiness; believing by the severity of her chastisement best to show her scorn of vice, her love of goodness. And St. Giles, as the waggon crawled along, lay full-length upon the straw, and mused upon the frequent haunts of his early days. Sweet and balmy sweet such thoughts! Refreshing to the soul, jaded and fretful from the fight of men, to slake its thirst for peace and beauty, at the fountain of memory, when childhood seemed to have played with angels. What a luxury of the heart, to cast off the present like a foul, begrimed garment, and let the soul walk awhile in the naked innocence of the past! Here is the scene of a happy childhood. It is full of gracious shapes—a resurrection of the gentle, beautiful. We have lain in that field, and thought the lark—a trembling, fluttering speck of song above us—must be very near to God. That field is filled with sweetest memories, as with flowers. And there is an old—old tree. How often have we climbed it, and, throned amid its boughs, have read a wondrous book; a something beating like a drum at our heart; a something that confusing us with a dim sense of glory, has filled our soul with a strange, fitful

music, as with the sounds of a far-coming triumph ! Such may be the memories of a happy youth. And what, as St. Giles, with his face leaning on his propped hands, gazed from the waggon, what, seeing the scenes of his childhood—what saw he ? Many things big with many thoughts.

Yes ; how well he knew that court ! Six-and-thirty hours' hunger had raged in his vitals, and with a desperate plunge, he had dived into a pocket. It was empty. But the would-be thief was felt, and hotly pursued. He turned up that court. He was very young, then ; and, like a fool, knew not the ins-and-outs of the Borough. He ran up the court ; there was no outlet ; and the young thief was caught like a stoat in a trap. And now St. Giles sees the joy of his pursuer ; and almost feels the blow the good, indignant man, dealt as with a flail upon the half-naked child. Ay, and it was at that post, that his foot slipped when he was chased by the beadle for stealing two potatoes from a dealer's sack.—Yes ; and opposite that very house, the beadle laid about him with his cane ; and there it was that the big, raw-boned, painted woman, tore him from the beadle's grasp ; and giving him a penny, told him with an oath to run for very life. Such were the memories—yes, every turning had such—that thronged upon St. Giles, gazing in thought upon his childhood days, from the Kent waggon.

And then happier thoughts possessed our hero. He looked again and again at the card given him by St. James ; and that bit of paper with its few words was a talisman to his soul ; a written spell that threw a beauty and a brightness about the meanest things of London. Human life moved about him full of hope and dignity. He had—or would have—an interest in the great game—how great and how small !—of men. He would no longer be a man-wolf ; a wretched thing to hunt and be hunted. He would know the daily sweets of honest bread, and sleep the sleep of peace. What a promotion in the scale of life ! What un hoped felicity, to be permitted to be honest, gentle ! What a saving mercy, to be allowed to walk upright with those he might begin to look upon as fellow-creatures ! And as St. Giles thought of this, gratitude melted his very being, and he could have fallen upon his knees on London stones, in thankfulness and penitence. Solitude to him had been a softening teacher. Meditation had come upon him in the far wilds ; and the isolated, badged, and toiling felon for the first time thought of the mystery of himself ; for the first time dared to look in upon his heart—a look that some who pass



for bold men sometimes care not to take—and he resolved to fight against what seemed his fate. He would get back to the world. Despite of the sentence that bade him not to hope, he would hope. Though doomed to be a life-long human instrument, a drudging carcase, he would win back his manhood—he would return to life a self-respecting being. And this will beat, constant as a pulse, within him. And these feelings, though the untutored man could give them no harmonious utterance, still sustained and soothed him ; and now, in London streets, made most hopeful music to his soul.

And St. Giles passed through old familiar places, and would not ponder on the miserable memories that thronged them. No ; with a strong will, he laid the rising ghosts of his boyish days, and went with growing stoutness on. He was bound for St. James's-square, and the way before him was a path of pleasure. How changed was London-bridge ! To his boyhood it had been a mass of smoked, grimed stone : and now it seemed a shape of grace and beauty. He looked, too, at the thousand ships that, wherever the sea rolled, with mute gigantic power told the strength, the wealth, and enterprise of England. He looked, and would not think of the convict craft, laden with crimes, and wrong, and blasphemy, that had borne him to his doom. He passed along, through Lombard-street to the Bank ; and he paused and smiled as he thought of the time when the place seemed to him a place of awful splendour ; a visible heaven, and there he thought who went for moneys there, "angels ascending and descending ;" and above all, what a glory it would be to him—a fame surpassing all burglarious renown—to rob that Bank of England. And then he saw the Mansion-house ; and thought of the severe and solemn Alderman who had sentenced him to Bridewell. And then St. Giles passed along Cheapside, and stood before St. Paul's church ; and then for the first time felt somewhat of its tremendous beauty. It had been to him a mere mountain of stone, with a clock upon it : and now, he felt himself subdued, refined, as the Cathedral, like some strange harmony, sank into his soul. He thought, too, of Christ and the fishermen and tentmakers Christ had glorified—for he had learned to read of them when a felon in the wilderness,—and his heart glowed with Christian fervour at Christ's temple, that visible glory made and dedicated to the purposes of the Great Teacher—most mighty in his gentleness, most triumphant by his endurance, most adorable by the charity that he taught to men, as the immortal link to hold them still to God ! Could expression have

breathed upon the thoughts of St. Giles, thus he might have delivered himself. He spoke not : but stood gazing at the church, and thinking what a blessing it was upon a land, wherein temples for such purposes abounded ; where solemn men set themselves apart from the sordid ways of life, keeping their minds calm and undefiled from the chink and touch of money-bags, to heed of nothing but the fainting, bleeding, erring hearts of those who had dwelt upon the earth as though the earth had never a grave. Yes ; it was a blessing to breathe in such a land. It was a destiny demanding a daily prayer of thankfulness, to know that Christian charity was preached from a thousand and a thousand pulpits ; to feel that the spirits of the apostles, their earnest, truthful spirits, (ere solemnised by inspiration) still animated bishops, deans, and rectors ; and even cast a glory on the worn coats of how many thousand curates ! St. Giles, the returned transport—the ignorant and sinning man ; St. Giles, whose innocence of childhood had been offered to the Moloch selfishness of society,—even St. Giles felt all this ; and with swelling heart and the tears in his throat, passed down Ludgate-Hill, with a fervent devotion, thanking his God who had brought him from the land of cannibals to the land of Christians.

And now is St. Giles aroused by a stream of people passing upward and downward, and as though led by one purpose turning into the Old Bailey. “ What’s this crowd about ? ” he asked of one, and ere he was answered, he saw far down at Newgate door a scaffold and a beam ; and a mass of human creatures, crowded like bees, gazing upon them.—“ What’s this ? ” again asked St. Giles, and he felt the sickness of death upon him.

“ What’s this ? ” answered a fellow with a sneering leer,—“ Why, where do you come from to ask that ? Why it’s king George’s new drop, and this is the first day he’s going to try it. No more hanging at Tyburn now ; no more drinks of ale at the Pound. It’s all now to be the matter of a minute, they say. But it will never answer—it never does ; any of these new-fangled things. Nothing like the old horse and cart, take my word for it. Besides, all London could see something of the show when they went to Tyburn, while next to nobody can be accommodated in the Old Bailey. But it serves me right. If I hadn’t got so precious drunk last night, I’d been up in time to have got a place near the gallows. Silence ! There goes eight o’clock.”

And as the hour was struck by the bells of Christian churches—

of churches built in Christ's name, who conquered vengeance by charity—men were led forth to be strangled by men, their last moments soothed and made hopeful by Christ's clergyman. Indeed it is long and hard teaching, to make nations truly read the Testament they boast of.

There was a sudden hush among the crowd; and St. Giles felt himself rooted where he stood; with gaping mouth, and eyes glaring towards Newgate. The criminals, trussed for the grave, came out. "One—two—three—four—five—six—seven"—cried St. Giles in a rising scream, numbering the wretches as each passed to his place—"eight—nine—ten—Good God! how many?"—and terror-stricken, he could count no further.

And then the last night's bacchanal next St. Giles, took up the reckoning, counting as he would have counted so many logs of wood, so many sacks of coals.—"Eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen. That's all; yes, it was to be fifteen: that little chap's the last. Fifteen."

Reader, pause a moment. Drop not the book with sudden indignation at the writer who, to make the ingredients of his story "thick and slab," invents this horror. No; he but copies from the chronicles of the Old Bailey. Turn to them, incredulous reader, and you will find that on the balmy morning of the twenty-third of June, in the Year of our Offended Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four, fifteen human beings were hanged in front of Newgate: death-offerings to the laws and virtues of merry England. It was the first day, too, of the new drop; and the novel engine must be greeted with a gallant number. Fame has her laurels: why should not Justice have her ropes? There was, too, a pleasantry—the devil, if he joke at all, must joke after some such fashion—in trying the substance and capacity of a new gallows, by so much weight of human flesh convulsed in the death-struggle. And so great was the legislative wit!—there were fifteen to be strangled. A great example this to an erring, law-breaking world of—the strength of timber!

The Lords of the Privy Council had met, with good king George the Third at their head, to correct the vices of the land. There was death for the burglar—death for the footpad—death for the sheep-stealer—death, death, death for a hundred different sinners. The hangman was the one social physician, and was thought to cure all peccant ills. Horrible, ghastly quack! And yet the king's majesty believed in the hideous mountebank, and every

week, by the advice of his Lords of the Council—the wise men of St. James's, the Magii of the kingdom, the starred and gartered philosophers and philanthropists—every week did sacred royalty call in Jack Ketch to cure his soul-sick children! Yea; it was with the hangman's fingers, that the father of his people touched the People's Evil. And if in sooth the malady was not allayed, it was for no lack of paternal tending, since we find in the Old Bailey Register—that thing of blood, and bigotry, and ignorance,—that, in one little year, in almost the first twelvemonth of the new drop, the hangman was sent to ninety-six wretches, who were publicly cured of their ills in the front of Newgate! And the King in Council thought there was no such remedy for crime as the grave; and therefore, by the counsel of his privy sages, failed not to prescribe death-warrants. To reform man was a tedious and uncertain labour: now hanging was the sure work of a minute.

Oh, that the ghosts of all the martyrs of the Old Bailey—and, though our profession of faith may make some moral antiquarians stare, it is our invincible belief that the Newgate Calendar has its black array of martyrs; victims to ignorance, perverseness, prejudice; creatures doomed by the bigotry of the Council able; by the old haunting love of blood as the best cure for the worst ills;—Oh, that the faces of all of these could look from Newgate walls! that but for a moment the men who stickle for the laws of death, as for some sweet household privilege, might behold the grim mistake; the awful sacrilegious blunder of the past; and seeing, make amendment for the future.

A few minutes, and fifteen human creatures, sanctified with immortal souls, were carcases. The wisdom of the king and lords in council was made manifest to the world by fifteen scare-crow: to guilt, pendent and swaying to and fro. A few minutes, and the heart of London, ay of the Old Bailey, beat equably as before. The criminals were hanged, cut down, and the mob separated only to meet—if it should again please the wisdom of the king in council—for a like show on the next Monday; Saint Monday being, in the good old hempen times, the hangman's special saint's-day.

The sufferers were scarcely dead, when St. Giles staggered like a drunken man from the crowd. He made his way down Ludgate-hill, and sick and reeling, proceeded up Fleet-street. He saw, he felt, that people stared at him; and the thought that he was an escaped felon—that if detected he would as surely rehearse the

bloody scene, as surely as those fifteen corpses scarce done struggling—seemed to wither him. He stumbled against a post ; then, for a moment gathering energy for the effort, he turned up Shoe-lane, and entered a public-house. “A mug of water, master ;” he asked of the landlord.

“It’s a liquor we don’t sell,” said the host, “and I can’t afford to give it away. Water ! I should think a dram of brandy would be better for your complaint. Why, you look like a blue-bag. Got no catching sickness, I hope ? If so, be so good as to go to another house. I’ve never yet had a day’s illness, and I don’t intend to have.”

“Nothing but a little faint, master. I passed, just now, by the Old Bailey, and—and it’s been too much for me.”

“Well, you must have a coddled sort of heart, you must. I should have gone myself, only I couldn’t leave the bar ; for they don’t hang fifteen every day, and—why, if now you aint as white as if you’d run from the gallows yourself.”

“Water, master—water,” cried St. Giles, —“and for the brandy, I’ll take that afterwards.”

“Better take it first,” said the landlord, “but that’s your business. Well, I shouldn’t much like such customers as you,” he added, as St. Giles hastily quaffed the lymph. “Now, do take some of the real stuff ; or, with that cold rubbish, you’ll give yourself the aggur ;” and the host pressed the brandy.

“In a minute ; I’ll just sit down a bit,” said St. Giles and taking the brandy, he entered a side-room. It was empty. Seating himself, with the untasted liquor before him, he again saw the vision that had appalled and rooted him in the Old Bailey. He could swear to it ; it was clear to his eye as his own hand. All but himself had beheld fifteen felons on the drop, but he had seen sixteen ; and the last, the sixteenth, *was* himself ; yes, for in a glass he had ever seen himself. True ; it was but a vision—but a vision that foreshadowed a horrid truth. He had escaped from captivity to be hanged for the crime. All the bright promises of the morning had vanished, and, in the bitterness of his thoughts, he already sat in the gloom of Newgate. Thus sunk in mery, he was unconscious of the entrance of a visitor, who, in a few moments, startled him with a greeting.

“Been to the Jug, mate ? A cruel fine day to be hanged on, isn’t it ?” asked the new-comer.

St. Giles looked at the speaker, who suddenly recoiled from his



glance, as from the glare of some wild beast. "Why, what's the matter?" asked the man. "Do you think you'll know me again, that you stare in that way? Perhaps, you do know me?"

"Not at all, friend; not at all; though coming suddenly, you startled me a little at first." But instantly, St. Giles recognised his old master and tempter Tom Blast. Vice had cut still deeper lines in his wicked face; time had crowned him with its most horrid crown, grey hairs upon a guilty head; time sat heavily upon his back, yet St. Giles knew his early tutor; knew the villain who had snared his boyhood, making him a doomed slave for his natural life. Fierce thoughts rose in the heart of St. Giles, as he gazed upon the traitor who had sold him: a moment, and he could have dipped his hands in that old man's blood; another instant, and he looked upon him with compassion, with deepest pity. The villain saw the change, and took new confidence.

"It's lucky times for you, mate, if you can tippie brandy. If I've had nothing but five-farthing beer since Tuesday, may I be pisoned!"

"You may have this, for me," said St. Giles, and he gave Blast the brandy, which the old knave greedily swallowed.

"Should like to meet with one o' your sort every day," cried Blast, smacking his lips. "Never saw your like afore."

"Indeed?" asked St. Giles, who, from the tone and manner of Blast, felt himself secure of discovery. "Indeed?"

"No, never. You couldn't tell me where I could see you to-morrow?" asked Blast.

"Why, where may you be found—where do you live?" questioned St. Giles, quickly.

"Oh, I live at Horsleydown; but I so like the look o' you, mate, I'll meet you here," answered Blast. "I'm agreeable to anything."

"Very well," said St. Giles, "say at twelve o'clock; we'll have another glass. Stay, you can have another now; here's sixpence for the treat. I must go; good bye;" and St. Giles was hurrying away, when Blast seized him by the hand, and whilst our hero shrunk and shook at his touch, swore that he was a good fellow, and a regular king. St. Giles, releasing himself, retreated quickly from the house, casting frequent looks behind that he might not be followed by his former friend, whom, it was his hope, despite of the engagement of the morrow, never to behold again. Nevertheless, St. Giles had yearned to have some further speech



with Blast. Half-a-dozen times the words were at his lips, and then the fear of the chance of detection kept him dumb. And then again he repented that he had not risked the peril, that he might at once have known the fate of his mother. He had heard no word of her. Was she dead? Remembering what was her life, he almost hoped so. Yet she was the only creature of his blood; and, if still living, it would be to him some solace—something to link him anew to her—to snatch her old age from the horrors that defiled it. With these thoughts, St. Giles took his way up the Strand, and feeling a strange pleasure in the daring, was soon in Bow-street. He approached the office: the judgment-seat where he was arraigned for his maiden theft. There at the door, playing with his watch-chain—with almost the same face, the same cut clothes, the same flower in his mouth, of fifteen years before—stood Jerry Whistle, officer and prime thief-taker. A sort of human blood-hound, as it seemed expressly fashioned by madam nature, to watch and seize on evil-doers. He appeared to be sent into this world with a peculiar nose for robbers; scenting them through all their doublings, though they should put seas between him and them. And Jerry performed his functions with such extreme good-humour, seized upon a culprit with such great good-nature, that it appeared impossible that death should end a ceremony so cordially begun. Jerry Whistle would take a man to Newgate as to a tavern; a place wherein human nature might with the fattest and the strongest enjoy itself.

As St. Giles approached Whistle, he thought that worthy officer, learned as he was in human countenances, eyed him with a look of remembrance; whereupon, with a wise boldness, St. Giles stepped up to him, and asked the way to Seven Dials. "Straight ahead, my talp, and ask again," said Jerry; and he continued to suck his pink and chink his watch-chain.

In a few minutes, St. Giles was in Short's Gardens. He looked upwards at the third floor; where his first friend, Mrs. Aniseed, had carried him to her gentle-hearted lord, Bright Jem. It was plain they were tenants there no longer. The windows, always bright, were crusted with dust; two were broken, and patched with paper. And there was no flower-pot, with its three-pennyworth of nature from Covent garden; no singing-bird. St. Giles, with a sinking of the heart, passed on. It was plain he had lost a part of something that, in his hours of exile, had made England so fair a land of promise to him. He turned his steps towards Seven Dials.

He would look at the shop of the muffin-maker : of course he could not make himself known—at least not just now—to that sweet-and-bitter philanthropist, Capstick : but it would be something to see how time had dealt with him. A short space, and St. Giles approached the door ; the very threshold he had crossed with basket and bell. Capstick had departed ; no muffin graced the window. The shop was tenanted by a small undertaker ; a tradesman who had to higgie with the poor for his price of laying that eye-sore, poverty, in the arms of the maternal earth who, least partial of all mothers, treats her offspring all alike. “ Can he be dead ? ” thought St. Giles, for the moment unconsciously associating his benefactor with the emblems of mortality ; as though death had come there, and edged the muffin-maker out. Ere he could think another thought, St. Giles stood in the shop. The master, whistling a jig of the time, was at his work, driving tin tacks into a baby’s coffin. The pawnbroker would have another gown—a blanket, it might be—for those tin tacks ; but that was nothing : why should wealth claim all the pride of the world, even where pride is said to leave us—at the grave ?

“ Do you know whether Mr. Capstick’s alive ? ” asked St. Giles of the whistling workman.

“ Can’t say, I’m sure,” answered the undertaker. “ I only know I’ve not yet had the luck of burying him.”

“ I mean the muffin-maker, who lived here before you,” said St. Giles ; “ you knew him ? ”

“ I’ve heard of him, but never seen him—never want. He was a tailor as was ruined last here. I say,”—cried the undertaker, with an intended joke in his eye—“ I say, you don’t want anything in my way ? ”

St. Giles, making no answer, stepped into the street. He then paused. Should he go forward ? He should have no luck that day, and he would seek no further. And while he so determined, he moved towards his native nook—the fetid, filthy corner, in which he first smelt what was called the air. He walked towards Hog Lane.

Again and again did he pass it. Again and again did he approach St. Giles’s Church, and gaze upon the clock. It was only ten ; too early—he was sure of that—to present himself in St. James’s-square. Otherwise he would first go there, and return to the Lane under cover of the night. He then crossed the way, and looked up the Lane. He saw not a face he knew. All he

had left were dead; and new tenants, other wretches, fighting against want, and gin, and typhus, were preparing new loam for the church yard. No: he would not seek now. He would come in the evening—it would be the best time, the very best.

With this feeling, St. Giles turned away, and was proceeding slowly onward, when he paused at a shop-window. In a moment, he felt a twitch at his pocket, and turning, he saw a child of some eight or ten years old, carrying away a silk handkerchief that Becky, in exchange for the huswife, had forced upon him. How sudden, and how great was St. Giles's indignation at the villain thief! Never had St. Giles felt so strongly virtuous! The pigmy felon flew towards Hog Lane; and in a moment, St. Giles followed him and stood at the threshold of the house wherein the thief had taken shelter. St. Giles was about to enter, when he was suddenly stopt by a man—that man was Tom Blast.

"Well, if this isn't luck!" said Blast spreading himself in the door way, to secure the retreat of the thief. "Who'd ha' thought we should ha' met so soon?"

"All's one for that," said St. Giles. "I've been robbed, and the young thief's here, and you know it."

"A thief here! Mind what you're about, young man: do mind what you say, afore you take away the character of a honest house. We've nothin' here but our good name to live upon, and so do mind what you're about." And Blast uttered this with such mock earnestness, looked so knowingly in the face of St. Giles, that, unconsciously, he shrank from the speaker; who continued: "Is it likely now, that you could think anybody in this Lane would pick a gentleman's pocket? Bless your heart! we're all so honest here, we are," and Blast laughed.

"I thought you told me," said St. Giles, confused, "that you lived somewhere away at Horsleydown."

"Lor love you! folks as are poor like us have, you know, a dozen town-houses; besides country ones under hedges and haystacks. We can easily move about: we haven't much to stop us. And now, to business. You've really lost your handkercher?"

"Tisn't that I care about it," said Giles, "only you see 'twas given me by somebody."

"Given! To be sure. Folks do give away things, don't they? All the world's gone mad, I think: people do so give away." St. Giles's heart fell at the laughing, malignant look with which Blast gazed upon him. It was plain that he was once again in

the hands of his master ; again in the power of the devil that had first sold him. “Howsomever,” continued Blast, “if you’ve really been robbed, and the thief’s in this house, shall I go and fetch a officer? You don’t think, sir, do you?”—and Blast grinned and bowed his head—“you don’t think, sir, as how I’d pertect anybody as had broke the laws of my native land? Is it likely? Only say the word. Shall I go for a officer?”

“No ; never mind—it doesn’t matter. Still, I’ve a fancy for that handkercher, and will give more than its worth for it.”

“Well, that’s like a nobleman, that is. Here, Jingo!”—cried Blast, stepping a pace or two into the passage, and bawling his lustiest—“Jingo, here’s the gen’lman as has lost the handkercher you found ; bring it down, my beauty.” Obedient to the command, a half-naked child—with the very look and manner of St. Giles’s former self—instantly appeared, with the stolen goods in his hand. “He’s sich a lucky little chap, this is,”—said Blast—“nothin’s lost hereabout, that he doesn’t find it. Give the fogle to the gen’lman ; and who knows? perhaps, he’ll give you a guinea for it.” The boy obeyed the order, and stood with open hand for the reward. St. Giles was about to bestow a shilling, when Tom Blast sidled towards him, and in an affected tone of confidence, said—“Couldn’t think o’ letting you do sich a thing.”

“And why not?” asked St. Giles, becoming more and more terrified at the bold familiarity of the ruffian. “Why not?”

“’Tisn’t right ; not at all proper ; not at all what I call natral”—and here Blast whispered in St. Giles’s ear—“that money should pass atween brothers.”

“Brothers!” cried St. Giles.

“Ha, sir!” said Blast, taking his former manner,—“you don’t know what a woman that Mrs. St. Giles was! She was a good soul, wasn’t she? You must know that her little boy fell in trouble about a pony ; and then he was in Newgate, being made all right for Tyburn, jist as this little feller was born. And then they took and transported young St. Giles ; and he never seed his mother—never know’d nothin’ that she’d got a little baby.”

“And she’s dead!” cried St. Giles.

“And, this I will say,” answered Blast, “comfortably buried. She was a good soul—too good for this world. You didn’t know St. Giles, did you?” said Blast with a laugh.

“Why do you ask?” replied the trembling transport.

“Because if you did, you must see the likeness. Come here,

Jingo," and Blast laid one hand upon the urchin's head, and with the other pointed out his many traits of resemblance. "There 's the same eye for a fogle—the same nose—the same everything. And oh, isn't he fond o' pomes, neither! just like his poor dear brother as is far away in Botany Bay. Don't you see that he's the very spit on him?" cried Blast.

"I can't say—how should I know?" answered St. Giles, about to hurry off; and then he felt a strange interest in the victim, and paused and asked—"Who takes care of him, now his mother's gone?"

"He hasn't a friend in the world but me," said Blast.

"God help him!" thought St. Giles.

"And I—though you'd never think it"—continued Blast, "I love the little varmint, jist as much as if I was his own father."

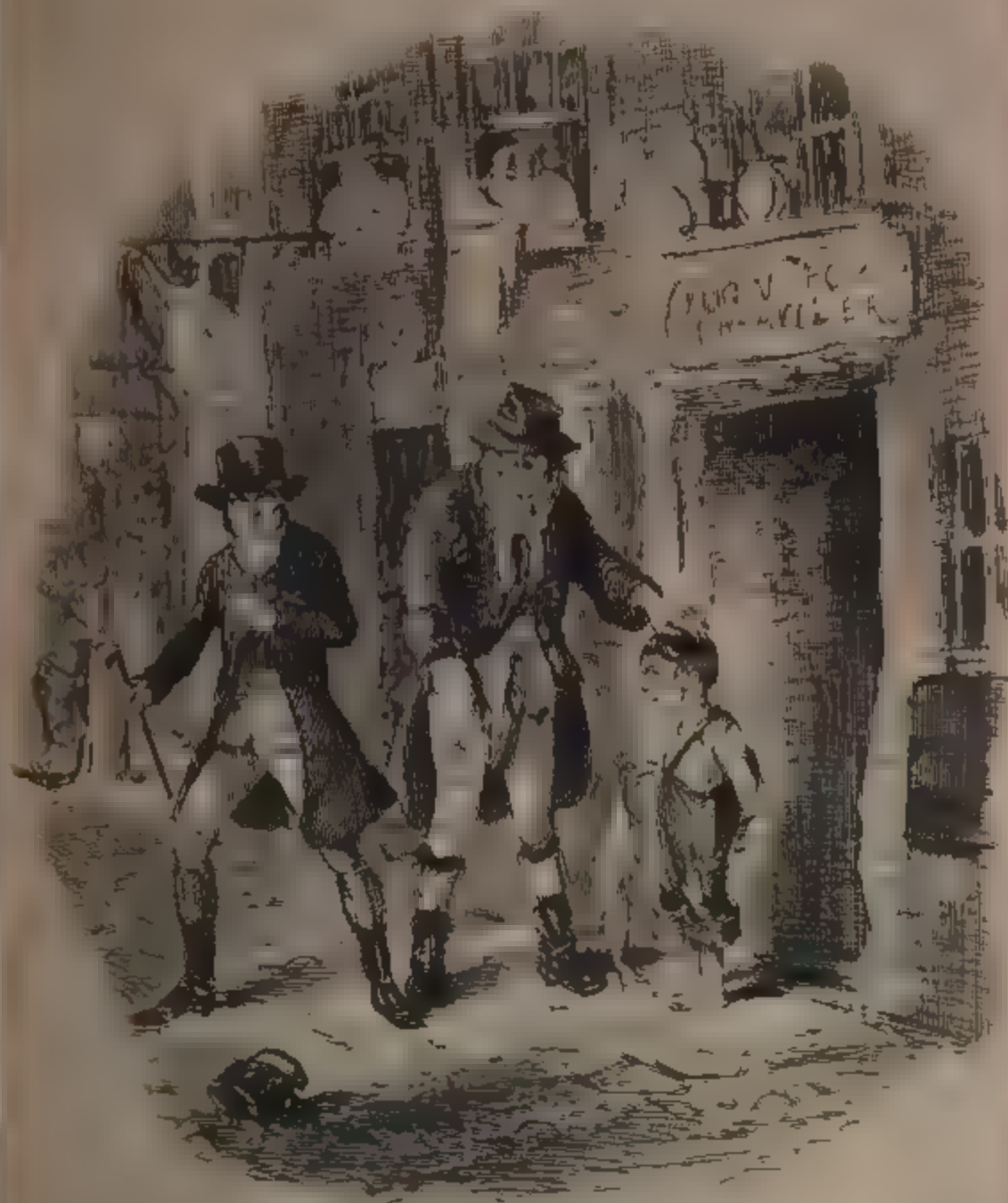
#### A FEW WORDS CONNECTED WITH OPTIMISM.

THE other day we lit upon a passago in Hegel's *Encyclopaedia*,\* so admirably fitted to prevent all misunderstanding in the subject of optimism, so clear, and at the same time so concise, that we resolved to extract and translate it. Here it is:

"Discontented striving vanishes, when we acknowledge that the final purpose of the world is just as much fulfilled, as it is perpetually fulfilling itself. This is, in general, the position of the man, while youth thinks that the world consists of the bad only, and that something totally different must be made out of it. Religious consciousness on the other hand, considers the world as governed by a Divine Providence, and therefore as answering to that, which *should* be. However, this concord between the 'is' and the 'should be' is not a stiff, processless concord; for the good, the final purpose of the world is only, while it perpetually produces, and indeed the difference between the spiritual and natural world consists in this, that while the latter only constantly returns back upon itself, in the former there is certainly—a progress." Part 1. s. 234.

\* A work so called, because it contains a system for arranging the whole sphere of science, and not to be mistaken for an "Encyclopaedia" in the ordinary sense of the word.









Many are disposed to look upon optimism as a senseless refusal to recognise the existence of evil ; to suppose that the optimist is to be confuted by an appeal to his own individual pains and sufferings. It was in this spirit that Voltaire attacked optimism in his famous "Candide"—a work admirable for its wit, humour, and fancy ; but, philosophically considered, an absolute failure. The notion was, that by showering down all sorts of misfortunes upon the heroes of the book, optimism could be brought into contempt. The world could not be the "best of all possible worlds," when Candide and Dr. Pangloss endured such manifold miseries. So meant Voltaire, but he had first to prove that it was for the exclusive benefit of Candide and Dr. Pangloss that the universe was made, and this was out of his power. No being with a set of sensitive nerves doubts the existence of pain in the world, but it does not follow that the philosopher, although he "cannot bear the toothache patiently," should consider the whole course of moral and social improvement checked by the twitch he feels in his maxillary region. These remarks may appear so many trivial truisms ; but when a fallacy lies near the surface, the detector need not plunge deep ; and if he can come off victorious with such a truism as shall make everybody exclaim : "Who did not know that?" so much the better for his cause.

By the way, there are many truisms which, when uttered, mark an advance in knowledge. There are loads of truths lying close to everybody's eyes, and which, when discovered, will seem to have been accessible to everybody, but which, nevertheless, are not seen at present. There are questions which will be answered as soon as put, but nobody thinks of putting them. To know a question is an advance in knowledge, and perhaps there is a greater step to the question, than from the question to its solution. An ordinary book of scholastic logic looks to many as the merest bundle of truisms that pompous pedantry could dignify. If A is B, and B is C, who does not know that A is C ? Yet, ages passed away, and many a dynasty rose and fell, before the form that we call a syllogism was perceived in its present clearness and simplicity. Often are the writings of Plato\* hard to us, not from their profundity, but from a difficulty to adapt ourselves to a certain puerility of reasoning.

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\* The reader is requested not to take this assertion too generally, for there is much—very much in Plato—that is difficult on account of its profundity.

This is a digression : let us go back again to optimism. Following the track so admirably laid down by Hegel, let us declare that optimism must be inseparably associated with the idea of progress. The dead unprogressive state of perfection belongs to the irrational world. The art of the beaver and the bee will furnish instances. Many writers, who wish to be edifying, point with especial admiration to the geometrical regularity of the honey-comb, and will venture to look down slightly upon the works of humanity. This perfection of the bee, as far as it goes, is, in fact, an imperfection. The bee that stung Cupid in the times of paganism, was as far advanced as the bee that hums at the modern cottager's door. The bee knows no progress. It is the higher condition of humanity, not only that it does know progress, but that progress is essential to its being. True it is, that "whatever is, is right," but equally true is it, that much which is right now, will after a time be right no longer.

Helvetius, after beating about for a definition of man, at last hit upon this : "Man is the only being that feels *ennui*." At the first glance this looks like one of the smart, but shallow apophthegms that were so common in the last century, but it is more profound than it seems. It declares that man's characteristic is weariness of a fixed condition ; that he does not stop at a fixed point. Looking at the matter with something of a conventional eye, Helvetius called the quality *ennui*, but the proposition speaks much the same thought as another which sounds more sublime : The Divine idea of humanity is in a state of perpetual realisation.

What a heap of rubbish and fallacy would be annihilated, if once it were clearly seen that movement is man's essential ! Many views which are constantly obtruding themselves would at once cease to exist. A politician reads the history of the middle ages, and comes to the correct conclusion that the ecclesiastical power was a wholesome counterbalance to feudal oppression. But if he goes further, and maintains that because monks and convents were good then, they ought to be revived now, he has crossed the threshold of fallacy. The 13th century was no doubt the best possible 13th century, but it does not follow that it was the best possible 19th. It would be going too far to say that because an institution was right in the 13th century, it was wrong in the 19th, but such an assertion would be more in the direction of truth than the opposite.

It may be observed that such a fallacy as that just mentioned

was never uttered ; that no one would seriously say, that because a thing was right in 1345, it was right in 1845. That is true. No one utters a fallacy in such perfect baldness. A peculiar stratagem of fallacy is, not to appear in the plain form of a proposition, but to clothe itself in a sentimental garb, to talk to the feelings rather than the head. The romantic view of some mediæval epoch will induce many to wish for a return of tournaments and crusades, who would not dare look at their own doctrine, if plainly shown to them. A tournament, for instance, is a pretty thing in letter-press, or in copper-plate, or at Astley's Amphitheatre, but what was it when revived here a few years back ? A mere gewgaw—a strange plant, that had no root in the social soil, but which stuck in it, like a plucked flower in a new flower-pot.

We may perhaps lay it down as a maxim, that any institution that does not involve a fallacy must have grown *out* of its age, and must not be brought *into* it. This is a passing remark, which we may develop on some future occasion.

The poet and romancist should beware of furthering the cause of social fallacy, which they may do with the most harmless intentions. A stirring ballad, representing a state of primitive heroism, may do much in this way, and hence it is best for the poet not to assume too thoroughly the spirit of old chivalry or despotism, or if he does turn ancient minstrel for the nonce, to show that he does it as an artist, not as a man ; that he can lay down the lyre as easily as he took it up.

It is a splendid work of genius to revive the past with all its glories, and to soften some of the dark places ; but let it always be borne in mind that such illustrations should be but like the heads of the kings in the “ History of England,” placed as representing a period, without any notion of resuscitation. All the sphere of nature and History is open to any artist, but let him be cautious as to polemics.

The work of progress often has its difficulties ; it is not all smooth sailing. A steady faith is often necessary to avoid despair. The world's maladies are not always treated with cooling draughts and mild medicaments, but the surgical process is often resorted to, and the anguish may be tremendous. Yet that does not show the case to be desperate. Those who inflicted martyrdom intended to destroy a religion ; but as the matter turned out, they strengthened its bulwarks. The martyr did not look back upon the past, but steadily towards the future.

AN OPTIMIST.

## THE ENGLISHMAN IN PRUSSIA.—No. II.

## THE HOLY COAT AT TRÈVES.

THAT the Caliph Haroun Alraschid is really a matter-of-fact, historical personage, requires a considerable effort for many people seriously to believe, when they call to mind the various "extraordinary" circumstances, in which he plays so conspicuous a part in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments;" but that his name should ever be brought forward as a secure basis whereon to settle a doubtful question of "authenticity," could certainly never have entered the imagination of the majority even of the most courteous readers. Such, however, is the case; and the "Commander of the Faithful" is the sole sponsor for the genuineness of most of those sacred *Christian relics* to which millions of Rhenish Catholics constantly bend the knee with prayer and adoration.

The numerous relics of saints, apostles, martyrs, and other holy persons, preserved in the churches of Rhenish Prussia, seem to be fairly traceable back to the time of Charlemagne, who was crowned Emperor of the West in the year 800. The sacred bits of wood, bones and rags, are undoubtedly a thousand years old. So far, they are genuine,—and valuable. They were all collected by Charlemagne, and the majority came to him directly from the hands of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid. Finding that the devout Emperor set a great value on such things, the friendly and magnanimous caliph took care to supply him with many rare presents. It is not improbable that Giaffir and Mesroun had "standing orders" to procure every extraordinary curiosity of this kind that could be heard of, with any likelihood of its being genuine—or plausible.

The depressed and stupified countenances of the Rhenish peasantry have been in a great measure attributed (in No. I. of this series of papers) to the influence of gross superstition, as their meagre and unenergetic bodily condition has been chiefly attributed to their very poor and insufficient diet. That these opinions have some good foundation may be shown by the evidence of the collateral fact, that the peasantry of the north of Germany are a comparatively fine, handsome, able-bodied race; they are better

fed, and they have none of the gross superstitions so universal in the Rhemish provinces. The established religion of Northern Germany is the Protestant. The political despotism is the same; but not the mental; and, as the peasantry of all countries are unlikely to trouble their heads with politics, the influence is not seen in the expression of their faces, except as it affects their physical condition. It is the despotism over the soul that strikes the deepest marks in the countenance of the Rhemish peasantry.

While alluding to the various objects of the superstitious reverence and idolatry of the people inhabiting the last-mentioned province, and before we proceed to the deplorable sequel of the history of the Pilgrimage to the Holy Coat at Trèves, it may be as well to give the reader a passing glance at a few other relics, now in constant exhibition, in order to show him that the above holy garment is no wonderful exception, or accident of the time, but only a part of a regular system, and that he may see the actual state of intelligence among the working classes at this present day in these most fertile and populous provinces.

The cathedral of Cologne is quite a museum of sacred relics and remains, monuments and muniments, pictures and painted windows; and the church on the Kreuzberg, near Bonn (in the vaults of which lie the mummies of some score of devout monks), has also a very broad marble staircase, in every step of which relics are enshrined behind a small lattice-work of wire, and no one is permitted to ascend or descend, except by walking, or rather crawling, upon his knees. Many other places, rich in possessions of this kind, crowd to our recollection, and would be likely to confuse any attempt to enter upon a few particulars; but, fortunately, a little book is within our reach, written in French, and containing an account of the relics deposited in the cathedral of Aachen (Aix), founded, as was the city itself, by Charlemagne. The relics of one cathedral have a strong family likeness to those of most others, and a peep at the relics in Aix will be the most appropriate, after what has already been said of the friendly munificence of Haroun Alraschid. The title of this little book is sufficiently lengthy and explicit—"Trésor d'Aix-la-Chapelle; ou, courte Description des Saintes Reliques, qui ont été recueillies par le très-glorieux Empereur Charlemagne, et ensuite placées dans la basilique de Notre-Dame d'Aix-la-Chapelle; où elles sont conservées et exposées publiquement tous les sept ans à la vénération des fidèles."



It should be observed, by the way, that these "treasures" of Aix la Chapelle do not consist only of those things sent from Arabia by the "Commander of the Faithful," but many of them were presents from Greek emperors, the Empress Irene, and from Christians in the East, who regarded Charlemagne as their benefactor, he having forwarded considerable sums of money for the relief of those who suffered under the tyranny of the Saracens in the Holy Land. "Knowing, therefore," says the book before us, "his extraordinary piety, and his love for all religious objects, they sent to him from all parts of Palestine, of the East, from Rome, and other parts of Italy, from Africa, and from Spain, the most important *relics*. These he has distributed and placed in different collegiate churches and cathedrals, which he caused to be built, as proved by the letters patent which he granted to these churches. But he had a particular predilection for the church of Notre-Dame in Aix-la-Chapelle, which was the chapel of his court, and he enriched it with the most precious relics." Here are a few of them:—

I. The white robe in which the Holy Virgin was attired in the stable at Bethlehem, when she gave birth to the Saviour; it is of cotton cloth, of about five and a half feet long; *whence we may conclude*, with Nicephorus and Epiphanius, that the Holy Virgin *was tall of stature*.

II. The swaddling clothes, which are spoken of in the 24th chapter of St. Luke. They are of a deep yellow colour, (*d'un drap jaune, très foncé*) as coarse as felt, but woven.

III. The linen upon which St. John the Baptist was decapitated, or rather, in which his body was enveloped and carried away; Matt. xiv. 12; Mark vi. 2). *This linen is all covered with blood.*

The little book from which we quote is declared to be published "avec permission des Supérieurs;" and at the back of the title-page, we read, "Vu, et approuvé par Nous, Aix-la Chapelle, le 15 Mars. Fonck, Vic. grlis." Now, if it be really true that this was published with such permission, and had been seen and approved by the dignitary Fonck, the supervision must have been very slight which could allow the 24th Chapter of Luke to be referred to, instead of the 2nd, (for the 24th refers to the crucifixion!) and the 20th verse of the 6th Chapter of St. Mark, instead of the 29th verse. In any case, this shows that the compilers thought that anything would do for the worshippers of these Treasures. There was no need to be particular.

IV. The linen which was wound round the Saviour on the Cross. The marks of the precious blood *are visible upon it, &c.*

V. A reliquaire (shrine for relics), which contains :—(1). The *point* of one of the nails with which our Saviour was fastened upon the Cross. (2.) A bit of the wood of the Holy Cross, upon which he was crucified. (3.) A tooth of St. Catherine. (4.) The *great bone of one arm of Charlemagne*, from the elbow to the shoulder.

As nearly all the most important of the relics contained in this church were deposited there by Charlemagne, we might be tempted at first to imagine that in a moment of enthusiasm he had sent them this great bone of one of his arms ; it will, however, be more rational, on further consideration, to determine that this relic was collected *for* him, after his death, and placed among the rest by the hands of some devout monks.

Here are a few more, selected from a great variety, all of a similar kind.

IX. Some hair of John the Baptist. A rib of St. Stephen, the first martyr, &c.

XII. A shrine of gold, enriched with unpolished stones, inclosed in which is *a part* of the earth which was sprinkled with the blood of St. Stephen ; also a few of his bones. Upon this shrine the King of the Romans took the usual oath at his coronation.

XIII. A little casket of gold, enriched with jewels, containing a bit of the arm of St. Simeon. Above this casket is an agate phial, containing *some oil which miraculously flowed from the bones of St. Catherine*.

Having ventured to ask a question, in a humble tone, of the devout official who was calling our attention to this relic when visiting the church, he cut short all further colloquy, by observing that “ it was one of the presents of Haroun Alraschid, and was, therefore, of unquestionable authenticity.” The caliph would no doubt have cut off any man’s head in a moment who had attempted to deceive him.

XIV. *The other part* of the arm of Charlemagne, from the hand to the elbow.

We have since learnt that this “ other part ” was sent by Louis XI., King of France, who caused it to be enshrined in 1481.

XVI. A sun enriched with enamels, in which is deposited a bit of the sponge with which they gave our Saviour water upon the cross ; a thorn of the holy crown ; some bones of St. Zacharias, father of John the Baptist ; a tooth of St. Thomas, apostle to the Indies ; some hair of the apostle St. Bartholomew ; &c., &c.

The most important relics are only exhibited in public once

during seven years; the rest are in daily course of display. Chapter iv. of the little book quoted, is thus headed: "*Avec quelle dévotion on doit visiter et honorer les saintes Reliques.*" It contains a variety of prayers, suited to the different relics which are exhibited, and to be used on those occasions. We forbear to quote any of them—and, if the truth must be told—out of respect and reverence, even to the superstition. Whatever there may be absurd and derogatory in these adorations, they nevertheless breathe a tone so sincere, so devout, so full of faith, and often so pathetic, that it is scarcely possible to read them without emotion. And this is equally the case with regard to many of the almost innumerable prayers which have been written for the exhibition of the Holy Coat at Trèves. One of them (we forbear to translate it for the reasons just adduced) thus commences:—

O mein Jesus! Du höchste göttliche Liebe! entzünde mein Herz mit dem Feuer Deiner heiligen Liebe, danke ich Dich meinen Gott unaufhörlich hebe. O liebevoller Erlöser! Du bist für uns am Kreuze in den grossten Leiden gestorben, um uns einen Beweis Deiner Liebe zu geben. Aber ach, wie wenig wirst Du von uns undankbaren Menschen geliebt, &c.

But another passage from one of these (entitled "*Gebete bei der Anschauung des heiligen Rockes*") being of a more exulting, impassioned and profound character, the following translation is offered:—

"Thy holiest name, Jesus, be my light, when my nerves of sight are broken—thy holiest name, Jesus, be enthroned in my heart, when mine ears can hear no more—thy holiest name, Jesus, be in my thoughts, when my tongue grows stiff with coming death; and when, at last, my soul separates itself from my body, then be thy holiest name, Jesus, my last sigh in this world, and my first word on awaking in eternity."

It will, however, be readily understood, that while many of these prayers induce a profound feeling of reverence, to the divine object, *not*, of course, to the article in question), there are many which shock by their gross ignorance, or induce a feeling of the ludicrous. We have seen some of these prayers and addresses containing such expressions as, "*Holy Coat, help us!*"—"Sacred Shirt, envelope our souls!"—"Blessed Frock of our Lord, relieve us of these afflictions!" &c., &c.

The reader being now in full possession of the materials of superstition so deeply and extensively operating at this day throughout the populous provinces of Rhenish Prussia, let us proceed to

the melancholy sequel and consequences of the Pilgrimage to the Holy Garment at Trèves.

The poor people, by tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands, trooped off to Trèves, each according to his means ; some with ample means of sustenance for the time, and conveyance for the journey ; others without sufficient means of any kind, though they had sold all they possessed in order to go. Many stood in absolute need of assistance by the way there, and far many more could never have got back at all without assistance. As it was, the majority of the poorest returned in a most wretched condition—exhausted, thin, ragged, half-starving, and with scarce a shoe to their feet. Yet, for the most part, they came back praying aloud as they slowly staggered and crawled along, so much were they sustained by the fanaticism which possessed them. Many of the oldest died ; but they died rejoicing, and their relations and friends felt their grief alleviated when they recollected it was in such a cause ! How melancholy that all this amount of self-devotion, this sacrifice of all outward and perishable things to an internal principle, should be thus misapplied and wasted ! But governments are all alike in their neglect of the means they possess of turning the elementary principles of humanity into good.

In saying that many of these poor people sold all they possessed in order to make this Pilgrimage, we mean so literally, and including all they had reserved to support them during the winter. One poor man, who was afflicted with sciatica or lumbago, and could not walk, sold his little field and some other things for thirty *thalers*, to be taken as far as possible in a cart. He expected to be completely cured by praying to the holy garment. To his infinite astonishment and misery, and that of all his relations and friends, he returned as ill as he went ! The surprising intelligence having rapidly spread, a shrewdly devout person suggested to him that perhaps the man who had driven the cart might not have been a true Catholic. Inquiry was made. The carter was *not* a true Catholic of the Church of Rome. He was no Catholic at all. The investigation was now carried to the utmost point. The man's father was a Jew ! As for the man himself, he was found to be *nothing* ; but he had Jewish blood in his veins, and this was clearly the reason why the poor sufferer with sciatica had returned without being cured. He called all his remaining energies together, sold whatever remained, borrowed all he could of his poor relatives, and hiring another cart, with an undoubted Catholic

to drive it, performed the Pilgrimage a second time! Need we say he returned as before?—need we record the sad end of this infatuated sufferer?

The money and provisions which the peasantry had reserved to support them during the winter having been thus wasted, thousands of them were soon reduced to a state of want and deplorable wretchedness. If the last winter was hard and of long duration in England, it was far worse in Germany; in fact, there were two winters in immediate sequence, or with only two or three days' interval of sun and thaw, followed by heavy rains. The accumulation of snow in some of the most frequented thoroughfares in several cities and towns was so great that when it hardened and settled down into ice, it formed a superstratum of two feet, and in some places three feet, over the pavement. It is the custom not to remove this till the winter is quite over, the composed Germans sagely reasoning that if they clear their door-ways or the horse-way before the winter is over, they may have to do it a second time! When, therefore, there did at last come a general and final thaw, all this mass of iced snow was converted into a stream of dirty water, with which the streets flowed from one end to the other, in some places the streets being quite impassable without wading directly through. This was the case in Cologne, in Bonn, and more especially in the villages. At this period the condition of the peasantry was most lamentable. Having expended all their means, and therefore being without money, food, sufficient clothing, or fuel, they were in a state of absolute starvation during the prolonged frost, and were only saved from death by individual and public subscriptions. What must the fanatics and impostors among the clergy, who had inflamed the imaginations and passions of the peasantry to undertake that ruinous Pilgrimage—what must they, if they thought at all, have thought of themselves and their preaching, when they witnessed all this misery which they had produced.

But the worst was yet to come. While the general thaw at the close of the winter was covering the streets of the cities and towns with water and slush, it was rapidly at work upon the mountain snows, and the snows on all the hills along the borders of the Rhine, and of the hills beside the rivers in the valleys. A stream of melted snow soon began to flow down into the Rhine from all the neighbouring heights, and this stream soon swelled to a torrent; the ice at the same time began to break up at Mainz (Mayence), Bingen, and Coblenz, and down it all came in huge masses com-



pletely covering all the surface of the broad river, floating rapidly onwards, and with the certainty of never stopping till it reached Holland. Day after day, unceasingly, and throughout the night, did this flowing down of mountain-streams continue, together with the continuous floating down the Rhine of the great flat masses of ice, in one grand and apparently endless succession. It looked as if the winter palace of Time had been broken up, and was being carried away in his accelerated course towards oblivion. The river began to rise, first a few inches in every twenty-four hours—then a foot every night—then a foot and a half—and it overflowed its banks on all sides; till one night it was found to have risen nearly three feet, and the alarm had of course become general. The Rhine had now risen upwards of ten feet, and the country on both sides was under water. All the fields and adjacent villages were under water, and all the streets of the towns that led down to the river. The peasantry were flying in all directions, and as they retreated to the nearest village, it was soon found necessary for the inhabitants of that village to fly also, thus carrying with them an accumulation of terror and distress and starvation, to the next village, the inhabitants of which hourly expected to be under the same necessity for flight.

A few remained whose houses happened to be larger than the rest, and had a floor above the ground-floor, into which some of the family retreated to stand "the siege." But the besiegers were too strong, and as the waters rose, the occupants were again obliged to retreat into the next floor above, if their house had another floor (which only a few in each village generally have) and if it had not, they were compelled to escape in boats. Villages which had previously been seen from the opposite side of the river, standing upon green banks or bright gravelly soil, with rows of trees along the banks at the river's edge, were now only discoverable by the tops of things—little church spires, roofs, chimneys, top stories, tops of trees, &c.: in front all was water, with water all round, and water beyond. The villages on the other side of the river, opposite to Bonn, were more especially in this nearly obliterated position, as observed by the inhabitants from the Alte Zoll, from the high houses, from the high grounds at the back of the town, and from the top of the large gallery of the old windmill in front, which during the whole of one Sunday was thronged with successive crowds of spectators. The remaining inhabitants who were still "holding out" in the second floors of the inundated



villages, were supplied with food by boats from Bonn. It was a common thing at this time to see large boats afloat half-way up two or three of the streets of Bonn, taking in bread from a baker's shop. One of the first of these bread boats was engaged by some English residents, who rowed away forthwith to the inundated villages, plying "in and out" among the roofs and chimneys and other "tops of things" to distribute bread, and relieve in other ways the occupants of upper floors, or other unromantic Venetian situations. The fanatic clergy who had excited the poor to their ruinous Pilgrimage were by no means equally "prominent" on any of these occasions.

The waters soon began to subside, and the warm sun came forth. The Rhine provinces may be said to have no season of spring : winter ends, there are a few warm clearing days, and summer begins. The steam-boats were again on the river, before the inundation was half abated, and ran close along the borders of the still half-submerged villages, in order to gratify the curiosity of passengers. In doing this, however, they produced a long surging swell, which, not being now stopped by banks, or able to expend itself over a space of shallow water, rolled in full force against the upper stories of houses, and the gradually emerging roofs and top windows of cottages, and either deluged the only habitable rooms, or fairly swept off chimneys, gable-ends, and roofings. These cool aggressions being repeated, the habitually imperturbable peasantry were roused by the emergency of the case, and declared they would fire into the next steam-boat that ran so close to the villages. The very next steam-boat, with characteristic indifference, and no sort of belief that so peaceable and stolid an animal as the peasantry of their fatherland could be really excited to any actual violence, did run in as close as the others, "to have a look"—and to the utter astonishment of all the worthy Germans on board, was actually fired upon from one of the upper windows of the village, with a musket charged with gunpowder and a sort of grape-shot of bits of brick and pebbles. The steamer that next followed kept far enough off; in fact, ran so closely along the opposite shores, that many of the inhabitants set up a shout of laughter.

When the inundation was quite gone, the devastation it had committed upon these poor little villages was but too visible;—houses and cottages unroofed, or with the lower parts so injured that they would not be safe to live in, and required to be re-built; many cottages completely "gutted," or with only the upright posts

or piles left standing, and some had been completely swept away. It will be readily understood that these were cases of total loss ; the poor people had no "insurances," nor food, nor money, nor place to lay their heads, nor clothes, nor implements of trade, craft, or husbandry. They were only saved from death by subscriptions which were raised throughout the whole of Prussia, the lists beginning with the King (though the subscriptions actually began with the merchants and other private individuals), and immediately followed by the nobility, army, merchants, English residents, and, indeed, by the principal inhabitants of all the cities and towns, according to their several means.

What must the poor people have thought of such a calamity as this inundation following their recent Pilgrimage to the Holy Coat ? and what must they have thought of its healing and preserving properties, *if their minds had been at liberty to think of the matter.*

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## THE "POOR MAN'S FRIEND."

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HE comes, he comes, his chariot wheels  
 Are flashing in the sun,  
 And everything around reveals  
 Earth's gay and gilded One :  
 The breeze with gentler breathing steals,  
 The very roadway prouder feels,  
 The honor'd dust appears to fly  
 With air of stifling dignity :  
 The cawing rooks suspend their flight,  
 The gnats are dancing with delight,  
 And aged men, whose ragged dress,  
 And air of passive wretchedness,  
 Bespeak them sons of toil,  
 Bow humbly down as past them flies  
 The God of their admiring eyes,  
 The lordling of the soil !  
 While others on the pathway stand  
 With greasy hat in horny hand,  
 And over all there seems to dwell  
 A mute, but strangely mighty spell ;

And on the listening ear,  
 The sounds that float across the plain  
 Condense themselves into a strain  
 Of voices soft and clear,  
 That in a tone seraphic say—  
 Good working folks attend,  
 And fit respect and homage pay,  
 And bless the bright and glorious day  
 That sends across your vulgar way  
 His Grace, the "Poor Man's Friend."

The "Poor Man's Friend" who sallies out  
 With huntsman, hound, and horn,  
 To waken with his Nimrod shout  
 The echoes of the morn :  
 To chase to death the savage hare,  
 Or seek the stalwart fox's lair,  
 To break the hedge, to leap the ditch,  
 And deem it pastime rare and rich,  
 In combat fierce the brush to win,  
 And proud as ancient Paladin,  
 In panoply of armour bright,  
 The guerdon of the gallant fight  
 Triumphantly to bear ;  
 And eye with scorn each peasant vile,  
 As though his presence might defile,  
 His breathing taint the air ;  
 Then placing to his ducal nose  
 The otto choice of Cashmere's rose  
 To bless discerning fate, that he  
 Belongs to no such pottery,  
 Such coarse unsightly clay,  
 For common use alone designed  
 A mere machine without a mind,  
 The pipkin of the day :  
 A thing when lords are fitting by  
 With meekest grace to bend,  
 Created but to steal and lie,  
 To groan and sweat, to starve and die,  
 To dress his soul in livery,  
 And serve the "Poor Man's Friend."

The "Poor Man's Friend," the best of friends,  
 A friend when others fail ;  
 For he the starving poacher sends  
 To banquet in a jail :

To herd with wretches cursed and bann'd  
The very offal of the land,  
The living plague-spots that infect  
The earth with princely mansions deck'd,  
Who still retain their felon maws,  
Despite the wise and lenient laws,  
And beg with brazen hardihood—  
Yes, absolutely beg the food  
Their labour cannot win :  
Away with them, our jails were made  
For such an outcast pauper grade,  
In with the wretches, in.  
To bless the crust by jailers giv'n  
As though 'twere manna sent from heaven,  
While he, the "Poor Man's Friend" may glide  
Through royal rooms, with honest pride  
An angel in disguise,  
So deck'd with stars, the gazer might  
Imagine he had left his bright  
Apartments in the skies :  
And that to earth alone he came  
A grace to earth to lend,  
And give that most serene and tame  
And meek and modest maiden, Fame,  
A chance to trumpet forth his name,  
And shout "The Poor Man's Friend."  
The "Poor Man's Friend" who proudly stands  
Where gather'd densely round  
The lords of funds, and lords of lands  
With aspect most profound,  
Assemble for a nation's weal,  
And "learn to feel what wretches feel,"  
Until their hearts with pity bleed  
At contemplating pauper need,  
Maintaining still their golden plan,  
To bless and save their fellow man,  
Which cannot fail of being right  
While taxing heav'n's own blessed light  
And taxing heav'n-sent food,  
And building union prisons strong  
To gather all the pauper throng  
In one huge brotherhood,  
And guarding with religious care  
The sacred birds that skim the air.  
  
And proud this velvet lord must be,  
This concentrated charity,

This Moloch of the west,  
 A sainted thing o'er earth to roam,  
 A lump of living honeycomb,  
 All blessing and all blest:  
 His name through every heart must steal,  
 And peace and comfort send  
 To happy Englishmen, who feel  
 A grateful throb at every meal,  
 And night and morning humbly kneel  
 And bless the "Poor Man's Friend."

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## PINE APPLE SHOT!

A FACT AND A FANCY.

BY PAUL BELL.

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Give every man his *dessert*, and who shall 'scape whipping?  
*New reading of an Old Quotation.*

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WHAT an odd list of claims to distinction might be made out, by a person curious in the Anatomy of Gentility! Gentleman Smith, as any stage story-teller will corroborate, was wont to pride himself on never having gone down through a trap!—T' other evening I paid a visit to a couple of old neighbours, who married at maturity and were blessed by the arrival of their "olive branch" some years later. It was hard to pay the expected compliment, to such a little fat formal creature—an aged woman on two short legs, as the Mackreth's offspring. But I was not called upon; the fond mother did it herself: "A dear English child she is, Mr. Bell," said that wise woman, with a little tear of pride, "She won't learn any language but her own!" I remember the days when the relations of a man who had escaped from a French prison, gave themselves airs for many a long year on that account, till their next door neighbour's brother-in-law happened to pick up the poor Princess Charlotte's handkerchief, which, of course, snuffed out their pretensions completely and for ever. You Londoners, Sir, have no idea of *what makes a Somebody*, and why, in country towns. Going to and fro a good deal, as I have done of late,—and remembering the things I have seen and heard, during the last forty years, however, has made me able to speak to the

point. And odd are the thoughts, I promise you, which sometimes come into my mind, as I sit snugly leaning back in the corner of one of the railway carriages; unable to talk or look about me, because of the dinning noise and the lightning speed, and reflected upon, which happened only last week, when I was supposed to be asleep, "as one of the sort of persons *we* never used to be brought into contact with." The speaker was a great lady, whose notions of intercourse had not got beyond Sir Charles Grandison's coach and six, and "his Byron's" sedan-chair.

"Ay," thought I to myself, "Steam *does* make one acquainted with odd things!" and then I remembered a scene I had heard described; when dining out one day, in Doughty Street, by one of those writers we used, when I was young, to be rather afraid of asking to dine with us, in towns where business is business. He, it seems, had crossed to Antwerp one summer, in the same packet with a lady whose name you all know—Miss Fanny Kemble that was. They had arrived there in the midst of the *Kirmesse* (the third week in August); when the old town is full of the old Flemish dresses. The high lace caps of the women, with their long lappet-like ears, so enchanted Mrs. —, that she bought one there and then, and came down in it to dinner at the *table d'hôte*. (Much as if a French lady were to choose to walk about London in the beaver hat and blue cloak of one of Rebecca's daughters: but that is neither here nor there.) Well, to be sure, every one was looking at the Englishwoman, and wondering who she was; and the next morning, when my friend got into the railway train for Brussels, a daisy-faced little German lady, who could hold no longer, and had seen the two speaking to each other, "begged to ask him the name of the wearer of the cap." She was soon told; and the answer was precious to her, for the Germans, his Royal Highness the Prince not excepted, I dare say, have a passion for English drama and English actors, and the niece of the Siddons, and the last of the Juliets, was as well known by name at Dresden as at Daventry. But on the other side of my friend sate another figure—a Beguine: a comely woman she was, with her clear oak-brown complexion, and her spotlessly-white linen headgear; and her pious hands folded on the crook of her pousy black umbrella. At first she sate like a statue, looking down; content with her own good thoughts (yet I have heard English single women say very wicked things of those like her); but the literary gentleman was aware, he said; that as the talk went on,



the corners of the placid mouth began to twitch and to twirl, as if the world was working there, and then the mirth settled into a broad smile, and the head fairly raised itself, and the meek, dark-brown eyes set themselves with *such* a curiosity on the face of the German lady who asked, and the Englishman who answered, about the wearer of that Antwerp cap. She "had heard the chimes at midnight too!" She too knew the word of power. And think you the refectory was not the better for her ride? I don't wonder that the Pope has a spite against those railroads.

Well, but I am doing anything rather than travelling *first-class* fashion to the point I want to reach—Distinction: or, as poor Hood used to say, "where one puts one's *dig*." When talking of our country neighbours, I can never forget the Pratts, of Pratt Park; an example, if there ever was one, of a reputation oddly built up. They were known throughout the country. Not for birth; as some one said, "there were so many bends in their escutcheon, that the line of ancestry got out of sight and no one could find it." Not for beauty; both he and she were plain and pale, and if I were to add, platter-faced, it would be no scandal. Not for wealth; they were reasonably well off, nothing more; and it was always given out that they had not much to spare for charity. Not for talent; Mr. Pratt's "*Just so*," came as often wrong as right, and his lady is the person (though the anecdote has been given to more than one) who said, "she could not read the Scott novels, they were so low-lived!" About their virtue I would rather not speak, having an objection to pronounce on my neighbours. The Pratts' reputation was neither "up" nor "down" in that respect. Let us hope that they were not worse than the rest of us. Their place, too, was nothing particular; a square brick house, with doors that shut and chimneys that drew, in a very sufficient park, neither beautiful nor ancient; but belonging to it was the strong point of the Pratts—their Pinery!

You must have lived in the country, I say, to conceive the everlastingness of such a topic as this. Nay, too, and its value. I for one would far sooner have heard Mr. Pratt talk of pine-apples than politics. One might learn something on that subject. He and his wife were urbane, as all distinguished people should be. Every new stove, every new species, Mr. Knight's discovery of turf in pots, Mr. Loudon's suggestions for the economising of fuel, had been one and all anticipated at Pratt Park, to hear them tell the tale. The Horticultural Society had taken its rise from a case

of unsuccessful rivalry betwixt them and the Potters : " a good sort of people, who had since wisely confined their attention to pippins." The great glass-house, at Chatsworth, had been originally intended to demolish their " crowns of glory ;" " but the Duke, like a sensible man, had looked into matters for himself, &c., &c." For results ; a Brobdignag specimen had been ripened up to the hour of her Majesty's coronation dinner ; the Emperor of all the Brutes " had taken one home with him," in token whereof a malachite vaso was a few months after seen in the great forcing-house. During the forty-two strikes and turns-out, " the neighbours had come forward very properly ; there were some institutions it was agreeable to see, which persons of all parties still agreed in supporting—privileges only at command of old-established tan-pits, which new people's money could not buy ; for you know," was Mrs. Pratt's perpetual winding up, " it is a fruit which never can become common. A present of one is a present ; and ours, people are good enough to say, are peculiarly well-grown ; not, however, that I am a judge—Mr. Pratt is, I believe."

Happy mortals in their stronghold of pride, to have one thing of their own in itself a rare luxury, which they had carried to the highest perfection ! One may buy a waterfall. (I knew a man who did, and was arrested because he never paid for its being set up in his park.) One may even remove old trees ; Sir Harry Stewart has taught that trick to the upstarts who have no delicacy, and wish to have " as umbrageous a shade," to speak in the language of the Robins, as persons who have long been settled ; but to vie with the Pines of Pratt Park was religiously believed to be impossible throughout — shire.

But, well a-day ! Time, the improver, who hath made strawberries two mouthfuls big, and the " little, old-fashioned, rough, red gooseberry," into a load for a child's hand—Time, thanks to whom, roses are now counted by thousands, and heartseases by the tens of thousands—turns Pratts old, though he aggravates their treasures to a bulk I should be afraid to mention. The lord and the lady of the park began to wane, owned themselves " to be not what they had been," and in spite of the wondrous speed of the age we are living in, to feel their chariot wheels drive heavily. I must not say they *pined*, because that with them would have meant that they waxed heavier and heavier, rounder and rounder. But their eyes grew dim, making it difficult for them any longer to read the papers ; their old neighbours began to drop through the pitfalls of

Mrs. Pratt's bridge: and the great houses round about them to remain untouched save one or two persons which were taken by cotton-birds, when it was a year or two since they were in the neighbourhood. I'd about the year 1810, been raised from church and market, race and festival, for some time when about the year 1810, I was struck, on entering the yard of the ———— by the sight of a tiny, elderly gentleman in white, followed by a stout servant bearing a large basket. Himself I should not have recognized — it seems to me now as if everybody shrinks up so, when they get into years — but who could mistake that noble, rich colour? Had not the face been devoted to follow the nose, by something like the crown of a canopy, which peered out with a sort of princely nonchalance, from among the folds of the dress-paper, which was laid over the respectable? It was Mrs. Pratt on her way to London: — the first time she had started out since her loss, with an offering for the dear little princes and princesses — one a piece. "She knew that everything had been sadly neglected of late, but she believed they were still equal to that at the park." And she mounted alone, into her bottle-green chaise, and drew down two blades; while her maid and man, the latter with his gorgeous burden, cast in their lot with us less aristocratic passengers.

Desirous as I am of keeping pace with my species — which means, as some one has ingeniously stated it, knowing all the concerns of one's neighbours — I became, as usual, presently, too stupid, to report clearly the conversation which went on; in which "poor dear master's end, who went off so like a lamb," and "the bed in the west house," and "mistress's mourning," and "black Jamaica," were so oddly jumbled, that I scarce knew where the grief ended and where the gardening began. But I could gather that Mr. Pratt's disconsolate relict had, after some months of seclusion and sorrow, been prevailed upon "to rouse herself, and to go into the houses again;" and that, some gleams of the ancient spirit reviving in her, she had determined, with the romance of age (for age hath a romance, which lingers behind — as youth's goes before — its time) to attempt a pilgrimage to Babylon — to see the royal children, with her present in her lap — secure, dear woman, of thanks and civilities — the ordinary fare of those who approach our gracious Queen and her consort, with courtesy and service! For in feeling and sense of obligation, poor Mistress Pratt was still at the respectable days of George the Third, and Miss Burney's "sweet" Queen Charlotte. The rail

road, it is true, was an intrusion on her ideas of propriety, there was no denying that ; but she could sit in her own carriage ! Somewhat quaint, by the way, if not rickety, was the vehicle ; spectral and dowager-like was its appearance on the truck, and disparaging the comments lavished on it, at Nine Elms, by the loungers who watched the post-boy attach his horses to it, and watched lady, man, maid, pug, caps, and pine-apples, rattle out of the yard in quest of a quiet hotel in Jermyn Street.

I, too, was bound St. James'-ward—in one of her Majesty's carriages, No. 1028—and according to Mr. Harrison's usual doings, was not distanced in my humble hackney conveyance, by the vehicle which had so often struck awe into the hearts of timid pretenders to gentility in the country. Up Abingdon Street and Whitehall we sped, past those perplexing signs of amelioration and national gratitude, the fountains and the pillar in Trafalgar Square, and I was wondering how the desolate old lady would accustom herself to such a waste of water, such an audacity of stone, when I perceived the tremulous bottle-green machine give two or three spasmodic jerks, and then, after a little furious plunging on the part of the horses, fairly break down. A crowd of people scrambling round a cart had scared the horses, and the Pratt equipage was not robust enough to stand any scaring. Nor was its mistress. She was extricated through one of the windows insensible. It appeared that her nerves were cruelly shaken. Could you have guessed it ? Her chaise had run into a New Providence cart, with the tempting and strange cry—"PINE APPLES ! NEW PROVIDENCE PINES ! A PENNY A SLICE !" She had seen it—heard it—smelt it,—no, *not* tasted it ! That uneasy resolution to go up to London and "pay her duty," had, then, been but a rushing to her doom !

Shaken, astounded, and with the feeling that she had no longer a Mr. Pratt to take her part, and that had *he* been alive such things could not have happened, the poor little lady spoke not much more in this world. Some words she was heard to murmur, about the "French Revolution," "the market gardeners," and "that this world was no longer a place for old families to live in," "the Luddites would have her earrings out of her ears, she supposed, next—and her gold watch." Then she added, more faintly, something signifying "readiness to be cut," hoped "that the new secession-house would be of the right temperature," quivered a little, feebly, in the chair she was placed in, and



departed ! “ *Died.*” ought to have been the coroner’s verdict, of a discharge of “ *Pine Apple Shot!*”

I turned away from the broken old chaise, and the deceased old gentlewoman, grieved at the abrupt catastrophe ; for she had done little ill in her day but with the feeling of one who has seen a vision ; the last onslaught of Intercourse and Enterprise, into the strongholds of the exclusive of the earth. The knell of the ancient gentlewoman is told ! Post-chaises are crumbling, and pine-apples sold in the streets for a penny a slice !

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### THE CHILD AND THE CRIMINAL.

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THE AGRICULTURAL COLONY OF METTRAY, NEAR TOURS, IN FRANCE,  
FOR THE MORAL AND PHYSICAL RECOVERY OF YOUNG DELINQUENTS.

THE benevolent efforts of those who are striving to improve the physical and moral condition of the youthful culprit, may find encouragement and assistance in an account of the agricultural colony of Mettray, near Tours, in France, founded five years ago, for the moral training of boys convicted of crime. This colony has become the parent of similar institutions in various parts of France for children of both sexes. The following account is supplied upon the authority of one who visited the colony last summer, and there saw the regeneration of young offenders effected by mildest means. Instead of confinement, he saw perfect liberty ; instead of the unwholesome and stupifying labour of the tread-mill, there were the invigorating and instructive occupations of agriculture. No boarding-school, composed of the most favourably circumstanced children could exhibit a picture of better order, conduct, or feeling, than was shown in this colony.

These astonishing and delightful results may be traced to the following causes. First, the devotedness and energy of Messieurs De Metz and De Brétignères, who have cheerfully sacrificed every other employment, and have taken up their abode in a remote country district, in order to promote the welfare of those children, whom example or ignorance has led astray : secondly, their locating the colony away from large towns and manufactures, in a fertile agricultural district, where the children can be

employed in husbandry, or in the trades connected with it, which do not require the neighbourhood of large towns: thirdly, their constant endeavour to cultivate, by a persevering appeal to the better feelings of our nature, a sense of honour and duty towards God and our fellow-creatures: fourthly, the means devised to awaken those domestic affections, which in most, if not all of these children, have been either totally neglected or cruelly perverted. So, instead of congregating them in one large edifice, and subjecting them to a rigid military discipline, they are divided into separate sections, called families, of about twelve or twenty members, occupying separate buildings, under the superintendence of a Head, called the Father of the Family, who is assisted in his duties by one of their own number, elected every month by themselves, under the title of Eldest Brother. The system of family training begins, as far as practicable, even before the arrival of the child at the colony, and continues long after his departure. The Directors themselves fetch the children from the prisons. A few days' travelling shows their real character more than months spent in the usual intercourse of common life. During the journey the Directors converse with the new colonists, and allow them freely to communicate with each other, and thus they obtain some insight into their hearts and minds. When arrived at the colony, the children are distributed among the various families, in order to lessen the evil of their influence, and to prepare them, by the example and good advice of their new comrades, to submit to the discipline and to receive with docility the instructions of their superiors. And, finally, when their time is out, care is taken to place them in country situations, where they cannot be exposed to undue temptation. There the paternal solicitude of the Directors still watches over them: reports of their conduct are regularly transmitted to the colony, and read to their former companions, who are thus inspired with the hope that their own names may one day be read with approbation, and that their conduct may reflect credit on themselves and on the colony.

Now, why should such an experiment be less successful in England than in France? Is religious feeling more utterly lost by our criminal population? Has domestic love less sway, or is the susceptibility of kindness less prevalent among the young outcasts of society *here* than among similar offenders *there*? It has been proved that at the Warwick County Asylum it is possible to reform to the extent of 56 per cent.; whilst Mettray, by adopting



a system of agricultural colonies, shows a proportion of 82 per cent.

When, in 1839, two French noblemen, Messieurs De Metz and Brétignères de Courteille, the founders of Mettray, conceived the project of removing young prisoners from the baneful influence of older associates and from the unwholesome atmosphere and sedentary occupations of common prisons; most people, remembering the disappointments which other reformers had experienced, predicted an utter failure. It seemed a rash experiment to attempt, without the help of any coercive means, to keep a large body of boys in strict order and constant labour; especially children whom the demoralising effects of a vagrant life must have rendered impatient of every kind of rule and restraint. It was anticipated that, on their liberation from prison, they would at once return to their former habits, with so much the more eagerness, as they had been longer deprived of liberty.

These forebodings have not been realised. The agricultural colony of Mettray is no longer a theory; it has become, and successfully so, a reality.

The healthy occupations and homely diet of the colony have eradicated disease from the children, who entered it wan and emaciated beings. The hypocritical humility of former looks has given place to becoming confidence, indicating a regenerated and unburdened conscience. Whilst appeals to the intelligence and conscience of individuals have not been neglected, means have been devised to form a collective and individual conscience. The colonists have been, as it were, fused into one body, the honour of which is placed under the guardianship of one common interest. The children find that the title of Colonist washes away the stain of condemnation, and that it will restore them spotless to society; but that this can only be on condition that the name of Mettray shall remain unblemished. When they leave the colony, they know that its eye follows them wherever they go, and that a report of their conduct will be listened to by their former associates. This knowledge helps to keep them in the path of duty. The dread of having their name disgraced before their comrades, and of casting a stain on the asylum that gave them shelter, is a continual check upon any bad impulse.

The first thing done, upon the arrival of an offender at the establishment, is to study his disposition, in order to determine the mode of treatment best suited to his individual case. From the

information obtained respecting some of the children, and the questions asked them upon their admission to the colony, it appeared that many of them from their earliest years were used to beg; that they were ill clothed, ill fed, and without any parental care; and that their parents made a traffic of their wretchedness, and often employed them as instruments of theft.

From the foundation of the colony, in 1840, to Jan. 1, 1843, 241 members had been admitted. Of these, there were 32 natural children, 34 whose parents had married twice, 51 whose parents were in prison, 124 whose parents had never been tried for any offence, but were plunged in the deepest poverty. The number of criminal parents enables us to form an estimate of the kind of education which the children must have received under such instructors. Second marriages are often productive of fatal consequences among the working classes. The step-father or step-mother looks on the child of a former marriage as a burden to the family and a continual source of discord. He is the object of abuse and bad usage; he feels himself to be a thing of hatred to his family; he leaves his home. Impelled by hunger, he begs or steals, and so is often lost.

The physical condition of these poor children was not the least cause of anxiety. Most of them derived their existence from sources so impure that their blood was vitiated even from their birth; and their subsequent mode of life only served to aggravate those morbid tendencies. At the time of their admission, the children were all more or less scrofulous. The Mettray discipline, however, has so improved them, that, excepting a few who had been entered in an almost hopeless state of disease, their health has undergone a complete transformation.

The founders are constantly striving to awaken in the children a sense of philanthropy and a love of domestic associations. They feel that to complete the work of moral regeneration, it is necessary to restore to the forsaken family habits and affections. They believe that there is no possible, or at least no lasting moralisation, without a yearning for home and family affections. This is aimed at by the division of the colony into sections of twenty children, called a family, living in separate houses, in each of which, under the endearing names of Father and Elder Brother, are chiefs, exercising an authority altogether based upon affection and persuasion. The parents of seventy of these children are now undergoing imprisonment for various crimes. The Directors being

thus compelled to make the boys forget their real family, have created for them another, —artificial, it is true, but displaying an affectionate solicitude for their welfare, altogether strange to them in their former homes. Thus when a child is apprenticed at one of the neighbouring farms, he comes every Sunday to the colony, provided his employers are satisfied with him. He spends the day with his comrades, and renews his moral strength under the guidance of the Directors. At meal-times he sits at the common table. If he be ill, he is sent for and nursed until he recovers. But, to renew in children a love of home, it is not sufficient to show to them parental solicitude; it is necessary to exhibit to them, as it were, home in a tangible shape; therefore, each family or section is located in a separate dwelling with its dependencies. These houses are built by the children themselves: each one consists of two stories, dividing the elder from the younger members.

To train the colonists to a rural life, and to make them love it is one of the great objects of the institution. To make of them ignorant labourers would fall far short of the objects of Mettray; it would create little love for rural life were nought of agriculture shown to them, save its hardships. It must be propounded to them under its real aspect; their minds and hearts must be interested. With this view it is that courses of theoretical agriculture are given, in simple and familiar language. The natural phenomena of the earth are described to them, and these are so much the more interesting, as they arise and develop themselves under their own eyes: nor is the opportunity neglected of laying before them the elementary notions of the sciences which throw light upon that of agriculture. And would it be unreasonable to hope that this nursery of good practical agriculturists will one day exercise a beneficial influence over rural districts to which they will convey improved notions, or at least good practical knowledge; and would it not give a pleasant heart-throb to see those very children who have hitherto been a blot on society, contributing one day to its wealth and prosperity?

The colony, now in the fifth year of its existence, presents an appearance of most perfect order. The moment the children alight from the prison-van, they see and feel that they have become prisoners on parole. This is so true, that one boy, who twice, at the risk of his life, had attempted to escape from the penitentiary, being asked why he did not think of running away from Mettray when his work was so much harder, he replied,

"Because at Mettray there are no walls." The records of each boy's conduct show a regularly decreasing proportion of punishment incurred. A book is kept in each house by the Head, with all the exactness of a log-book, in which are recorded the slightest violations of discipline, or even tendencies to bad conduct. At the end of every month, the punishments undergone are summed up, and carried to the moral account of each, and it is a remarkable and encouraging fact, that there never is in any family more than a fourth of the inmates inscribed in the book. This proportion seldom varies beyond one or two on either side, showing how nearly equal is the standard of morality throughout the entire colony. The tablet of honour renewed every three months, gives an additional moral thermometer of the colony. In June 1843, it contained eighty-nine names: ten for the first time, sixteen for the second time, fourteen for the third time, five for the fourth time, eleven for the fifth time, twelve for the sixth time, six for the seventh time, five for the eighth time, three for the ninth time, four for the tenth time, and three for the eleventh time. This shows that the children had incurred no punishment for three, six, nine, twelve, &c months. A few names only had been erased, being those of boys, who had committed some fault during the last quarter. In the report for 1844, it is stated, that during the preceding year, out of ninety-three inscribed, fifteen only per quarter, or five every month, have been erased for misconduct. There were 133 altogether inscribed in the course of the year; a considerable proportion considering the sudden increase of the colony, as the last comers could not yet have reached the period of the requisite ordeal. This proves how satisfactory is the moral state of the colony, the members having increased to upwards of 300, without impairing the moral health of the community.

The Directors have been faithfully seconded by the various officers of the establishment. These worthy young men, trained by themselves, have proved affectionate, intelligent, and devoted pupils and agents. Although sprung from good families, they do not think it disgraceful to wear the coarse linen dress, and the straw hat and the wooden clogs, which constitute the uniform throughout the colony. Their lives are spent in humble devotedness to duty. The eldest brothers elected every month by their comrades, have, for the most part, shown aptitude and discernment. Their co-operation materially contributes to the welfare of the colony, and the functions which they exercise have a powerful



means of reformation to themselves. The Directors are cognizant of the most trivial circumstance that happens whether in play-hours or work-time, since the eldest brothers live in the midst of their companions. The Eldest Brother wears round his arm a badge, and is thus invested with an official character: his business is to prevent the necessity for punishments; he has no right to inflict any, but he reports offences, and by so doing, he only discharges the trust committed to him by his companions, who for that reason suffer the consequences of their misdemeanor without a murmur. These elections powerfully reveal the spirit and tendency of each family. If in any one there lurked a spirit of resistance to discipline, the children would naturally elect those whom they fancied best disposed to second their designs; but ever since the election of the Brothers has been intrusted to the children themselves, not one election has taken place which could not be confirmed. The worthiest has always been chosen.

The children are employed in the fields and gardens; they work at road making, quarrying and building. There are no farm servants, the colonists do all the work. Each section of field labourers is composed of twelve colonists superintended by a foreman: that is, by good gardeners, ploughmen, vine-dressers, road engineers, &c., who teach the children under them their business. Each boy has his task assigned him: and being alone responsible for his work he cannot lay on his companions the blame of ill-performed labour. And so, courage and activity are stimulated, and temptations to idling removed, giving place to a worthy love of industry.

As the colony is to find all its resources within itself, and as sedentary occupations are necessary for bad weather, there are workshops for blacksmiths, joiners, rope-makers, tailors, basket-makers, wheel-wrights, &c., whose occupations are superintended by properly qualified foremen.

The children work at the harvest with great ardour: they are delighted to see the fruits of their spring labour. "See," said one day one of them, lifting a heavy sheaf, "oh! if my mother had that!" An ungrateful soil, a scanty crop, paralyses even the most active and vigorous arms. How much more then would it discourage the child who has been accustomed to look upon labour with a feeling of detestation, or the idle vagrant town child whose habits and taste have shown agriculture to him as a miserable occupation. Agriculture must be taught under its most

inviting aspect if that aversion is to be removed. Among the children who enter Mettray, there are some ready formed workmen who have acquired some skill in sedentary employments; these it would be vain to make husbandmen of.

To stimulate the industry and activity of the young workmen, they compete for prizes. Every month the winners are declared by the children themselves, under the superintendence, and with the sanction of the foreman.

The different offices and the laborious duties of the establishment are performed by the colonists, who have shown themselves worthy of confidence. They work in orchards, the trees of which are loaded with fruit, without ever meddling with it. The bakehouse is attended to by two boys, who work, so to say, day and night with exemplary faithfulness. The cooking is done by two others, who, even in winter, are up at four, A.M. The duties of the infirmary are discharged by two more boys, under the direction of a Sister of Charity.

The family classes for reading, writing, and arithmetic, are examined together once a week. The meeting of all the families in the same hall then becomes a real solemnity, and stimulates emulation without creating envy. The head-teacher inspects the families separately, directs their studies, giving praise where praise is due. On Sunday the boys practise gymnastics for two hours. After divine service, the chaplain catechises the children assembled in the hall. One of the directors then gives them a course of practical morality, free from anything abstract or metaphysical, all the people employed in the colony being present.

An immense advantage has been derived from vocal music; it contributes to good order; it serves to prevent conversation during the different movements of the classes, and it fixes good thoughts in the memories of the children.

In general the colonists are found humane and sympathising. The following fact may speak strongly of their good feeling.—Recently, one of them having yielded to the bad advice of one of the foremen, a stranger who happened to be employed in the colony, he was condemned to solitary confinement. When he was liberated, he was told that the workman had been dismissed, and that he and his family were perhaps without bread. “Let the little I have be given to him,” said he with much feeling. When one of their comrades is dangerously ill they are all so anxious to sit up with him, that permission to fulfil this painful duty has to



be granted as a reward. The organ of the chapel is played by a young blind boy, whose infirmity has excited the sympathy of all the children. One of them was heard to say, "I would willingly give two of my fingers to restore his two eyes." Another circumstance will further prove their sensibility. For the first time since the foundation of the colony, to which 143 children had been admitted during the first year, one of them died. This loss was made still more painful by the gentleness, piety, and resignation of the poor child. Already labouring under fatal disease when he entered the colony, he did not once leave the sick ward during the fortnight he spent at Mettray. A few moments before his death, he said, "What a pity it is to have to leave the colony so soon!" Being too weak to rise in the bed, he begged the father of the family to which he belonged, and who had sat up with him the whole night, to stoop down to him. He kissed him, thanking him for his kindness; and his last words were words of repentance and gratitude. The words pronounced by the side of the grave made a powerful impression on the children, who were all present, nor was there one who did not shed a tear over his departed companion. The eldest brother of the family to which the deceased belonged, is intrusted with the care of keeping the grass fresh and green over his comrade's grave.

The love of a vagrant life, the natural results of the early habits of the children, has been a source of great anxiety to the Directors. Nevertheless, only three attempts to escape took place during the first year, and all unsuccessfully. The fugitives were all brought back to the colony the day they attempted to retreat, or the following morning. Two of the deserters were immediately taken back from the colony to the prison whence they had come. The third, who had given up his plan almost as soon as he had begun to put it into execution, seemed deserving of more indulgence. It was agreed to keep him, on condition of his submitting to three months of solitary confinement, to which he was condemned by his comrades. Certain faults are tried by the children, who usually show themselves very severe. The Directors have reserved to themselves the right of diminishing the punishment when it seems excessive.

The words "God sees you" are inscribed almost on every wall, to remind the colonists that, if it be possible to elude the vigilance of men, there is no hiding-place, no retreat that can hide them from God.

Before inflicting any punishment, recourse is had to a preliminary measure. If it be wished that punishment should produce a salutary effect, he on whom it is inflicted, must accept it with resignation—he must be the first to acknowledge that he has deserved it. In order to obtain this conviction, the sentence must be pronounced with calmness and gentleness ; it must be dictated by the strictest justice, and by that power of reason which, whilst commanding, must convince. Again, both he who inflicts and he who suffers the punishment, must be calm. It is impossible that these conditions can be present at the very moment a man is under the influence of indignation inspired by any serious delinquency. Therefore the under-masters are desired, when they have reason to complain of a child, to send him to the parlour. This prejudges nothing ; and so time is afforded to inquire into his previous conduct and present offence. During this delay, the offender becomes collected, the master cools, the Directors and he can reflect and consult together, and their decision being thus given with full knowledge of the facts, and with perfect calmness, there is more certainty of doing justice to the accuser and the accused.

The visits of the venerable chaplain are always expected with impatience. His presence is felt as a blessing, and the boy's conversation with him in his cell, naturally becomes a confession. The child feels the avowal of his faults to be a relief to his conscience. Whilst under solitary confinement, the children also receive lessons from their teacher. Solitude is found to render occupation so necessary, that when it seems desirable to increase the severity of the punishment, all means of employment are denied.

In 1844, out of ninety children who had got situations, seventy-nine had given entire satisfaction ; six were behaving tolerably ; four committed acts of delinquency ; one is accused, but has not yet been tried.

It is right to mention that three of the unhappy children, who have disappointed the hopes of the Directors, had obtained town situations. A list is hung up in the hall containing : 1st. The names of the colonists who are serving their apprenticeship—secondly, the names and place of residence of their masters ; and thirdly, the reports transmitted every six months of their industry and good conduct. When a child is about to leave the colony, he is brought before that list, and told that he must strive to deserve to have his name honourably mentioned in it ; that he is bound in honour so to do, since, in exchange for the cares lavished on him,

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nothing more is asked of him than to behave well. He is reminded that, if he should disappoint these hopes and expectations, the shame would not fall on him alone, but upon the whole colony; that he would thus stain the good name of those whom he long called his brothers, and from whom he had received every care and affection. He who does wrong is blamed and despised by his companions. Some time ago, they compelled one of their comrades, who had done something wrong, to return a book which he had received as a reward. Another time, one of the children had reported some fault committed in the sick-ward. When the Directors were afterwards trying to find the informant, a child stood up from amongst his comrades and said aloud: "It was I! I am not ashamed to own it." Another circumstance which speaks well of the good spirit of the colonists, is that, when a serious fault has been committed by one of them, all play immediately ceases; every one becomes silent, and for several days, not the least violation of discipline takes place.

The sanitary state of the colony is good. The system is strengthening the impoverished constitutions, and making of wan and emaciated children, healthy and robust youths. The uniform which they wear is of extreme simplicity; and calculated to afford them great freedom of action, and thus to promote the growth of their physical powers. Without being *outré*, it is remarkable enough to point out the colonists to public notice, in case of escape; for it must not be forgotten that they enjoy entire liberty.

For their sleeping accommodation, the most economical contrivance has been adopted, viz., hammocks. They take up little room, and are least likely to allow talking. The children sleep alternately with their heads and their feet to the wall, so as to make all conversation still more difficult. The cells for punishment are intended to combine the advantages of confinement with the power of being present at divine service. They are behind the chapel, the altar of which is very high; and, by keeping the doors of the cells half open, the prisoner kneeling on the threshold may see the officiating priest, without being seen by his comrades. A hook fixes the door so as to prevent the passage of the body: After divine service, the communication between the cells and the chapel ceases. The walls of the chapel are covered with moral and religious sentences, the songs repeat the same sentiments: lessons, conversations, all tend to the same object. The child

must be placed in so new a world—in so pure an atmosphere as to be regenerated in spite of himself, by his own impulses, and by the irresistible ascendancy of good example ; which happily becomes, in time, almost as contagious as vice.

The founders of Mettray have sheltered children who would have been else cast off as worthless and wicked things. They have snatched from evil a population the world condemned too hastily. Thus, that numerous portion of youthful population, which a sort of fatality foredooms to corruption, will be restored to society worthy members of it.

To provide similar institutions is therefore not merely desirable and expedient, it is a holy duty we have to discharge towards our less fortunate fellow-creatures—a reparation for a great wrong committed against the weakest and most wretched class of society.

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## CHATS WORTH.

A FRAGMENT.

### THE STATUE GALLERY.

THE Palace of the Peake's a haunted place !  
 Where'er you turn you cannot be alone ;  
 You feel a presence near—a wondrous grace,  
 That clings about the chisel'd wood and stone ;  
 You hear a gentle voice that bids you on !\*  
 At every step of kindly welcome telling,  
 'Till threadbare Poverty's faint heart is gone,  
 And like a king he strides about the dwelling.

The présence still is near. The unlettered hind,  
 That at the portal stood agape with dread,  
 Familiar grows with the pervading mind,  
 And claims a kindred with the immortal dead ;  
 His toil-bound thoughts are loosened from their thralls,  
 The bonds by gentle sympathies are broken,  
 A wakening spirit to his spirit calls,  
 And then they commune, though no word be spoken.

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\* Chatsworth is open to the public without any distinction of person.

The presence still is near. The aspiring youth  
 That, beauty-haunted, pines to shape his dream,  
 Yet fears the vision that to him is truth  
 To others will an idle mockery seem,  
 Grows hopeful seeing his adorèd art  
 Is made of every place the crowning glory,  
 And feels that even he may claim a part  
 Hereafter in his country's honoured story.

The presence still is near. Each marble form  
 Embodies mem'ry, poetry or love ;  
 Look ! is not yon Bacchante \* living-warm ?  
 Those wanton looks would lecher all the grove ;  
 But such the sculptor's art you fear to speak,  
 Lest you should set her face with blushes tingling :  
 Yet so ! with ev'ry beauty of that cheek  
 The shade of some remorseful thought is mingling.

That Sleeper † claimed Canova's dying thought,  
 His chisel *breath'd* the last upon that stone.  
 Be silent all !

\* \* \* \* \*

Now see ! where Wealth his purple hath laid down  
 To welcome Genius, ‡ and by stooping—gaining ;  
 For who that looks on each immortal stone  
 But feels for both deep reverence remaining ?

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\* By Bartolini.

† A sleeping figure at Chatsworth is the last that Canova finished.

‡ At the lower end of the gallery are two busts of equal size—Canova and the Duke of Devonshire.

## “SERVING THE COUNTRY.”

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WHEN Sir Robert Peel sat on the opposition benches and nightly patted into pride the avarice of the landlords and the intolerance of the ascendancy protestants, he was said to be labouring for the service of his country. After this kind of reputation, and their help had placed him in office, and he found it necessary to abate the hopes and control the passions he had pandered to, he flattered himself that he was acting for the service of his country. By devoting himself to the Premiership, he is said to have sacrificed the enjoyment of an immense fortune and of domestic comfort, to the service of his country. He adds to his prodigious income the salary of the first lord of the treasury ; he gilds his own home with the splendours of the highest post in the land under the crown ; he is courted for patronage at his disposal, by lovely women and worthy men, by nobles, bishops, philosophers, and authors ; he is enabled to provide without impairing his private resources, for brothers, sons, and nephews ; and at the same time he serves his country. A halo of disinterestedness is thrown over all his actions ; he gets credit for conscientiousness, his motives are less closely scanned, and his conduct less severely criticised, than those of a less rich adventurer, who is not described as giving up private enjoyment to serve his country.

When Sir James Graham arrogantly proclaimed that conciliation had reached its utmost limits ; and when he afterwards most humbly ate up all his own dirt and some of his colleagues', he, lucky fellow ! was on both occasions serving his country. Keeping out herrings, the food of the people, and letting in turbot the luxury of the gentry, excluding corn and sugar that are used by multitudes, and encouraging the importation of soft French shoes for the toes of the aristocracy,—the gentlemen of both Houses of Parliament, while they augment their rent rolls, and cheapen the articles on which they are expended, have the great additional satisfaction, at the same time, of serving their country.

Aiming at the impossible, disappointment is the natural lot of every politician, even when he appears most successful ; and his life would be miserable, were he not consoled by the general voice pro-



claiming, whether right or wrong, that he is serving his country. Perishing by his own hand, like Castlereagh, or dying of a broken heart and much port wine, like Pitt,—wielding the treasurer's staff, having his levees crowded by day, and his accents cheered at night, with a heartiness that would satisfy a Garrick or a Kean, or forsaken by every expectant,—speaking neglected and uncheered in the cold shade of opposition, the statesman's self satisfied vanity is increased, or his mortification lessened, by his belief that he toils or suffers for the service of his country. The phrase ennobles intrigue and gilds discomfiture. It raises the most despicable extortion to the dignity of a public benefit, and makes out profusion to be a blessing. It cloaks deceit and hallows treachery. By its splendour it blends and confounds all moral distinctions, and converts the last and the most irremediable of crimes—the destruction of human life—into the greatest virtue, when perpetrated on the gallows or in the field, for the service of the country.

Does some elderly gentleman, after enjoying for a quarter of a century, as secretary to the admiralty or chief clerk of the treasury, the brisk bustle of importance and the sweets of patronage, grow tired of official attendance, or become incapable of enjoying these official pleasures, he receives a pension and a large tribute of applause from some similar chief clerk or secretary in parliament, for having devoted his life to the service of his country.

An admiral, who by dint of great friends, some little exertion in his youth, and the advance by rotation in after-life, rises to dignity and titles from being the youngest son of a shopkeeper or of a little squire, and in the fulness of time is borne to his grave amidst mourning and honour, is described by the ever-ready pen of the poet or the memorialist, as one whose “life was to our country's service given.”

Of two brothers, one at the beginning of their career enters a counting-house, and by his daily exertion rises from a wearied toiling clerk to be one of the princes of the Exchange, who manages a greater revenue and expenditure than half the sovereigns of Europe ;—he labours for himself, and may live and die unhonoured. The other, obliged likewise to live by some species of industry, enters the army, and by diligence, exertion, and talents, not greater than those exhibited by the merchant, becomes a general and a peer ; is pensioned and decorated, because he has spent his life in the service of his country.

The poor failing or bankrupt trader, whose decay may be the

consequence of his own negligence or miscalculation, or whose fortunes may have been struck down by some change in a fiscal regulation, closes his days in Morden College, little better than a pitied pauper, deriving the best consolation he can from the remembrance of some help he has given at time of need to a tottering brother, or of some great and well-planned speculation, which only by some trifle failed to make him the greatest merchant of the world. The army or navy subaltern, who wanting genius or great ambition, never rises to the higher ranks, passes the evening of his life at Chelsea or Greenwich, honoured by himself and others, as one of the veterans who are scantily and shabbily rewarded for having employed the energies of their manhood in the service of their country. The phrase seems to point at a great distinction, tantamount to merit and demerit, yet is there no substantial difference between the motives and their results in action, of those who confessedly labour for their own aggrandisement, and of those who are employed by the state and receive its pay.

Every man necessarily honours his own pursuits. The lot of each would indeed be sad did shame and disgust soil his labour. Stillness approximates to death ; to have pleasure there must be motion ; and thus exertion, be its object running a hare to death, or gathering a herbary, throws its own halo of delight over every pursuit. If our condemnation to labour be a punishment, the wise and good Creator has combined even our punishment with enjoyment. The common and universal selfishness, however, makes each one desire to elevate his occupation in the general esteem, and country sports are described as the most manly of all relaxations, and botany as the most interesting and placid of the sciences by the votaries of each.

This competition for esteem, like the competition for wealth, is a beautiful provision for promoting the general improvement ; but the philosopher, like the state, is bound to hold the balance equal between contending interests, and take care that no undue share of esteem or of wealth is bestowed on any class by want of discrimination, or by ill-judged bounties. Acknowledging the general selfishness, all who are not in the service of the country have a strong interest in settling the meaning of the phrase, and lowering its value. Those who appropriate public rewards are also public servants, and they have the strong motives of pecuniary interest and desire of esteem to enhance the merit of public men.

When Cincinnatus was called by the voice of his fellow-citizens

from the plough to save Rome, and his sole reward was their approbation, he really served his country, and their esteem was only equal to his merit. Washington, leaving his plantation and his slaves, to defeat the English, and establish an independent nationality for the United States, eminently served *his* country, and was properly rewarded by the first presidency of the new empire. At every period there have been individuals who could command ease and repose, and who have foregone them, like Clarkson, to discover truth, or spread abroad some deeply-cherished conviction, or soothe, like Howard, some general suffering; and they have really laboured disinterestedly for the service of the country. But the exertions of such men, prompted by a desire to do good to others, are in no degree analogous to the labours of those who enter the service of the state as a profession, and who are paid day by day, week by week, or year by year, for every exertion, in proportion to its market value.

The true distinction which it is right emphatically to mark lies here. In modern times all the offices and duties of all public servants are regularly defined and regularly paid for. There is nothing new or superhuman in their exertions requiring extraordinary rewards. The public servants of every description, from the Prince Consort to the gowned porter at the Court of Queen's Bench, are merely professionals, dedicated to a particular, and not very useful branch of business. Whether these gentlemen build ships or navigate them; cast cannon or fire them off; begin their lives as apprentices in a dockyard, as midshipmen or as ensigns; whether they choose the treasury or diplomacy for their career, aspiring to be A'Courts or Peels, they engage, like merchants, and like other professional men not in the service of the state, in a definite employment for the sake of its pecuniary and other rewards. The service of the state is one of many modes, in a society where division of labour exists, of getting a living, or of attaining that eminence which the merchant buys by his wealth, or the lawyer by his forensic, or the physician by his medical skill. It is as much a selfish and personal pursuit as the business of the tailor or the shoemaker, and, like that, has its market price. The degradation, if it be a degradation, of the service of the country in every branch, from the sovereign on the throne to the sentinel at the Horse-guards, to the rank of a fixed and settled employment, proportionably paid, deprives it of any peculiar merit, and places it on the common level of all bread-winning occupations.

There is another aspect under which it seems, even less than most occupations, deserving of esteem. Under the guise of this fine phrase, a *high-minded* officer, or *low-souled* lawyer, obeys the orders of a despicable minister, serves a knave or a tyrant, and then the phrase really signifies deep personal degradation and social misdeeds. It is no longer doubtful, for the minister has acknowledged it in parliament, that the old Tory policy,—for example, of coercion to Ireland,—has been a signal failure, which exasperated discontent, degraded the government, weakened the empire, and elevated Mr. O'Connell, backed by the Catholic priests and the bulk of the Irish peasantry, to the power of a real dictatorship. Every man who subserved that policy contributed to injure the empire. By the minister, whose obsequious tool he has been, he may be rewarded ; and shall the public, too, honour and reward his mischievous proceedings by describing him as “serving his country”? The same rule applies to nearly every admiral, every general, every field-marshal, every ambassador, and every minister, who has latterly been in the public pay. They have all been handsomely even highly rewarded ; but the policy of the government, whether administered by Tories or Whigs, has been a series of failures and a public disaster. The men who, in the pursuit of bread, have subserved that system, have really been ministers of evil and the tools of ignorant meddling ambitious knaves. We should do a gross injustice to ourselves, who, without any settled salary, try by our writings to amuse and improve the world, were we to describe the men who serve and fight in *any cause* for a stated hire, as serving their country.

To detect an error in the narration of some remote event, or to dissipate a prejudice concerning a nation that no longer exists, is held to be an achievement worthy of the greatest talents. It immortalises a Niebuhr or a Michelet. On the same principle it must be some merit to detect an error in our every-day language and proceedings, and dissipate a prejudice concerning our own heroes, which affects the present and all future generations. Some such merit, though in a trifling degree, we claim for bringing under the notice of our indulgent readers, the fact that the phrase “the service of the country” is continually used to sanctify by our esteem certain occupations and several classes of men which are great social injuries.

# RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.—No. II.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

## YOUNG AND OLD ENGLAND.

An old man and a young man  
Through the meadows one day walked :  
All nature seem'd the blither  
For the words the young man talked ;  
All nature seem'd the sadder  
When the aged man replied.  
Let us hear what said the young man ;  
Let us hear what said his guide.

First the youth, with eager forehead,  
Flashing eyes, and flowing hair :  
" Lo, the perfect form of goodness  
Is appearing everywhere ! "  
Then the other ('twas his father),  
Shaking silver locks, Hope's pall :  
" What avails the form of goodness,  
When there is no life at all ! "

Cried the youth, " There was a sculptor,  
And an image fair he made,  
Because the times lack'd beauty ;  
And, as soon as he had prayed,  
He saw it move sweet motion,  
Felt it waxing heavenly warm :—  
God gives the spirit, father,  
If men will make the form."

" A fable shrewdly morall'd !  
But (admit that moral just)  
Alas ! I look round vainly  
For the form in which you trust.  
When governments grow formless,  
Which form the time's events"—  
" Nay, look higher ;" said the young man ;  
" Look what governs governments !

"Religion is in fashion ;  
Those who practise not, profess ;  
Around her sovereign centre,  
Lo, all Arts and Learnings press !"  
"I hate their lax lip-worship !"  
"So do I ;" replied the youth ;  
"I say that we are tending  
Through the form of truth to truth.

"Philosophy, though weakly,  
Walks erect, and loves the light ;  
Has converse with the people ;  
Shows them reasons for the Right ;  
Makes trust in matters holy  
Not implicit, as of yore, |  
So makes it sure, and never  
To be shaken any more.

"We learn to think the Muses  
No divinities ; and divine  
Then only while their glory  
Is a simple reflex shine,  
A high and tender moonlight,  
Lasting merely while they run  
With humble faces, looking  
To the veritable Sun.

"Behold !" his eye-lids lifted  
With light hope, the young man saith,  
"Behold ! they fill their places  
As the pioneers to faith,  
Clearing paths for higher powers,  
When they give the fleshly clod  
An upward gaze, through beauty,  
Unto goodness, which is God.

"Like purpose quickens science :  
Learnings, hitherto a proud,  
Loquacious, shallow, heartless,  
Sightless, deaf, and grovelling crowd,  
Approaching now their Maker,  
Hand in hand, like humble friends,  
Confess that only knowledge  
Which in active wisdom ends."



“ Young man, this is brave talking,  
 But too fast somewhat for me.  
 True doctors and true poets  
 Live, I grant, but where lives he,  
 The gentle, loving shepherd  
 Of the ancient mode, who taught  
 The people by example ;  
 Preaching simply what he wrought ? ”

“ Alas ! my father, seldom  
 May we meet him now. But where  
 A double choice seems offer'd—  
 Hope extreme, extreme despair—  
 Choose hope. Ah ! let us therefore  
 Think a day shall drown this night,  
 When each may find his pastor  
 In a conscience, strong with light.

“ For hoping, or despairing  
 We have huge and equal scope.  
 Huge ill or good must follow,  
 Just as we despair, or hope.  
 Hope, therefore, without limit !  
 To hope less were to blaspheme.  
 Hark ! I will dare to utter  
 That which I have dared to dream.

“ Think, father ! may not heaven  
 Be this common earth, full-grown ?  
 Think ! are not signals given  
 Of its nonage well-nigh flown ?  
 What is heaven ? Trust not any,  
 If they call it mystery :  
 Its features are not many,  
 And have strange simplicity :—

“ God, present to us ever ;  
 Sweet accord of loving hearts ;  
 Fair nature ; true sight, never  
 Waxing dim—are all its parts.  
 For such what need of fleeing  
 From this world, so full of flow'rs ?  
 'Twill be our own decreeing,  
 If on earth they are not ours ! ”

“ That is true ; ” exclaimed the old man,

“ But it has been always so :

Why, therefore, think the blessing

Nearer now than long ago ? ”

“ Nay, nay ! ” replied the young man,

“ It has not been always so ! ”

High fervours flush his forehead,

And his eager fancies flow :

“ Rest from evil, too soon given

Unto man, had found his mind

Incapable of heaven.

Evil hath good use assign'd :

It makes him question nature

For relief ; which though he miss,

He gains, by knowledge, stature

To lay hold on highest bliss :

“ For not until perfection

Shall be his, in Nature's lore,

Can he feel heav'n's full dilection,

Can he perfectly adore.

His maturity approaches :

Daily fleeter in advance,

The rule of light encroaches

On chaotic Ignorance ;

“ Fast fade the separations

(Fine and false, wherewith we mar

Our noblest speculations,)

Of ‘ divine ’ and ‘ secular ’ ;

And ‘ Sciences, ’—first science

Now they own themselves for one,—

Grow golden from reliance,

For true light, on the true Sun.

“ In trust, pure, strong, and steady,

’Twards the full light let us fare !

See ! Learning's bound already

Shows its faint edge here and there.

Perfect knowledge perfects power !

Man shall sit at ease all day,

In thought, as in a tower,

While all lower things obey.

"No more the slave of chances,  
Or of lies, or partial truth"—

"What tissues of mad fancies  
Art thou weaving, silly youth!"

"He, with sight unwarp'd by factions,  
Truly seeing what he sees,  
Shall do all righteous actions  
With a grand, almighty ease;

"Shall call the world his neighbour;  
Shall perceive its vast love burn  
On him; and, without labour,  
Shall a like vast love return;  
Shall fill the lofty station,  
To fill which he left the sod—  
The mouth-piece of creation  
For the praises of its God.

"O, what a blessed junction  
Of all joys will happen then!  
Beyond thought's deepest function!  
That was little to it, when  
Great Kepler's spirit, steering  
Past the stars, untouch'd by fears,  
Within our mortal hearing  
Brought the music of the spheres!"

"Alas, poor youth! what ails thee?  
Calmly listen. Say, how chimes,  
With thy harmonious vision,  
The vast discord of the times?"

"O, harshly and appalling,  
If we dare not with them cope;  
But, if we act our calling,  
Love, believe, and work in hope,

"O, sweetly and completely!  
Even as should be the din  
Of instruments tuned meetly,  
Ere the harmony begin:  
At times all seems confusion;  
Still not such that it confounds,  
For all hath strange allusion  
To the advent of sweet sounds;

“ At times, you hear, in snatches,  
 (Calmly listen !) softest strains,  
 Divine, prophetic catches,  
 Full of rest to human pains ;  
 At times, low voices, humming—  
 ‘ Sin and death to hell are hurl’d !  
 It is the second coming  
 Of the Saviour of the world ! ’ ”

He ended. Small birds whistled,  
 Green boughs waved, the world was glad ;  
 And for all the old man’s doubtings,  
 And for all his sighings sad,  
 Boughs and birds still waved and whistled ;  
 And, for all that he could say,  
 ‘ Touch’d with the young man’s music,  
 Ever waved and whistled they.

## THE POSITION OF MEN OF LETTERS.

EVERY man has his Utopia ; ay, even the veriest business-plodder, who, for thirty or forty years, gives himself hardly time to eat by day, or to sleep by night, lest the golden stores should accumulate too slowly ; he—even he—thinks now and then, how, when the proper time comes, he will shut up his ledger, and open his heart, interest himself in his children rather than Consols, grow generous and amiable, read books, hear music, pause over the beauty of pictures, and “ babble o’ green fields,” but be heroically indifferent to the glowing prospectus of the last new railway. This is his Utopia ; no wonder when the time, in his estimation, does come, that he is fearfully disappointed, or that, in his ignorance of the fact that the tastes that can adorn leisure, and make life happy, require at least as much building up as the reputation of his house in the City, he not only loses the little glimmering of faith and hope in a better state of things that he had felt, but includes all other men’s faith and hopes in the same common ruin. All—all is “ Utopia.” The one folly is cured, the practical man “ himself again.”

Our Utopia—the Utopia of a man of letters—will of course fare no better with him. Yet, bearing up as well as we can against

the running comment of derisive smiles with which he will, no doubt, listen to our observations, let us venture awhile to solicit his ear, and his utmost patience. We can imagine, then, a vast country, where wealth, unaccompanied by more solid causes of respect, should be looked on with comparative indifference by all but its possessors ; and even *they* find it difficult to keep up the mammon-worship, when the principal charm—the admiration of others—is wanting. We can imagine the cause of this to be, the universal respect, distinction, and rank, accorded to learning and intellectual pre-eminence ; and this too on so wise a system that even the grades of ability shall rise one above the other in correspondence with their natural importance and value. Thus, for instance, as one of the lowest of the influences that a civilised government can use, is brute force, military men must take the lowest position among the aristocracy of talent ; and, as the highest influences that such a government can use are love, wisdom, and knowledge, the men of letters, whose business and whose glory it is to cultivate and to enforce these qualities, assume the highest position among the more elevated of their fellow-men.—

“Nay, my good friend, have patience ; hear me out. My Utopia may be as absurd as your own. I say it not in sarcasm, but to induce you to extend to others’ aberrations the charity that I must presume has been taught you by yours. But if it be ever so absurd, hear me out : my conclusion, at least, will be worth your attention.

“In this country, then, of my fancy, I imagine, all the great business of government—including, of course, all its chief honours and emoluments—to be distributed among the men of superior learning or ability, without the smallest regard to birth or to possessions. I imagine a vast machinery, extending through every part of the empire for the discovery of the men so qualified. We will suppose, for instance, that in every great city there are halls, where public examinations shall be held yearly, open to the people at large of the district. We must have no partiality ; therefore the candidates shall not be known personally to the examiners. There must be no triumph for superficial cleverness, or the mere readiness to answer, independent of the depth of the answer ; therefore the examinations shall be by the best of mediums,—pen, ink, and paper. There must be no “cramming,” after the fashion of the great British universities, in order to adapt all intellects and knowledge to one peculiar cut—mathematical or otherwise ; but

such a general examination in religion, poetry, philosophy, and in the principles and practices of government, as shall best develope the respective abilities and elevate the characters of the candidates. And, as the child learns his first letters,—as the boy takes his earliest lessons in the abstruser mysteries of language and education,—as the youth, advancing daily nearer and nearer to the goal, prepares himself by the severest intellectual training for the race, these examinations, and their consequences, are a constant incentive. Were there no other provision for universal education, *they* would ensure it. Well, the struggle is over ; all who have been worthy of success have succeeded ; the first public honour is conferred on them. Henceforward, they are known by a distinctive appellation ; suppose we say Bachelors. The next movement upwards of our men of letters can only be achieved by more arduous efforts. The provincial examiner gives place to one from the central seat of government, and who is a member of a body entirely composed of those whose genius, talents, or learning have made them illustrious. The civic hall, too, is exchanged for the hall of the capital of a province ; the yearly for a triennial examination. This is a momentous trial ; for every one who shall pass successfully through it, becomes at once entitled to public employment as vacancies may occur ; and, in the mean time, has his position and claims solemnly acknowledged by a new title of honour. We will call him Licentiate.

“ And now the path grows steeper and narrower ; and fewer and fewer can hold on. What then ? The honours and dignities sought, ascend in value and importance in a like proportion. So bating “ no jot of heart, or hope,” or exertion, the Licentiates crowd up towards the metropolis of the Empire, where their next examination is to take place, and before the eyes of the whole world of their intellectual hemisphere. Thirty only can now be chosen, to become doctors. There may possibly be many who are too poor, to bear the expenses of a long journey—then of course the State pays what is necessary. In our Utopia, we imagine that the State wants its most able men, and is as anxious to find them and aid them to develope their abilities, as in other very un-Utopian countries, one near at home for instance, the State is anxious to reject them, when through a thousand difficulties they have succeeded in showing their desert.

“ And now for the last or topmost step. Men pause, and some, the boldest and bravest, tremble before they attempt to take it,



so great is the ordeal through which they must pass, so momentous its consequences if they do pass it. It is enough to make their brains dizzy, just when they most need perfect self possession and self-command. Behind, as it were, that awful tribunal composed of the chief men, sitting in the chief court, in the chief palace of the empire,—behind that tribunal—which is to decide upon their claims to be admitted to the august body to which the tribunal itself belongs, stands the sovereign, waiting to dispense among them, as members of the body they have joined, the very highest offices of the state. Thenceforward they will, each according to his ability, participate in the supreme government of countless millions of people. And could they be better prepared for their mighty vocation? Can they be otherwise than worthy of it?"

Such is our Utopia; but ours only for the occasion. The original scheme is to be found in a book where one hardly knows what to esteem as truth, what as fiction, when we find this Utopia, in all its details, gravely set down as a fact. Mr. now Sir John Davis, her Majesty's Superintendent at Hong Kong, would have us believe, that in a country of two or three hundreds of millions of people, this system is in practical, complete, every-day operation; nay he goes so far as gravely to state that this system of governing by means of the ablest men—the literati of the empire, "*lies probably at the bottom of the greatness and prosperity of the empire.*" What on earth can the writer be thinking of? He seems totally to forget he is writing of a semi barbarous state, and to the foremost among all civilised nations. China act thus—and England act—as it does! No, no; the joke is a good one enough, but, thank God, there are patriots in England too wise to believe it to be anything more.

And if it were true (ridiculous as that supposition must be to an Englishman), could not any practical man tell us that the genius of a country must perish in such an atmosphere of respect, and comfort, and prosperity—that it has become a by-word, that singing birds must not be too well fed—that, in short, great intellects are to ordinary ones something like what the finest tropical plants are among the commoner productions of his garden, and require as near an approach, as is practical, to the broken brick-bats, and gravel, and water, upon which *they* so luxuriate? And as his gardener occasionally pinches his cacti when they seem reluctant to produce their superb flowers, so does he see corresponding necessity for a state-pinching of men of genius, by handing them

over to the tender mercies of a host of tormentors, among whom Hunger himself is often seen busily engaged.

The success, again, he says, is so unanswerably demonstrated.

“ Look at our great poets for instance ; have they not for the most part been poor—miserably poor ? Of course then, *that* was the origin of their greatness.”

“ And if the principle is apt to extend itself a little too far, and kill off prematurely a man’s body now and then, while his soul is being so carefully nurtured and cherished, as in the cases of an Otway and a Burns, why of course it is not the principle that is to blame, there must be casualties—must be exceptions to the ordinary run of success ?”

“ Precisely. We must look only at the results. Most of our great poems have been produced because the poet wanted bread, or to push his way in the world.”

“ The Canterbury Tales then must be excepted, composed when the poet’s worldly career was over, and when he was not likely to get much pecuniary benefit for its production.”

“ Yes, yes, that’s an exception.”

“ Shakspeare, of course you except, who wrote some of his noblest plays, also after his retirement from the world, and whilst in the possession of an ample competence ?”

“ Of course, I except him.”

“ Milton too, you do not include in your hypothesis ? His *Paradise Lost* was written also after his retirement from the world ; and it is not very likely he looked forward to the bookseller’s reward—ten pounds—for a maintenance in his old age ?”

“ Oh yes, I exclude Milton, and I dare say a good many more ; but what’s the utility of reckoning up these exceptions ; the thing is clear to every one’s own common sense and experience. Why should I write great poems if I am not somehow or other to be well paid for them ? I fancy that’s the idea of the world generally, and it’s mine.”

“ It is worthy of you and it. I presume then that you do not sanction this Chinese absurdity of employing our eminent literary men in the higher offices of the state ; or of conferring upon them the highest state honours ?”

“ Oh, certainly not. It may do in a semi-barbarian country like China, but not here. Yes, yes, it may do well enough in China.”

“ And in Spain, perhaps, where the dramatist Martinez de la Rosa was lately a minister ?”

"Ah, yes, Spain is not much more advanced. It may do there too."

"And in Prussia, where Humboldt is at once a peer and a minister?"

"Why, Prussia's so despotically governed."

"And in the United States, where Washington Irving is employed as an ambassador?"

"The United States! why, they are all republicans."

"And in France, where Victor Hugo has been made a peer."

"I hate France: all that sort of thing may do there."

"And in Belgium, where they have just raised the journalist, M. Van de Weyer, to the chief office in the government?"

"Ah, I always said England was the greatest country in the world; and these, I dare say, are the things that help to keep other countries so inferior to us. We are practical men. We leave government to those who were born to it—lords, and country gentlemen, and rich merchants; and we leave poetry, and philosophy, and essays, and all that, to the men of letters. I wonder where England's greatness would be if the book men got hold of her government. Besides, where would the system end if it were once begun. Who knows?—perhaps in some unlucky hour, even the dreamy poets might be intrusted with posts requiring men of solid judgment and steady character. Where would England be then?"

"A pertinent question: and it reminds me of various reminiscences of our past history, connected with men of the kind that you approve of. There was a time, several centuries ago, when one of the most eminent of English monarchs, thought he had a right to endeavour to place himself upon the French throne; and though he failed in his undertaking, he left as mementoes of his attempts, to all ages, the household words—Cressy, and Poitiers. Edward had in his service a squire, who so distinguished himself during this eventful period, that the sovereign could find no other public occasion befitting the acknowledgment of his services than when he and all his nobles were met in high festivity at Windsor on St. George's day. That same squire after Edward the Third's death, was employed by Richard II, to negotiate on one of the most important and delicate of subjects; his own marriage with Anne of Bohemia. Then, as now, the business of State in every department, had its servants who were useful—and those superadded who were simply ornamental. That the squire be-

longed to the first, is made evident by the fact, that whilst at this distance of time, we can trace his name in no less than seven embassies ; the knights and other persons of rank who accompanied him, are in no two cases the same. It was he who did what was to be done ; they who, in all their bravery, looked as though they were doing it. Lastly, we may state of this squire as proving the extraordinary estimation in which his public services were held by three successive sovereigns, that having during the troubled period of the second Richard fallen into some neglect and distress, one of the very first acts of the king who deposed him Bolingbroke, performed only a few days after his accession to the throne, was the conferring of a handsome pension upon this squire, who never rose beyond that rank, probably on account of some aristocratic prejudices connected with his birth and family.

“ Ah, I warrant you he was no poet.”

“ He was, what you desiderate, emphatically a man of action and business ; at once clear-sighted, prudent, brave. There was another man, some two centuries later, scarcely less distinguished for his political ability. At a time when Ireland was perhaps in a more chaotic state than at any other period of its history, rife as that is in perennial seasons of disturbance, he was appointed by one of the wisest of sovereigns, Elizabeth, to the office of secretary to the lord deputy, who was then about to go over to Ireland. While in that country, he not only fulfilled the duties of his secretaryship, but fought in person against the troops that had been sent by the pope to aid the Irish Catholics. He also wrote a masterly account of the state of the country ; and fulfilled altogether the duties entrusted to him with so much ability, that Elizabeth nominated him Sheriff of Cork, not long before the close of his Irish career.”

“ One may safely swear, too, he was not a poet.”

“ I shall mention only one man more, though others there are I should be glad to speak of, had I time and opportunity. This man lived at a period when the most gigantic political revolution ever effected in England took place, and was accompanied by one of the most awful of spectacles—the public execution of a king by his subjects, for treason to the cause of good government. Monarchy was swept away, and a commonwealth declared. Through all Europe, men stood aghast with wonder, not unmixed in many a princely heart with horror and alarm. It was most important to ‘ the Cause ’ that these feelings should be allayed ;



and while the motives of the chief actors in the sublime tragedy should be uncompromisingly told, that other nations should be relieved from any apprehensions or jealousies that might have been excited. Above all, when peaceable and honourable means failed to secure amity, it was indispensable to show that the republic would compel the respect that might be otherwise denied. What a time then for a man to undertake the office of Foreign Secretary of State! But the man I have referred to did undertake it when offered. And the result was that, in an almost incredibly short space of time, the name of England stood higher throughout Europe than it had ever done before; and foreigners, it has been noticed, came as much to see Cromwell's famous secretary as himself. These three then, I presume, belong to the class of men you admire, and whom you would not have displaced by mere romance writers or poets?"

"No doubt—no doubt; who were they?"

"Geoffrey Chaucer, Edmund Spenser, and John Milton; comprising three out of the four greatest and *most imaginative* of English poets. And as to the fourth, William Shakspeare, though no opportunity offered of a political life, he was so thoroughly a man of business as to make a fortune in his private one. You need not be surprised, my matter-of-fact friend. What is poetry, after all, but the Soul of Fact? I begin to think the Chinese right."

"But what on earth would become of our aristocracy under such circumstances?"

"You mean the aristocracy of wealth and name. Why those who were really worthy of their position would speedily distinguish themselves in the ranks of the true aristocracy of talent; as to the rest, the prospect certainly would not be very hopeful, if we may take China again as our exemplar. The imperial relatives are there allotted a brilliant yellow girdle, with certain small revenues. "The last British Embassy had a specimen of their conduct and manners at Yuen-mingyuen, as well as of the little ceremony with which they were occasionally treated. When they crowded, with a childish and uncivil curiosity, upon the English party, the principal person among the mandarins seized a whip, and not satisfied with using that alone, actually *kicked* out the mob of yellow girdles."—*Davis' China*.

But if the treatment of men of letters and learning in England

be as remarkable for its absurdity as for its flagrant injustice, they themselves must remember that, *as the creators and guiders of public opinion, they maintain, if they do not actually make, the very wrongs from which they suffer.* Were they as a body just to themselves, no one could be unjust to them. Never did any class possess greater power, or use it to so little purpose for their own mental, moral, or personal elevation.

The chief cause of this is, we think, to be found in their want of union. They have no *esprit de corps*—no standard of opinion among them, calculated to instil something of the lofty aim and earnest love of truth and goodness, that actuate the higher minds, into those of the lower. Literature is in consequence made a trade of. And a very peculiar feature of the case is, that those who most degrade the vocation generally in the eyes of the world, are precisely the men who are the least sensitive to the inevitable consequences. Thus, for instance, party writers, in their zeal to blacken each other, evidently forget that the world will be apt to say, as it looks on, “Well, gentlemen, of course you know best;” and accept their portraits of each other without further scruple. So also with that pettiest of party tricks—omission or colouring of unfavourable facts, undue prominence to the favourable; men of sense soon perceive that to obtain anything like a correct view of these facts, they must look at the accounts of both sides; so, whilst the partisans are fancying they are deceiving the public by their transparent cheats, that public is in fact amusing itself at their expense, and losing every particle of respect for the talents displayed, in contempt of the impudent dishonesty to which they are made subservient. But all this while the real sufferer is the independent and impartial journalist, who refuses to attack a man personally because of his opinions, and who is content to allow facts to appear in their own naked guise, satisfied that they must ultimately square with his views, if his views are right, and who is quite prepared to renounce them if they are wrong. Such a man feels keenly the disrespect that his unworthier fellows have caused to be attached to the vocation; he is hampered in a thousand ways by the obstacles they have raised in the path. Men are doubting *him*, when they should be listening with the deepest attention to the wisdom he is able to impart.

And this, in reference to one department of literature, may be fairly taken as an illustration of the whole. Everywhere may be seen the greatest possible discrepancy between the aims, and cha-



acters, and personal positions of those who all belong to one common pursuit.

But if, for the purposes above indicated, union were desirable, one might have supposed that for another object it would have been long since found indispensable. How many cases of pecuniary distress occur in the republic of letters, the annals of the Literary Fund will show us ; but of the quality of those cases we learn no particulars ; it being the characteristic of that admirable institution to adapt its modes of benevolence to the feelings of the objects of it, and, therefore, strictly to conceal names. But when we are told publicly of the state that a man like Banim was in during his lifetime, and of the state in which Hood left his family at his death, we may judge how much private misery must exist in connection with the men who have diffused so much enjoyment and instruction. And what have the men of letters and learning in England done for themselves, under these circumstances ? Alas, it must be said,—Nothing ! Artists, actors—even the “improvident” actors, lawyers, clergymen, in short, every professional body has its “funds,” to which, in cases of necessity, a man may fall back, with as much conviction of his right to do so, as he would open his own coffers, for he has helped to provide those funds ; but the literary men have no fund, except—we blush to say it—a charitable one.

True, the richer and more generous members of the order contribute to that charity ; but why do they not also establish a society that shall be based upon a more dignified principle ; and which shall exert an infinitely more powerful influence. What comparison can there be between the receipt of ten, twenty, or thirty pounds, once, twice, or thrice in a life-time, and which can only be asked or given under circumstances of extreme distress, with the thirty shillings a week, medicine, and medical advice, secured by each of the two Artist's Funds during illness, a respectable annuity after a certain age, and the allowance of such sums of money at death, as are amply sufficient for honourable burial ? Surely there are some among our eminent men of letters, who will take up this matter, and redeem the order from the stigma that such recklessness, not to say want of strict principle, inflicts upon it. And when a Union even for that limited object has taken place, there can be little doubt the higher objects will in due progress of time be also obtained.

It will be seen that we place little reliance upon state pensions, or upon any great things the great men of the world can do,

to raise the position of Men of Letters. They can and must raise themselves. They must unite. Let the standard of union then be unfurled, and if a leader be indispensable, let old Chaucer—their literary and illustrious Father—the Founder of English literature—be the man. If he be dead in the body, his spirit lives ; and if we mistake not, is about to enter upon a career of higher activity than ever. And as we must have a motto too, the glorious poet, whom some learned simpletons have fancied to be obsolete, gives us this from the conclusion of his portrait of the Clerk—the Man of Letters of the fourteenth century :—

“Not a word spake\* he, morè than was need ;  
And that was said in form and reverence,  
And short and quick, and full of high sentence.  
Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,  
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.”

J. S.

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“CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.”

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ALL the world, in the village of Sturton-le-Steeple, had said so, before the time of old Dorothy Pyecroft ; but Dorothy did not join all the world in saying so. Sturton is a homely little place, situate in the pleasant shire of Nottingham, and lying within a couple of miles of the Trent, and old Lincolnshire ; and its church steeple forms a pretty object in the landscape which you view from the hills above Gainsboro'. Dorothy Pyecroft, from the time that she was a child but the height of a table, went to Gainsboro'-market with butter, eggs, or poultry, as regularly as Tuesday returned in each week ; for the hearty old dame used commonly to boast that she had never known what it was to have a day's illness in her life, although, at the season we are beginning to gossip about, she was full threescore and ten. It was a bonny sight to see the dame go tripping o'er the charming lea which spreads its flowery riches from Sturton-le-Steeple to the banks of noble Trent, by four of the clock on a gay summer's morning, with the clean milking pail under her arm, that was bare to the elbow. You would have thought, at a distance, she had been some blithe maiden in her teens. And then the cheerful and clear tone in

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\* Or, wrote he.

which she summoned her cows, calling to them as kindly as if they were her children—"Come, my pratty creatures!" a call that was the signal for a treat of pleasing pastoral music to the enthusiastic early angler on the Trent: the rich, varied "low" of the cows,—alto, tenor, and bass—answered that call, in changeful echo across the stream; the angler's delighted ear caught a treble, heavenward, from the matin lark, to complete the "harmony;" and even the cackling of the geese, uttering their confused joy at the sound of the dame's voice, seemed to mingle no unpleasing "discord" with the natural chorus. By the time that her morning's milking was over, the spoilt maidens of the village were only beginning to open their kitchen window shutters; and she usually passed the whole train of them, loitering and chattering about their sweethearts, on their way to the lea, as she returned home, with the rich load upon her head, and her arms fixed as properly a-kimbo as could be shown by the sprightliest lass that ever carried a milking-pail. Some little shame was commonly felt among the loiterers as they passed the exemplary old woman,—but it did not result in their reformation. Old Farmer Muxloe, who was always abroad at day-break, and usually chatted a few moments with the dame just at the point where the footpath crossed the bridle-way over the lea, often commented in no very measured terms, on the decline of discipline among milk-maids since the days when he was a lad.

"Ah, dame!" he used to say, "there have been sore changes since you and I used to take a turn around the maypole; I'm sure the world gets lazier and lazier, every day."

"Why, you see, neighbour, fashions change," the old dame would reply—for she ever loved to take the more charitable side of a question—"may be, things may change again, and folk may take to getting up earlier, after a few more years are over."

"I'faith, I've little hope on't," the old farmer would reply, and shake his head, and smile; "but there's nobody like thee, Dolly, for taking the kindest side."

"Why, neighbour, I always think it the best," Dorothy would rejoin, with a benevolent smile; "I never saw things grow better by harsh words and harsh thinkings, in my time."

And then the old farmer would smile again, and say, "Well, well, that's just like thee! God bless thee, Dolly, and good morning to thee!" and away he would turn Dobbin's head, and proceed on his usual morning's ride from field to field.

The work of her little dairy, added to the care of a humble household, composed of an infirm and helpless husband, and an equally infirm maiden-sister,—with all and sundry, a stout house-dog, two tabby-cats, and a fruitful poultry-yard,—usually occupied Dorothy Pyecroft through the bustling forenoon of each day. And when there was no immediate call upon her skill and benevolence among sick neighbours,—for she was the cleverest herb-woman in the village, and exercised her knowledge of the healing art without fee, or willing acceptance even of thanks,—she would sit in her polished high-backed chair, and work through the livelong afternoon at her spinning-wheel, drowsing her two infirm companions into a salutary rest and forgetfulness with the humming monotony of her labour, but revolving within her own mind many a useful and solemn thought, meanwhile.

Dorothy sat absorbed in this her favourite employ, one afternoon in autumn, when an itinerant pedlar made his customary call at the cottage door. The dame's mind was so deeply involved in the contrivance of one of her little plans of benevolence, that she did not recognise the face of the traveller until he had addressed her twice.

“Any small wares for children? any needles, pins, or thimbles?” cried the pedlar, running through the list of his articles with the glibness of frequent repetition.

“No, Jonah: I want none,” replied the dame, kindly; “but, may be, you'll take a horn o' beer, and a crumb or two o' bread and cheese?”

The pedlar assented, well pleased; and lowered the pack from his shoulders, and set down the basket from his hand; next, seating himself in a chair without the ceremonial of asking, and in all the gladsome confidence of welcome.

“Thank you, thank you, dame,” he said, and smacked his lips with pleasurable anticipation, as he took the horn of smiling beer and the piece of bread and cheese from the dame's hand.

“You're welcome, Jonah,” replied the dame, heartily. “Have you walked far to-day, and what luck have you had?”

“I've come twenty miles and have never taken handsel yet, dame,” answered Jonah, in a melancholy tone.

“So, poor heart!” said Dorothy, very pitifully; “I must buy a trifling dozen of needles of thee, however, before thou goest. I fear times are hard, Jonah: I hear many and grievous complaints.”

“Times are harder than ever I knew them to be, dame, I assure

you," rejoined Jonah; "and they that have a little money seem most determined to hold it fast. Sore murmurings are made about this by poor folk: but I don't wonder at it, myself," concluded the worldly pedlar; "for, in such sore times as these, there's no knowing what a body may come to want; and as the old saying goes, you know, dame, 'Charity begins at home!'" and Jonah buried his nose in the ale-horn, thinking he had said something so wisely conclusive that it could not be contradicted.

"They say it was a parson who first used that saying," observed Dorothy, glancing from her wheel, very keenly, towards the pedlar; "but, for my part, Jonah, I am very far from thinking it such a saying as a parson ought to use."

"Say you, dame?" said Jonah, opening his eyes very wide.

"Did charity begin at home with their master?" said Dorothy, by way of explanation.

"Ah, dame!" said the pedlar, quickly discerning Dorothy's meaning, "I fear but few parsons think of imitating their Master, now-a-days!"

"That's more than I like to say," observed the gentle Dorothy; "I think there are more good people in the world than some folk think for;—but I'm sure, Jonah, we all want a better understanding of our duty towards each other."

"Right, Dame Dorothy, right!—that's the best sort of religion; but there's the least of it in this world," rejoined the pedlar.

"Why, Jonah," continued the good dame, "I think there might easily be a great deal more good in the world than there is. Everybody ought to remember how many little kindnesses it is in their power to perform for others, without any hurt to themselves."

"Yes, a sight o' good might be done in that way, dame," observed the pedlar, beginning very much to admire Dorothy's remarks; "and how much more happy the world would be then!"

"Just so!" exclaimed Dorothy,—her aged face beaming with benevolence,—"that is the true way of making the world happy: for all to be trying to do their fellow-creatures some kindness. And then, you see, Jonah, when once the pleasure of thus acting began to be felt, there would soon be a pretty general willingness to make greater efforts, and even sacrifices of self-interest, as it is wrongly called, in order to experience greater pleasure, and likewise to increase the world's happiness."



“Truly, dame,” said the pedlar, “you do me good to hear you talk. I’m but a poor scholar ; yet I can tell, without book, that you must be right.”

“But then, you see, Jonah,” continued the dame, half unconscious of Jonah’s last observation, “if everybody were to say, ‘Charity begins at home,’ this general happiness would never begin. I like best, Jonah, to think of the example of the Blessed Being who came into the world to do us all good. He went about pitying the miserable and afflicted, and healing and blessing them. Charity did not begin at home with him, Jonah !”

The tears were now hastening down Jonah’s rough cheeks. How forcible are lessons of goodness ! how irresistibly the heart owns their power ! Jonah could not support the conversation further. Dorothy’s plain and unaffected remarks sunk deep into his bosom ; and when he rose up, and buckled on his pack once more, and the aged dame gave him “handsel,” or first money for the day, by purchasing a few pins and needles, the poor pedlar bade her farewell in an accent that showed he felt more than common thankfulness for her kindness.

Alas ! this is a world where good impressions are, too often, speedily effaced by bad ones. Jonah called, next, at the gate of a wealthy squire, and, with hat in hand, asked for leave to go up to the kitchen-door and expose his wares to the servants. The squire refused ; and when Jonah pleaded his poverty, and ventured to remonstrate, the squire frowningly threatened to set the dogs upon him, if he did not instantly decamp ! Jonah turned away, and bitterly cursed the unfeeling heart of the rich man,—avowing, internally, that Dorothy Pyecroft was only a doting old fool,—for after all, “Charity begun at home !”

Scarcely had the pedlar taken twenty steps from Dame Dorothy’s cottage, ere the village clergyman knocked at her door. The dame knew the young parson’s “rap-rap-rap !” It was quick and consequential, and unlike the way of knocking at a door used by any one else in Sturton who thought it necessary to be so ceremonious as to give notice before they entered their neighbour’s dwelling. Dame Dorothy ceased her spinning, and rose to open the door, curtsying with natural politeness, and inviting her visitor to be seated.

“Thank ye !” said the parson, raising his brows superciliously, putting the hook-end of his hunting-whip to his mouth, and striding about the floor in his spurred boots ; “sit



you down, I beg, Dame Pyecroft ! sit you down—I'll not sit, thank ye !"

"I fear, sir, there is a great deal of suffering, at present," said Dorothy, sitting down, and fixing her mild blue eyes upon the thoughtless young coxcomb, and feeling too earnestly in love with goodness to lose any opportunity of recommending its glorious lessons.

"Oh!—suffering!—ay!" observed the young clergyman in a tone that showed he did not know what it was to think seriously; "you know there always was a difference between the rich and the poor."

"But, do you not think, sir, that the rich might lessen the difference between themselves and the poor, without injuring themselves?" asked Dorothy, in a tone of mild but firm expostulation.

"Why,—as to that,—I can't say, exactly," replied the parson, apparently brought to a halt in his thoughtlessness, and unable to extricate himself from the difficulty in which his ignorance placed him; "I can't say, exactly; but, you know, Dame Pyecroft, some people have nothing to give away, though they may be better off than many of the poor: with such people, you know, Dame Pyecroft, the old proverb holds good that 'Charity begins at home.'"

"I am grieved to hear you quote that proverb, sir," said Dorothy; "I had just been exerting my poor wits to show that that saying was not a right one, in the hearing of poor Jonah the pedlar, before your reverence came in."

"Not a right saying, Dame Pyecroft? Why, you know it is a very old-established saying; and I think it a very shrewd one," rejoined the clergyman.

"But it is not so old as the New Testament, sir," replied Dorothy, with a winning smile; "and as shrewd as it is, do you think, sir, it was ever acted upon by your Great Master?"

The young clergyman took his hook-whip from his mouth, laid it on the table, took out his pocket-handkerchief, and, blushing up to the eyes, sat down before he attempted an answer to the good old dame's meek, but powerful question.

"You will remember, Dame Dorothy," he said, at length, "that the Saviour was in very different circumstances to all other human beings that ever lived."

"But you will remember, sir," rejoined Dorothy, in the same

boldly-pertinacious manner, “that that blessed Being said to his disciples, ‘I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you: if I have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another’s feet.’”

“Yes: that is very beautiful,” said the young clergyman, feeling the irresistible force of goodness, and speaking as if he had never read the passage in the book, for himself: “the Saviour’s example is very beautiful.”

“And does not your reverence perceive how easy and delightful it would be for every one to begin to follow it?” immediately rejoined Dorothy, taking advantage of the good impression which, she saw, was being made on the mind of the young parson; “how easily might all who have enough give even of their little superfluity; how easily might we all do each other kindnesses which would cost us nothing! What solid pleasure this would bring back upon each of our hearts; and how surely it would lead us to make sacrifices in order to experience the richer pleasure of doing greater good! Oh, sir,” concluded the good old creature with a tear that an angel might envy gliding down her aged and benevolent cheek, “I cannot think that any one knows the secret of true happiness who practises the precept—‘Charity begins at home!’”

The young and inexperienced man gazed with a strange expression at his new and humble teacher. This was better preaching than he had ever heard or practised. His heart had been misled, but not thoroughly vitiated, by a selfish and falsely-styled “respectable” education. He was too much affected to prolong the conversation then; but he became, from that time, a pupil at the feet of the aged Dorothy. His fine manners were laid aside. He became a real pastor. He was, from that day, more frequently in the cottages of the poor, twenty times over, than in the houses of the rich. He distributed of his substance to relieve the wants of others, and lived himself upon little. He forgot creeds, to preach goodness, and pity, and mercy, and love. He preached till he wept, and his audiences wept with him. His life was an embodiment of the virtues he inculcated. And when, in the course of five short years, he laid down his body in the grave,—a victim to the earnest conviction of his heart,—the Poor crowded around his hallowed resting-place with streaming eyes, and loving, but afflicted hearts, wishing they might be where he was when they died, since

they were sure his presence, they said, of itself would make a heaven!

The young clergyman interred Dorothy Pyecroft but half-a-year before his own departure; and her last words were words of thankfulness that ever she had shown the young man the fallacy of the proverb—"Charity begins at home."

T. C.

## THE KITE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ORION."

In a field  
Where no shrub  
Earth could yield  
Man or grub;  
Where no grass  
Could be seen,  
Goose or ass—  
Leaf of green;  
But all black  
As a stack  
Of old bean;

A collier boy, who drudged all day and night,  
One Sunday slipt away from school, and flew a paper kite.

O'er grey cinder  
And coal dust,  
Ash and tinder  
And iron rust;  
O'er black holes  
Of old shafts,  
Wheels and rolls—  
Engine crafts,  
The kite flies  
Tow'rd the skies,  
And they seem  
A sweet dream  
To his eyes:

The boy found out he had a soul—not like his hands and tools!  
It never got so high before, in any Sunday schools.

The boy's heart  
 Grew more light  
 At each start  
 Of the kite ;  
 He ran hither—  
 It pull'd tight—  
 And thither,  
 Till his sight  
 Fixt above,  
 Dreamt of love  
 And wings white ;  
 And to heaven  
 It was given  
 While 'twas bright ;  
 For down a shaft he fell ! down—down—O, do not look !  
 And good folks drew the moral—" 'Twas because he left his book !"

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## THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS.

CONTAINING THE OPINIONS AND ADVENTURES OF JUNIPER HEDGEHOG, CABMAN, LONDON ; AND WRITTEN TO HIS RELATIVES AND ACQUAINTANCE, IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

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### LETTER XX.—To MRS. HEDGEHOG, New York.

DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—September's so near we can almost put our hand upon it, and yet I'm in London. It's a dreadful confession of poverty, but I can't help it. If I'm not ashamed to be seen on my stand, I'm not a licensed cabman. The only comfort is, everybody that stays in town, must be as poor as myself, and that, according to some folk's notions, is a blessing to think of. A purse that was dropt on the pavement of Regent-street lay there a week, and was at last picked up by a policeman. London never looked so poor and dull ; for all the world like a fine lady in an undress gown, with all her paint wiped off. The opera is shut up, and the manager has had a silver bed-candlestick given him by lords and dukes, because he has been so full of public spirit as to make his own fortune. By the way, grandmother, I don't know how it is with the player folks in New York ; but here with us if man or woman want a bit of plate, they've only to take a theatre. A play-house is a short cut to a silversmith's. There

isn't a London manager who isn't plated after this fashion, which shows there is no place for true gratitude like the green-room. But I ask your pardon, for talking of such matters: knowing what a low place you think the theatres.

Parliament, like a goose that has been set upon too many eggs, has risen with half of 'em come to nothing. But this, grandmother, is the old trick. When the Parliament first opens, and ministers come down with new law after law,—why, what busy, bustling folks they seem! What a look of business it gives to the whole thing. But half of 'em is only for show; just so many dummies to take in what shopkeepers call “an enlightened public.” You know the bottles of red and blue that they have in apothecaries' shops. Well, half the folks think 'em physic, when they're nothing in the world but coloured water. Sir James Graham's Medical Bill was just one of these things; nothing real in it; but something made up for show; just to give a colouring to business. Talking of Parliament, a dreadful accident happened at the prorogation.

You know it's the privilege of the Duke of Argyll to bear the royal crown before the Queen. Certain noble folks come into the world with certain privileges of the kind. One has a right to stir the royal tea-cup on the day of the coronation—another to put on the Queen's pattens whenever she shall walk in the city—another to present the monarch with a pint of periwinkles when he shall visit Billingsgate; and so forth: all customs of the good old times, when people thought kings and queens were angels in disguise who had kindly left heaven just to give poor mortals here a lift—in fact, to make the world endurable. Well, the Duke of Argyll, walking backwards with the crown—going straightforwards not being at all the thing in the court—fell, poor old gentleman, down some steps—and, falling, dropt the crown! Phewgh! There was a shower of pearls and diamonds: for all the precious stones came rattling on the floor, just as if the queen, like the little girl in the fairy story, had been talking jewels. There were thoughts, I'm told, of calling in the police to keep off the mob of peers; but altogether they behaved themselves very well, and not a precious stone was found missing. The accident, however, caused a great fuss; and I'm told that in order to prevent its happening again, Madame Tussaud has offered to make a Duke of Argyll in wax, that, fitted up with proper wheels and springs, may be made to go backwards, with no fear of a tumble. Should the thing succeed

—and I don't see why it shouldn't—it would be a great saving in the way of salaries to the country, if a good many other court officers were manufactured after the like fashion. They would work quite as regularly, and look just as well.

I'd almost forgotten to say that the king of the Dutch has been on a visit to us—and, as I've heard, a very decent sort of king he is. Of course, he played whilst here at a little bit of soldiering—guards and grenadiers were turned out in the Hyde-Park, that he might review their helmets and bear-skin caps. Isn't it odd, grandmother, that the first shew kings and princes, when they come to us, want to stare at, is a shew of soldiers? Just to see how nicely men are armed and mounted to kill men? They don't mean any harm by it, of course; but still—I can't help thinking it—it does appear to me, if Beelzebub was to go into a strange country—if, indeed, there is any country he's not yet visited—the sight he'd first like to see, would be the sight of men taught the best way of cutting men's throats. And then (if he came here to London) he'd go down to Woolwich Marshes, to see what they call rocket practice. And, wouldn't he rub his hands, and switch about his tail, to see how rockets and shells split, break, tear away everything before 'em, showing what pretty work they'd make of a solid square of living flesh, standing for so many pence a day to be made a target of? You'd think it would be some wicked spirit that would enjoy this fun; but no, grandmother, it isn't so; quite the contrary; it's kings and princes. And yet I should like to have some king come over here who wouldn't care to go a soldiering in Hyde-Park; who wouldn't think of rocket-practice; but who, on the contrary, would go about to our schools, and our hospitals, and our asylums, and all places where man does what he can to help man; to assist and comfort him like a fellow-creature, and not to tear him limb from limb like a devil.

Our Queen has gone to Germany to see where Prince Albert was born. Well, there's something pretty and wife-like in the thought of this, and I like it. There was a dreadful fear among some of the nobs in Parliament, that while the Queen was away, the kingdom would drop to pieces. But it isn't so: the tax-gatherer calls, just the same as ever. The Queen took ship, and landed at Antwerp,—at the Quai Vandyke. Now, Vandyke, you must know, was a famous painter; and abroad, they've a fashion of naming streets and places after folks that's called geniuses.



We haven't come to that, yet. Only think of our having a Hogarth square, or a Shakspeare instead of a Waterloo-bridge! And then for statues in the streets, we don't give them to authors and painters; but only to kings and dukes that don't pay their debts.

Still, I do feel for her gracious majesty. Dear soul! Isn't it dreadful that a gentlewoman can't step abroad—can't take boat, but what there's a hundred guns blazing, firing away at her, —as if the noise of cannons and the smell of gunpowder was like the songs of nightingales and the scent of roses! How royalty keeps its hearing, I can't tell. When the dear lady got upon the Rhine, there were the guns blazing away as though heaven and earth were come together! It's odd enough that people will think a great noise is a great respect; and that the heartiest welcome can only be given by gunpowder. It seems, that the folks were putting up a statue to a musician, named Beethoven, and the Queen of England and the Prince were just in time to pay their respects to the bronze. Mr. Beethoven while alive was nobody; but it's odd how a man's worth is raked up from his coffin! And so, it's a great comfort to great men who, when in this world, are thought very small indeed, to think how big they'll be upon earth, after they've gone to heaven—a comfort for 'em, when they may happen to want a coat, to think of the suit of bronze or marble that kings and queens will afterwards give 'em. If, now, there's any English composer—any man with a mind in him, forced for want of better employment to give young ladies lessons on the piano,—when he should be doing sonatas and sinfonias and that sort of thing,—why, I say, it must be a comfort for him to know that folks can honour genius when it's put up by way of statue in the market-place.

One of the prettiest stories I've heard of the jaunt is this,—that the Queen and Albert went in a quiet way to visit the Prince's old schoolmaster—if this isn't enough to make all schoolmasters in England hold their heads up half-a-yard higher! Besides, it mayn't show a bad example to high folks who keep tutors and governesses.

Altogether the Queen must be pleased with her trip, and I should think not the less pleased where the folks made the least noise; although, from what I read in one of the papers, everybody doesn't think so; for the writer complains that there was "no shouting or noise, but only that *eternal* bowing which so strikes a traveller, and which would make one believe that beings across the Channel

were formed with some natural affinity between their right hands and their hats." Really to my mind there's something more pleasing, more rational like, in one human creature quietly bowing to another than in shouting and hallooing at him like a wild Indian. But, then, people do so like noise!

You'll be sorry to hear, grandmother, that your pets, the bishops, are again in trouble. I'm sure of it, bishops were never intended to have anything to do with money: they always tumble into such mistakes, whenever they touch it. How is it to be expected that they should know the mystery of pounds, shillings, and pence,—they who can't abide earthly vanities—they who are always above this world, though they never go up, as I hear, with Mr. Green in his balloon? Well, it seems that the bishops have had a mint of money put into their hands that they may build new churches for their fellow-sinners, whom they call spiritually destitute. Well, would you think it?—in a moment of strange forgetfulness, they've laid out so much money upon palaces for themselves, that they can't build the proper number of churches for the poor? The bishops have taken care of the bishops,—and for the spiritually-destitute, why they may worship in highways and bye-ways, in fields and on commons. Of course, the bishops never meant this. No: it has all come about from their knowing nothing of the value of money. Still, what's called the lower orders won't believe this. And isn't it a shocking thing to consider that the poor man may look at Bishop So-and-so, with a grudge in his eye, saying to himself, "Yes, you've built yourself a fine house—you've got your fine cedars and all that King Solomon talks about in your own palace—but where's my sittings in church—where, bishop, is my bench in the middle aisle?"

This is so dreadful to think of, that I can't write any further upon it, and so no more from your affectionate grandson,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

LETTER XXI.—TO SIR J. B. TYRELL, BART., P.M. FOR NORTH ESSEX.

SIR,—As I consider every gentleman that I have had the pleasure, or the honour, or the ill-luck as it may be, of driving, a sort of acquaintance—for where money passes, it in a manner binds men—I make no difficulty in sending you these few lines.

You have been dining with the conservative Maldon True Blue

Club. True blue, I suppose, means heaven's blue—that is, blue as true as heaven. All the speeches were printed in the *Essex Standard*, and afterwards where I saw 'em, in the *Morning Post*. Your speech, Sir James, or Sir John—(for upon my life I forget which it is, so I'll call you Sir James upon chance)—your speech knocked me as a Christian cabman quite over. You rose to drink the health of the Duke of Wellington. Well, I don't object to that. But, I'm sure of it, never once thinking of your Testament, you went on in this manner,—and mind, it was only just after dinner.

“It had been said of the Noble Duke, that he was not only the conqueror of Bonaparte, but the greatest man SINCE THE TIME OF OUR SAVIOUR!”

You thought if that language was “too strong to apply to him as a man, his claims upon the country could not be over-rated.” Now, Sir James, if the language was too strong (for you said “if,”) why did you use it? Why make any comparison between the Saviour of the World and the Colonel of a Grenadier Guards? The Duke, no doubt, has claims upon the country; though some of these claims, by-the-bye, are regularly settled by the country every pay-day; and come in regularly with his rents of Strathfieldsaye. Nevertheless, whatever claims he may have outstanding against us, I don't think he can enforce any of 'em in the spirit of Him who said—“Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.” The Duke of Wellington never talks in this way in the House of Lords; but do we expect that he should? His business of life, Sir James, has been to fight; and though I think the trade a very bad one, nevertheless he made the best of the wickedness. But, Sir James, you, it seems, would bind up “The Sermon on the Mount” with the *Wellington Despatches*; and seem to think the battle of Waterloo a finer acted thing than that small incident rehearsed at the words,—“Take up thy bed, and walk.”

Some time ago the son of a Christian judge, passing through a London street, saw, as he thought, a blasphemous representation of the Deity, exposed in a window. In a trice, he smashed the glass, and tore up the offensive picture. Right glad am I, for the sake of the convivial True Blues, that young Mr. Bruce was not at the Maldon Dinner; otherwise, when the chairman found a companion picture for Jesus in the grenadier tenant of Apsley

House, Mr. Bruce might have forgotten Sir James Tyrell in what he might have thought the blasphemer.

“ Our Saviour ” *and* the “ Duke of Wellington ! ” And among the company, “ which was upwards of seventy in number,” were members of Parliament, captains, esquires, and—~~my ink turns~~ almost red with shame as I ~~write it—and~~ clergymen ! There were pious, Christian teachers of Christian flocks, “ their eyes red with wine and their teeth white with milk,” who sat quietly upon their seats, and heard the British Grenadier paralleled with Jesus Christ ! Answer, Reverends Leigh, Williams, Bruce, and Henshawe—was it not so ? Oh, Conservative clergymen ! Oh, True Blue disciples of beeswing port ! Oh, knife and fork apostles ! When, mute as fish, you consented to the speech of Tyrell, and so forgot your Master, did you not, in your souls, hear “ the cock crow ? ”

Well, Sir James, I do recollect what my old Grandmother taught me of the New Testament—and although I’m but a cabman, I hope I do feel if I’d ever had the presumption to compare anybody to the blessed Saviour, I couldn’t have gone to the barracks for him. I think the Duke of Wellington has said that “ no man who’s nice about religion should be a soldier ! ” Perhaps you never heard of this ; and thought that to hunt the French out of Spain was almost quite as great as to cast out devils.

“ The greatest man since the time of our Saviour ! ” And there have been no other men, Sir James, sent into the world to pick their fellow-creatures, as I may say, out of the mud ? There have been no Shakspeare ? No Newton ? No Howard ? No ! Ball-cartridge has been the true manna of life ; and the words “ feed my sheep ” are nothing to “ make ready, present, fire.”

But Sir James, I’ve done. I know you didn’t mean what you said. No: the truth is, you’re a regular Conservative, and so—like other darkened folks—you must make an idol out of something. Rather than have none at all, you’d set up the Duke of Wellington’s boot-jack. Still among the True Blues, you overshot the mark, and must be by this time perfectly ashamed of yourself. Nevertheless, your wickedness ought not to go unpunished : and because, in a port-wine moment, you compared the Iron Duke to the Lamb of the World, I’d make you undergo a month’s penance. You should be covered all over with pipe-clay, and eat parched peas off a drum-head.

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

## THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COMMON SENSE

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Cant, Ignorance, and Bigotry,  
Combined their powers immense,  
To kill, and in his grave to lay,  
Poor murder'd Common Sense.

Cant, with a hypocritic grace,  
Thy mask, Religion, wore :  
And Ignorance, with smirking face,  
The form of Knowledge bore.

And Bigotry his brow exposed,  
Stamp'd with the name of zeal ;  
So like—that Common Sense supposed  
The mimic was the real.

And thus the trio gain'd their end,  
And thus was he deceived,  
Mistaken in each seeming friend,  
For friends he them believed.

With Custom's cords they strangled, then  
They threw him in a slough ;  
His sprite would sometimes visit men,  
But seldom visits now.

With other ghosts I deem he's laid  
For ever in the Red Sea,  
Or of his wizard foes afraid,  
We never more his head see.

But Superstition doth assert,  
Since Reason we have lost her,  
That *he* is Common Sense unhurt,  
The other an impostor.

And Superstition brought with him,  
From Hades' brimstone border,  
Fell Anarchy, the goblin grim,  
To set the world in order !

## New Books.

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THE PHILOSOPHICAL AND ÆSTHETIC LETTERS AND ESSAYS OF SCHILLER,  
Translated, with an Introduction, by J. WEISS, Post 8vo. J. Chapman.

THERE is still such a fundamental difference in the modes of thought between German and English writers, of even high repute and philosophical tendencies, that the one requires most careful interpretation to introduce it to the other. There are still influential and accomplished English critics who refuse to acknowledge the excellence of German philosophy, and who indeed are still so impregnated with John Bullism as to refuse to give it a fair examination. Educated carefully and laboriously in the finite and logical school of Locke, they refuse to enlarge their literary horizon, declaring that they have approached the absolute, as near as is possible, through the medium of English philosophy, and that all beyond is a cloudy dream-land—a foggy region, fit only for crazed idiots or frenzied madmen. The doctrine of German philosophers, of which they know scarcely anything, and, if anything, only through the medium of scraps of criticism on foreign literature, they declare to be “rubbish,” “nonsense,” that only confounds common-sense, and which ought to be dismissed at once as folly. Such impediments have always existed to the introduction of new thoughts or new modes of examination of abstruse subjects, and no set of persons have shown themselves more unphilosophical than philosophers when their theories have been attacked. It would seem that there is in human nature an overpowering impulse to retain anything it has once conquered, and that to give up what has cost some considerable pains to acquire is a sacrifice that few are inclined to make. The opinions of men, however, will not be stayed by the pertinacity of any set of thinkers or reasoners, and the consequence is that new doctrines, however virulently opposed, will make their value, whatever it may be, felt. It is sad, however, to think that the progress of human advancement is thus retarded, not by the ignorant vulgar, but by the ignorant learned. We are not prepared to say (for we pretend not to the competent knowledge) that the German philosophy is perfect, or even sound, but this we will assert, that some of the subtlest thinkers and most profoundly informed men have appeared in Germany during the last eighty years, and that to dismiss their works as unworthy of consideration, because they are abstruse, is as disgraceful as to assert that a man must be an atheist who does not subscribe to the thirty-nine articles.

These letters (which the very able translator says) stand unequalled.



in the department of *Æsthetics*, and are so esteemed even in Germany, which is so fruitful upon that topic, have been upwards of fifty years in reaching us. The same may be said of Schelling's admirable essay on Art, and numerous other works; and during this period what a number of crude essays and works have been foisted on the English reading public. How many works of inferior artists and authors have been thrust into notoriety (though not into fame), and how many dreary years of outrage have many noble minds endured, from the application of false principles in æsthetical matters.

It is a common thing, in English society, to be asked if "all this refinement of argument and remote reasoning is necessary, or of any avail?" and the real opinion of such questioners is that it is all nonsense. Common-sense, they say, is surely quite sufficient for the elucidation of matters of taste, though in matters of science, which are only the essence of common-sense, they are willing to be led into the most complicated trains of reasoning. Against metaphysics universal prejudice prevails in England, though to that region every question must necessarily retreat. The sooner, therefore, we remove to that elementary ground, the sooner are we likely to elicit absolute truths. This the Germans have long acknowledged. The French philosophy carried mere logic and discussion to its highest point, and established a sceptical theory thereby; and thus the other great thinkers of the world were driven to examine, not only the truths that could be elicited in this mode, but the very foundation of that logic itself. Fichte and Kant led on a host of explorers in this region of mind, and it was pursued with an ardour, power, and learning, that has greatly enlarged human knowledge on the subject of itself.

During this important controversy, in 1795, Schiller published the present Letters, and with the large and profound estimation of things that peculiarly marked his age and country, perceived and maintained that æsthetics were a portion of morals, and that their foundation was coexistent with nature and the human soul. With his truly poetic spirit and grand moral feeling, poetry and the fine arts were a part of politics, not in the petty sense of the term, as a mere exposition of any peculiar dogmas, but as a part of the directing influence of men's passions and conduct. In this view are the arts treated of in the "Letters on the *Æsthetic Culture of Man*," and in these hitherto, to us, unknown essays will be found the true arguments of many questions now agitating our political world. The mode of really civilising large masses of men; the regulation of the "play-impulse," and the stimulation of the "work impulse," and many other matters which will employ the last half of the nineteenth century.

A slight quotation will give a glimpse into this wonderful and manifold series of truths.

"Must theoretical culture precede the practical, and yet the latter be the condition of the former? All political improvements should result from nobility of character; but how can the character ennoble itself under the influence of

a barbarous civil polity ? We must find then an instrument for this design, which the state does not afford, and lay open sources, which preserve themselves pure and undefiled in every political depravation.

"I have now reached the point to which all my previous meditations have tended. This instrument is the fine arts. Those sources are displayed in their undying models. Art, like knowledge, is independent of everything that is positive or established by human conventions, and both enjoy an absolute immunity from the caprice of men. The political lawgiver can encroach upon its province, but he cannot govern there. He can outlaw the friend of truth, but truth remains ; he can humble the artist, but cannot debase the arts. It is true, nothing is more common than that both science and art should do homage to the spirit of the age, whose judgments give the tone to the prevailing taste. Where the character is tense and hardened, we see science watching narrowly its limits, and art moving in galling letters of rule ; where the character is relaxed and dissolute, science strives to satisfy, and art to delight. Whole centuries have shown philosophers as well as artists busied in immersing truth and beauty in the depths of a vulgar humanity ; the former sink, but the latter struggles up victoriously in her own indestructible energy."

It is not possible in a brief notice like the present to do more than intimate the kind of excellence of a work of this nature. It is a profound and beautiful dissertation, and must be diligently studied to be comprehended. After all the innumerable efforts that the present age has been sometime making to cut a royal road to everything, it is beginning to find that what sometimes seems the longest way round is the shortest way home ; and if there be a desire to have truth, the only way is to work at the windlass one's-self, and bring up the buckets by the labour of one's own good arm. Whoever works at the present well will find ample reward for the labour he may bestow on it : the truths he will draw up are universal, and from that pure elementary fountain. "that maketh wise he that drinketh thereof."

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THE STORY OF A ROYAL FAVOURITE. By MRS. GORE. In 3 volumes, p. 8vo. H. Colburn.

MRS. GORE, reversing the distich of Pope, draws "low characters from high life," portraying with something of malice the extreme selfishness, folly and inanity of that portion of society which she all through the present novel designates by way of joke (in which it is impossible to see the fun) "the hairy stockorasy." It is said that Mrs. Gore's position in society enables her to give just pictures of fashionable life ; and if so we can only say that tory, as she represents herself to be, nothing can have a greater republican tendency than her novels. It is not the first time, by many, that we have found men and classes writing themselves down ; and after all the persecution the Chartists have received it is to be doubted if their fiercest writers have ever produced anything so effective against idle rank and superfluous wealth, as what

is termed a fashionable novel. If the great question of worth versus wealth is to be tried (and assuredly it will be) before a presiding world, the most efficient witnesses against hereditary privileges would be the writers of their own faction. Whom heaven would destroy it first renders mad, and certainly the madness portrayed by these aristocratic writers, in thus revealing the weakness of their cause, seems to shadow forth the destruction of their class. The Anti-Corn Law League, or the Chartist association, would find it more effective than circulating the prosy speeches of some of their long-winded orators, to buy up the copyright of half a dozen fashionable novels, and circulate them in sixpenny tracts, and at the same time, to prove the extravagance and gullibility of the members of the aristocratical world, telling them the original price was a guinea and a half. Had Colbett or Tom Paine drawn the characters of an English duchess or a member of parliament as Mrs. Gore has those of the Duchess of Wigmore or Mr. Roper, they would have had an ex-officio filed against them, and been decried as low envious slanderers. There is now, however, in the literature, a mass of evidence from the pens of lords and ladies of fashion, that will at any time justify the importation from France of the law abolishing primogeniture.

As a novel the work possesses some talent and is readable; and to those anxious, from admiration or detestation of the aristocracy, to know their sayings and doings, very interesting. Mrs. Gore has certainly an almost fatal facility with her pen, and verges toward the hack-writer. The difficulty of maintaining the interest of three volumes begins to be perceptible, and is especially so here, in the second volume. Authorship becomes a trick with her, and she is an adept in all the artifices of novel concoction. For brilliancy there is a perpetual audacity and vivacity (the word should be flippancy). Legislators, systems, poets, prejudices, "all that the world holds dear," are finished off with a sarcasm so feeble and so perpetual that it seems more like petulance than satire, impertinence than sense. She, doubtless, knows her readers, who, strange to say, are to be found amongst the very set she abuses. Common-place characters and incidents do, however, receive from her lively handling a fresh luster; and although she gives us nothing but pompous dukes, cringing members of parliament, idiot duchesses, rone young lords, amiable kept mistresses, rapid wives, vulgar ladies'-maids, poisoning foreign valets, brigand couners, with one ideal hero and heroine, yet she contrives by her so potent art not to render them tedious, though she cannot render them novel. In all the arts of manufacture Mrs. Gore is an adept of the greatest experience. she declares open war with the critics, thus disarming, as she would seem to suppose, their condemnation, on the plea of its being mere offended malice. She garnishes her pages with all the modern and two of the dead languages, though the learned quotations seem to be mere twigs from the tree of learning, or bouquets presented by some scholastic admirer. The furniture of the last

pattern, the fashions of the last date, all that is popular or has any notoriety is alluded to with a familiarity that will make her adored by many readers, more especially country ladies, who own no sway but that of the great world, and who pass their lives in a blaze of enthusiasm towards those who rule in the realms of fashion. Her book too is a very directory of fashionable tradesmen ; and advertising is so indulged in that some readers may consider her novel as being a series of disguised advertisements, and that it comes within a class now publishing in Paris, wherein puffs are introduced after this fashion : " Albert flew to meet Helene with an elastic bound, that nothing but the braces of Mons. — would have allowed."

The " Royal Favourite " is a little monster of King Charles's breed, whose position enables him to witness many transactions that a biped could not, and his autobiography forms the story, of which, as is usual in novels of character and satire, there is little ; and it must be confessed that Mrs. Gore is quite free from the tediousness of long descriptions of persons or things. We have not eight pages on a dress of the middle ages, nor a piece of the Pictorial England stuck into the middle of a volume. What she writes is from her own observation, and therefore, being given without much effort, is readable. If she is not profound, she is never obscure ; and if she is never tender, she is never maudlin. Whatever may be her deficiencies as compared with the highest standard, she has still enough of merit to interest her readers, and whoever takes up her novel will read it through, and when he has done so will not altogether have thrown away his time ; and to those who want to know all about high life and great folks it will be delightful. No doubt it will be in great request at the circulating libraries, where it will have many inferior competitors, and few, of the present day, superior.

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THE BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND. Edited by CHAS. G. DUFFY. 24mo.  
Dublin : J. Duffy.

THIS is a portion of a series issued in Dublin, as wonderful for cheapness and excellence as Mr. Knight's shilling volumes in London. The selection is exceedingly well made, and preceded by a remarkably well-written introduction on Irish Ballads, discriminating with great nicety of taste and judgment the claims they have on the general reader ; and fully accounting for the curious fact that the national songs of so impulsive, passionate, and imaginative a people as the Irish, should not have become as popular as those of Scotland and England. It is a volume which, from its price, size, and contents, every Irishman, and all Englishmen who admire lyrical poetry, should possess. Many of the ballads are beautiful, tender, and impassioned poems, and are often indicative of the noble qualities natural to the ill-governed and misled Milesian race ; with whom it only requires that Englishmen should come to a right appreciation, to remove the impediments that



prevent their participating in the wealth and comforts of the more eastern parts of the empire. The interchange of national songs may do more than the interchange of penal acts of rival parliaments; and we therefore recommend this little book of ballads to the special protection of the well-wishers of the sister isle.

**TORRINGTON HALL:** being an account of Two Days, in the Autumn of the year 1844, passed at that magnificent and philosophically-conducted Establishment for the Insane. By ARTHUR WALLBRIDGE. Fcap 8vo. J. How.

If it were not for the dedication at the commencement, and the plan at the end, we should have taken this book for an entire fiction; as it is, it proves to be one of those hybrid works which modern idleness, in its impatience of what it calls heavy reading (by which should be understood serious writing), has calked forth. Torrington Hall is an establishment for insane persons, founded by a philanthropic and intellectual physician, Dr. Elstree, on a plan, if not entirely new, yet very greatly so in many of its details. It is, according to the account of Mr. Wallbridge (an assumed name), a palace in the midst of a happy valley, entertaining 700 inmates, who are treated as if reasonable beings. The rational system, which, in spite of all opposition, has been making its way ever since it was first started by Rousseau and French philosophy, is pursued most rigidly: appetites are stimulated by exercise; *exas* is expelled by constant useful employment, and the violence of the passions restrained by wholesome example and moral discourses. As the result of the perseverance and talents of one man, Torrington Hall is worthy of a more elaborate chronicle, and of special examination by all who take an interest in social science and social arrangements. There can be little doubt but that this account of it will attract the attention of many of that fast-increasing class of legislators, politicians, and writers, who are convinced that the regulations of dense masses of population must be founded on scientific principles.

Of the work itself we cannot speak so highly. The mingling of fact and fiction, the encumbering the description of so interesting an establishment with theories of government and dissertations on politics, seems crude and out of place. Nor are these subjects very felicitously introduced, nor profoundly discussed. Dummies are introduced, who oppose only just sufficient argument as to insure a triumph to the author's opinions. Questions that have vexed the brains of the hardest thinkers from Lycurgus and Socrates to Bacon and Bentham, are turned off as settled in a few vivacious sentences; and knotty points that the mightiest intellectual fingers have not been able to unravel, are here supposed to be slipped asunder by a very lady-like finger and thumb, as things as easily resolved as the tangles in the ears of a lap-dog. Neither madness nor the nature of man are so easily to be disposed of as Mr. Wallbridge seems to consider. It is incumbent to speak thus

plainly to this young author, because he has an agreeable facility of expression, a good deal of liveliness and observation, and above all an earnestness and justness of feeling; all which, when fortified and enriched by profounder knowledge and reflection, will make him a valuable advocate on the side of philosophy and mankind. His *Bizarre Tales* gave promise of a writer of first-rate excellence; and as we wish him well, we cannot encourage him in a style which, in its horror of heaviness, is likely, if not controlled, to run into flippancy and flimsiness. We thank him, however, for the book, as directing attention to the subject, and should be glad to see a full and scientific account of an establishment in every way so important and interesting as Torrington Hall.

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**RHYMES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF A HAND-LOOM WEAVER.** By WILLIAM THOM, of Inverury. Second Edition with Additions. Post 8vo. Smith, Elder & Co.

**POEMS BY ELIZA COOK.** Fcp. 8vo. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

POETRY is a term so vaguely applied, and so indefinitely conceived, that it is made to comprehend any measured language. In this very unsatisfactory application of the word, certainly, both the above volumes may be included within its application. They differ from prose in their syllabic arrangement, but in no other respect, though, being versified, the ideas are a little more enthusiastic and sentimental than is usually the case. Of the true element of poetry, that fusion (or, as a prosaic punster would perhaps say, *confusion*) of the intellect, the imagination, and the feeling—an utterance proportionately and intensely mingling all into a new product, which is at once felt to be poetry—there is none whatever.

We conclude, and are glad for the authors' sake it is so, that one being the second series, and the other the second edition, that they both have obtained some share of popularity. That they should do so was very natural, for they both of them echo, and oftentimes not ungracefully nor feebly, sentiments and sensations that the affectionate and the enthusiastic feel a pleasure in being renewed. In Miss Cook's poems we have the most homely and common events, and the sensations they produce, given with very little adornment in good Dunstable verse—coarse in texture and strong to wear—a good serviceable article, that will suit the maid and many mistresses. There is glibness of expression, readiness of illustration, and some warmth of feeling; but still it is to be regretted that there is not in the language a word that will express this, without affixing the same term to the inspired passages of the prophet Isaiah and Shakspeare.

Towards Mr. Thom we have a warmer feeling; for if not in the strict sense of the word a poet, he is a man of talent, and his vicissitudes have been so terrible that we should regret to throw another shadow across



his path. To write such prose, and to have so far advanced in versification, is no slight proof of abilities, situated as he was in the lowest abysses of poverty and misery. It is a strange thing that this lowly writer has not any vulgarity of expression, whilst Miss Cook, whose education seems to indicate a wealthier if not higher grade of society, abounds in vulgarisms and common-places. This, we take it, arises from the greater simplicity of the Scotch weaver, and because vulgarity itself is an affectation. Mr. Thom's verses are also musical and varied, and the subjects more pleasing. Poverty of diction is so much concealed by the use of Scotch words, that a southern ear may be much deceived as to the intrinsic power of the language. It is most sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Thom will be placed in a situation where his superior literary talent may find profitable exercise; and we cannot refrain, though beyond the critical province, from congratulating Mr. Thom on the friendship of Mr. Gordon, whose valuable assistance is honourable to both parties.

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A TOUR THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE MEUSE WITH THE LEGENDS OF THE WALLOON COUNTRY AND THE ARDENNES. BY DUDLEY COSTELLO. Post 8vo. Chapman and Hall.

It might be supposed that thirty years of constant travelling and an constant publication would have exhausted at all events Europe; and that the opposite realms at least of France and Flanders must have been written dry by successive travellers. But that such is not the case, is proved by daily issues from the press; and the present elegant and lively volume is a pleasing instance to the contrary. The imitative and gregarious nature of man is as much exemplified in the individual traveller, as in any division of the human race; and the grand sights and high roads are pretty rigidly kept to by the whole mass. Now and then, as in the present instance, an adventurous lover of nature and novelty strikes out of the highway and beaten track, and discovers a region of beauty that, in its turn, becomes the resort of the flock who follow. They cannot have a pleasanter guide than Mr. Costello, who knows how to describe the picturesque, and heighten its beauty by casting over it the associations of remote history and romantic legend. And nowhere do these accessories more abound than in the land where industry and intelligence prevailed, through a most cruel conflict, against the ignorance and ferocity of hereditary power.

The work is very beautifully embellished with a variety of illustrative wood-cuts and other "devices" to render it, what, no doubt, it will become, an inmate of the table library that every lady now indulges in. It is rather strange, that amidst such a profusion of illustration, the "graver" did not afford us a little map, the more readily to track and enable his admirers to follow the new guide to the region he has so tastefully explored. We had intended to have extracted a description or two, but the great pressure of other works has prevented our so doing.

**DANTE.** Translated by ICHABOD CHARLES WRIGHT, M.A. A new Edition, revised and corrected. 3 vols. Fcp. 8vo. London : Longman and Co.

THE very sound of Dante's name is like the sullen midnight bell swung from the loftiest tower of some solemn cathedral. It is associated with night of the intensest gloom and solemnity, although that night sometimes, as in the *Inferno*, seems of "the dunnest smoke of hell." Again, as in the *Purgatorio*, it is the mere glimmer of remote stars that light its agonising pages, until in the *Paradiso* it is still but the splendour of night, though there it is illuminated by all the host of stars. Never do we get to daylight, nor ever escape from the overwhelming awfulness that the gloomy genius of the poet impresses upon one. The grand characteristic of the poem is derived from the grand characteristic of the man : indomitable intellectual might. He is the *Coriolanus* of poets. He scorns and contemns the mean or the frivolous, and sternly rejects all aids which require him to swerve from his lofty flight. In this directness of purpose, in this disdain of petty arts to attract attention or win applause, he transcends Milton, and every poet we have ever perused. Poetry with him was the utterance of the loftiest truths his soul could conceive. It is the poetry of the prophets, begot of anguish and woe, and the only capable exponent of the profoundest emotions and intellectual conceptions. Poetry with him was a reality, stern and palpable as the spirit of man itself. It was no light fiction for ladies' albums, or the amusement of foppish leisure. It was the utterance of the statesman and the legislator, who had drunk of the bitter waters of experience, and had seen human nature stripped to its lazar-like nakedness. It was the voice of the middle ages, a season of tempest and unrest, when the passions, and the intellect, and the spirits of men were let loose to a saturnalia of riot and violence that would have shaken the axis of the great world itself, did the inanimate sympathise with the animate. It is a solemn thing to read Dante as a reality, and bold must be the spirit that can face such a picture of humanity unappalled. What must have been his state who shadowed forth such pictures, and portrayed such scenes of woe and desolation, we can have but faint glimpses, but he was, if not the first, one of the earliest martyrs, not to any particular form of worship, but to the intellect and the abstract idea of justice. Nothing but the spirit of a martyr could have sustained him.

It is from these causes that Dante's poem has become a text-book with the Reformers and the movement party of "young Europe." He waged uncompromising war with wrong. His "*Inferno*" is an anathema against all kinds of injustice and oppression. And as vice and virtue remain for ever the same in reality, though too often confounded by vile legislation, this great Reformer of the middle ages is an armoury for the modern champions of humanity and justice. In England we have so far advanced, at least in the power of utterance, as regards

freedom, that we need not make any such remote references to urge our rightful claims. and here Dante is merely considered as a poet, and as such has but few readers; from the severity, not to say grotesqueness, of his style, which reminds one of the earliest mode of painting which though real and powerful, is still harsh and unrelieved by perspective or colour. It requires, to at all feel or estimate Dante, that the mind should be abstracted to the simplicity, violence, and earnestness of the middle ages; to the barbaric splendour of the temporal lords, and the secluded fanaticism and intellectual ambition of its powerful priesthood.

Mr Wright's translation has two strong recommendations, its extreme cheapness (considering its form), and its very agreeable lightness. It is not overladen with notes, and though it may not have the weight of Cary's, yet it is much easier reading and more likely to introduce the great poet generally to the English reader.

THE DIARY OF PHILIP HENSLÖWE, FROM 1591 to 1609. Printed from the original manuscript preserved at Dulwich College. Edited by J. PARRY, Esq., F.S.A. Printed for the Shakspeare Society.

THE English drama, from the birth of Shakspeare to its temporary abolition in 1647, is in every way worthy of the attention now for some years bestowed on it here as well as on the continent, where, both in France and Germany, it has influenced very considerably the form of literature. It is, in fact, the soil from which has sprung the romantic school, and is the very cradle of modern literature, in contradistinction to the classical. Had it not contained these powerful elements, Schlegel would never have made it the medium of his profound essays, nor would the host of æsthetic commentators have followed him in the same course. The English dramatists of this period were self projected: it was no imitative literature that they created, but the product "of the very age and body of the time." It is now felt to be so, and as the initiation of a new order of writing, and the opening up of a new region of thought and sentiment, demands the profoundest investigation. Everything that throws light on its origin and foundation, and that reveals the circumstances of its great promulgators, is not only exceedingly interesting, but truly valuable, as a portion of the history of literature. A more interesting work could not well be conceived, than a diary, containing the dates of the production and the proceeds of innumerable plays, and the payments regarding them, revealing the circumstances and condition of the authors, and giving glimpses also of the actual state and condition of the times.

An original document of this sort, with its vile and absurd orthography, and with the stamp in every page of its base and ignorant author's individuality, is worth all the speculative declamation that can be uttered on the subject. Here is a piece of the time cut out and bodily preserved, with all its anomalies. We are here, for a few brief seconds,

face to face, in bodily reality, with the minds we have hitherto only regarded with consideration, almost as dim and certainly as great as that we feel towards

“ ————— thundering Æschylus,  
Euripides and Sophocles, \* \* \*  
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova. \* \* \*

We are in the carved chamber of the old usurer, pawnbroker and manager, when he lends “unto Thomas Downton, the xvij of Janewary 1598, to lend unto harey chettle\* to paye his charges in the marshallsey, the some of xxx,s.” To possess 269 octavo printed pages of such entries of innumerable dramatists, actors, and circumstances connected with the stage, is a drawing up of the curtain of time that we cannot value too much. “These be facts,” which to the suggestive and imaginative mind present a vast variety of truths, revealing the whole circumstances of our old drama. To those who do not possess any of this vivifying faculty, the book may seem a mere old account-book, although it is the very “Pepys” of the Shakspearian era.

Our space will not permit us to give vent to the endless revealments and imaginings conjured forth by the quaint entries of this bulky parchment-bound, old, ill-spelt, memorandum account-book. One wonder we must notice—there is not one word of the “great one” to be found in it. Everywhere the same imperturbable silence from him and of him! How was it he thus stood apart, in an age when literary association was the fashion and the rage, and almost unavoidable?

We cannot trust ourselves with quotation; for if we began, we should not know how to stop. We must, however, show what curious results can be deduced from it, by stating that it appears from the record of plays of two years, “that the audiences of that day required a new play, upon an average, about every eighteen days.” It appears, too, that the love of fine dresses was as great then as now, for the gown of Mrs. Frankford, in Heywood’s “Woman killed with kindness,” cost a sum equal to about 35% of our money; an amount, by the way, larger than that paid to the dramatist for this noble five-act play. As to the payment and treatment of the greater founders of this school of literature, it is lamentable. For a “Woman never vext,” one of the finest comedies in the language, Rowley only received six pounds; and it is a curious instance of the vicissitude of theatrical affairs, that two hundred years after, a vaudeville-writer should receive 400% for altering it to suit the fashion of the more modern time.

Of the labour and pains bestowed on this mass of antiquity, in the shape of notes gathered from all sources of old literature by Mr. Collier, we cannot speak too highly. That it is done entirely gratuitously, from the pure love of literature, is extremely gratifying to be able to assert, as it proves how strong and pure is the homage paid to our mighty

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\* Harry Chettle, the author, joint and wholly, of several plays.

writers by some of the ripest scholars of the age. Services such as these are far more valuable to the old poets than any brilliant speculations can be, made without a full knowledge of them; and such silent and laborious service is as honourable to the modesty as to the scholarship of men who thus devote themselves; who would be much more amply rewarded, both in praise and money, if they ran off glib dissertations in a few hours, instead of giving years to research. We think that the Shakspeare Society, too, is doing good service by preserving and accumulating valuable materials for the future historian of the drama and literature.

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**THE WISDOM AND GENIUS OF THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE,** illustrated in a series of Extracts from his Writings and Speeches; with a summary of his Life. By PETER BURKE, Esq. Post 8vo. E. Moxon.

As it has been the fashion lately with a small class of political writers to revive the enthusiasm at one time felt for Burke's writings, and to elevate him to the position of a philosophical legislator, the present work will be convenient to those readers and thinkers who, desirous of knowing something of him, are still unwilling to wade through a large mass of exploded politics. It is doubtful whether true wisdom, whatever may be the fact with regard to oratorical genius, is to be looked for in the speeches of any member of a mere debating assembly. If abstract truths are uttered there, they are so falsely set that they lose their effect. In collections of this kind, whether from the speeches of Chatham, Fox, Wellington, or Peel, we find very little that can deserve to be esteemed as "wisdom." All is said for a purpose, highly coloured, strained, and frequently contradictory. The very habit of endeavouring to gain the suffrages of a mixed and passionate assembly, destroys the power of calm and disinterested reflection; and we cannot think, from glancing through this work, that Burke forms, in these respects, any exception to the general class of orators and statesmen.

The life that precedes the volume is too eulogistic; and in order to get at a true idea of the man, his character as given by Lord Brougham (in Knight's little volume) should be perused as a counterpoise. We are inclined to think that the latter is much nearer the truth than the former. However, as Burke is a name that will always deserve and receive attention, it is very well to have him bottled off in a portable shape.



# DOUGLAS JERROLD'S

## SHILLING MAGAZINE.

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### THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

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#### CHAPTER XVII.

WITH many words did Tom Blast strive to assure St. Giles that the orphan boy had found a watchful parent in his mother's friend; and St. Giles was fain to look believably. He saw his own doomed childhood in the miserable, mistaught creature: he saw the wretch prepared to sell him, in due season, to Newgate shambles; and yet the passion, the agony that tugged at the transport's heart must be subdued: he must mask his hate with a calm look, must utter friendly words. "'Twas kind of you, mate,—very kind," said St. Giles, "to take such care of the young cretur. Well, good day," and St. Giles coloured and stammered as he felt the eye of Blast was upon him—"we shall meet again."

"You never said a truer word," cried Blast, and he held forth his hand. St. Giles breathed heavily; he would rather have grasped a wolf by the throat; and then he took the hand that had all but fitted the halter to his own neck. "We shall meet again," said Blast; and the words, like bodiless furies, seemed to St. Giles to fill the air around him. He passed from the lane into the open street, and still they followed him; still each syllable seemed a devil threatening him. "We shall meet again," rang in his ears, torturing his brain; and again he saw the ghastly horror of the morning; again beheld those fifteen corded wretches; again beheld the shadow of himself. He passed on, crossed the road;

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\* Continued from p. 206.



the street was thronged ; the hubbub of the day was at its height ; yet St. Giles saw nothing but those pinioned men, and the preacher of Christ's word, in the name of his merciful Master, solacing sinners to be in a moment strangled by the warrant of a Christian king. He paused, and with his hand before his eyes, leant against a wall ; and piercing words in terrible distinctness fell upon him,—“ I am the resurrection and the life.” He started, and a few paces from him, in St. Giles's churchyard, he beheld the parish priest. The holy man was reading the burial service over pauper clay ; was sanctifying ashes to ashes, dust to dust, amid the whirl of life—the struggle and the roar of money-clawing London.

The ceremony went on, the solemn sentences tuned with the music of eternal hopes, fitfully heard through cries of “ chairs to mend,” and “ live mackarel.” The awful voice of Death seemed scoffed, derided, by the reckless bully, Life. The prayer that embalmed poor human dust for the judgment, seemed as measured gibberish that could never have a meaning for those who hurried to and fro, as though immortality dwelt in their sinews. And that staid and serious-looking man, with upturned eyes and sonorous voice, clad in a robe of white, and holding an opened book, —why, what was he ? Surely, he was playing some strange part in a piece of business in which business men could have no interest. The ceremony is not concluded, and now comes an adventurous trader with a dromedary and a monkey on its back, the well-taught pug, with doffed feathered cap, sagaciously soliciting halfpence. And there, opposite the church-yard, the prayer of the priest coming brokenly to his ears, is a tradesman smiling at his counter, ringing the coin, and hardly snuffing the Golgotha at his door, asking what article he next shall have the happiness to show. And thus in London highways do Death and Life shoulder each other. And Life heeds not the foul, impertinent warning ; but at the worst thinks Death, when so very near, a nuisance : it is made by familiarity a nasty, vulgar, unhealthy thing ; it is too close a neighbour to become a solemnity.

It has been held to be a wise, deep-thoughted ordinance of the Egyptians that at their banquets was served a skeleton, that, in its grim nakedness, it might preach their coming nakedness to all the revellers : that it might show their future outline of bone, when called to lay aside the fleshly garment, laced and interlaced with so divine a mystery of nerves that, subtle as light, conveys the bliss of being. And so was a skull made a moralist ; and

solemn were the mute exhortations falling from its grinning jaws ; profound its comic teaching. For, apart from association, the expression of a bare skull has, to ourselves at least, nothing in it serious : nay, there has always seemed to us a quaint cheerfulness in it. The cheek-bones look still puckered with a smile, as though contracted when it flung aside the mask of life, and caught a glimpse of the on-coming glory.

And the Egyptians are lauded for their dinner skeleton. Indeed, at the first thought, it seems a notable way of teaching sobriety and good manners. Yet, could we come at the truth—could we know the very heart of the banquet, throbbing after an hour or so, with hot wine,—we should know, past dispute, how grievously the great Preacher Bone had failed in his purpose. We should hear of quick-witted Egyptians making unseemly jokes at his gaunt nakedness ; we should see one reprobate idolater of leeks capping death's-head with an empty bowl, even as a boy ventures a joke upon his sleeping schoolmaster. We should see another—a fine young Theban—spiriting wine in the cavernous eye-holes of Death, bidding him look double for the libation. But of these jests we hear nothing ; we only hear of the wisdom of the whereabouts of the skeleton, and nothing of the affronts that—we would almost swear to the fact—its familiarity with the living drew upon it.

And therefore—oh, legislators !—remove city churchyards from the shop-doors of citizens. Your goodly purpose has altogether failed. By huddling the dead with the living, it was doubtless your benign intention to place a lesson continually in the eyes of trading men—to show them how vain and fleeting was even a cent. per cent. profit—to prove that however thumping the balance on the books, Death, with his dirty, grave-yard fingers, might any minute come and wipe it out. The thing has not succeeded. How many hackney-coach stands have with the best intention been established near churchyards ! For hours and hours the drivers sit and sit, with one eye upon the grave, and another on the pavement. And yet these men, so open to daily meditation—so appealed to by tomb-stone eloquence—these men are scarcely to be trusted with unweighed bullion. We speak within measure when we say that not above a hundred times have we heard of a hackney-coachman returning sovereigns which—in a moment of vinous enthusiasm—had been unguardedly tendered for shillings. No : we could swear it. Not above a hundred times.

And still St. Giles stood, listening the burial service, when he felt something pulling at his coat-skirt. He looked round, and saw his half-brother the precocious Jingo, lauded by Tom Blast, at his side. "I say," cried the urchin with a wink, and pointing towards a spot in the churchyard, "that's where we put the old 'oman."

"What,—mother? Where?" cried St. Giles.

Jingo picked up a piece of broken 'bacco pipe from the pavement. "Bet you a pound," said the boy, "I'll hit the place. Why, jist there;" and unerringly he pitched the fragment on a distant grave. This done, Jingo nodded in self-approval.

Without a word, St. Giles entered the churchyard, and approached the grave; Jingo running like a dog at his side. "Poor soul! poor soul," cried St. Giles; and then, looking earnestly down upon the clay, he added, "after all, it's a better place than the Lane—a better place."

"Bless your 'art," said the boy, "that's what mother said afore she come here. She called me to her, and said she was a goin' to be appy at last—and then there was a man as read to her two or three times out of a book, and would read for all Tom Blast said he'd get him pumped on for coming to the Lane—well, when she talked o' being appy, the man said she was a wicked creetur to think o' sich a thing. And then didn't the old 'oman wring her hands, and call Tom Blast sich names and didn't she hug me like nothin', and scream out, and ask who'd take care o' me?"

"I'll take care of you," cried St. Giles, and he placed an arm about the boy's neck. "Be a good child, and I'll take care of you: I promise it—here I promise it; here, where poor mother lies. And you will be a good boy, won't you?" asked St. Giles affectionately, and tears came into his eyes.

"Oh, won't I though!" cried Jingo, plainly expecting some reward for his ready promise.

"I know you will I'm sure you will," said St. Giles, patting the boy's head; "and now go home, and you and I'll meet again afore long. Here's a shilling for you; and mind you take no more handkerchers." Jingo seized the money—ducked his head up and down—and in a moment disappeared in Hog-lane. "I'll save him from that devil, as God's in heaven I will," cried St. Giles, and as though nerved with a good purpose, he walked sharply on. He had suddenly found in life a new responsibility, and with it new determination.

With this thought he pursued his rapid way towards the mansion of St. James. With trembling hand he struck the knocker : again and again, harder and harder. Still the door remained closed : and then, to the fancy of St. Giles, the lion's head looked sneeringly at him, mocking his errand. " There 's nobody at home," said St. Giles despondingly, and at the same moment the door was opened by a footboy, a most bright mulatto of about fifteen. There was an ease, a self-assurance in the youth, that proved him to have been born for the brilliant livery that adorned him. He seemed to have come into the world, like a parroquet, to disport in gaudy covering. And thus, a very nestling, he had been fledged with the St. James's livery ; for when scarcely six years old, he had been presented as a sort of doll footboy to one of the Marquess's daughters : like her pet pug, he was such a curious little wretch—such a pretty little monster. His colour was so bright—his nose so flat—his eyes so sharp—and he had this advantage of the pug, his hair was so woolly. Had he been made of the best Nankin china—and not compounded of Saxon and negro blood—he had scarcely been more precious. Still, human toy as he was, he had this drawback from his humanity : Ralph—such was his name—grew out of the curious ; he shot up from the squab Indian image into the lanky, loose-jointed youth. Could he have remained all his life under four feet, he would have continued a treasure ; but he grew, and growing, was lowered from the eminence of his childhood to the flat walk of the servants'-hall. It was so pretty to see him—like an elfin dwarf from some Indian mine—tripping with prayer-book at his young lady's heels : but nature, with her old vulgarity, would have her way, and so, Ralph, the son of Cesar Gum, who was duly married to Kitty Muggs, who in good time duly buried her African lord,—Ralph, we say, was fast spindling into the mere footman. And he had ever had a quick sense of the rights of livery. It was a garb that placing him in near and dear communication with the noble, by consequence elevated him to a height, not measurable by any moral barometer, above common people. He looked, as from a ladder, down upon the vulgar. His mother, the widowed Gum, would in her mild, maternal way remonstrate with her beloved child, on his unchristian pride ; and when in turn rebuked, as she never failed to be, with exorbitant interest, she would comfort herself by declaring to herself, " that it was just so with his blessed father, who was gone to a better place. He, too, had such a spirit." Little thought St. Giles, as.

he stood confronted with that young mulatto—at the time with all his thoughts half buried in a pottle, from which he fished up strawberry after strawberry, conveying the fruit with a judicial smack to his mouth. Little thought St. Giles that he stood before the only child of the negro Cesar, who, in Covent garden watch house, had borne witness against him. As yet St. Giles had ventured no syllable of inquiry, when young Ralph, in his own masterly manner, began the dialogue.

“I say, if it isn’t an uncivil thing to put to a gentleman,—how much might you have give the Marquess for this house? You couldn’t tell us, nohow, could you?” and master Ralph sucked a strawberry between his white, paternal teeth.

“What do you mean, mate?” asked St. Giles, with a stare.

Ralph returned an astonished look at the familiarity, and then spat a strawberry-stalk on St. Giles’s foot. He then continued.

“Why, in course you’ve bought the house, else you’d never have made such a hullabaloo with the knocker. As I said afore, how much might you have give for it?”

“I ask your pardon, I’m sure,” said St. Giles, “I thought at last everybody was out.”

“Everybody but me—for kitchen-maids go for nothing—is. But what did you give for the house, I say?” again repeated the witty Ralph; laughing at his own indomitable humour.

“Lor, Ralph,” cried a female head, hanging over the banister, “lor, Ralph, why don’t you answer the poor man?” Saying this, the head for a moment disappeared, and then again showed itself on the shoulders of a fat little woman, who bustled down into the hall.

“Now I tell you what it is,” said the youthful footman, glowing very yellow, and holding up his fore-finger at the intruder. “if you don’t let me mind my business, you shan’t come here, when they’re out, at all,—now mind that.”

“Ha! if only your dear father could hear you, wouldn’t it break his heart! For the seven years we lived together he never said a crooked word to me, and Ralph, you know it. He *was* a man,” said the widow in that earnest tone with which widows would sometimes fain convey a sense of value of the past invaluable.

“He was a man!”

“I a’pose he was”—replied the filial Ralph—“you’ve said so such a many times; all I know is, I know nothing about him—and I don’t want to know nothing.”



“ Well, if ever I thought to hear such words come out of that livery ! Don’t you expect that something will happen to you ? Know nothing about your own father ! When—only you’re a shade or two lighter, for your dear father wasn’t ashamed of what God give him to cover him with—only a shade or two, and you’re as like him as one crow’s like another.” And this Mrs. Gum further clenched with—“ And you know you are.”

Master Ralph Gum turned a deeper and deeper yellow, as his mother spoke. His indignation, however, at his avowed similitude to his departed sire, was too large to be voluble through a human mouth. He therefore turned abruptly from his widowed parent, and angrily shouted at St. Giles—“ What do you want ?”

“ I want his young lordship,” answered St. Giles. “ He told me to bring this,” and St. Giles presented the card.

“ Well, I can read this plain enough,” said Ralph.

“ And if you can,” cried Mrs. Gum, “ who have you to thank for the blessing but your dear father ? Till his dying day, he couldn’t read, sweet fellow ; but he made you a gentleman, and yet you know nothing of him.”

“ You shan’t come here at all, if you can’t behave yourself,” cried Master Ralph to his mother, evidently meaning to keep his word. Then turning to St. Giles, he said—“ You’d better take this to Mr. Tangle.”

“ Tangle—a—lawyer ?” cried St. Giles, with a quick recollection of that wise man of Newgate.

“ He’s at the Committee at the Cocoa-Tree : I dare say it’s election business, and he’ll send you down—if you’re worth the money—with the other chaps. I don’t know nothing more about it,” cried Master Ralph, perceiving that St. Giles was about to make further enquiry—“ all I can say to you is, the Cocoa-Tree.”

“ I’m a going a little that way, young man,” said Mrs. Gum, “ and I’ll show you.”

“ And mind what I say,” cried Ralph to his mother, closing the door, and speaking with his face almost jammed between it and the postern, “ mind what I say ; if you can’t behave yourself, you don’t come no more here.” And then he shut the door.

“ Ha ! he doesn’t mean it—not a bit of it,” said Mrs. Gum. “ He’s such a good cretur ; so like his father—only a little more lively.”

“ And he’s dead ?” said St. Giles, not knowing well what to say.

“ And I’m alone,” sighed Mrs. Gum. “ His father was a



flower, that cretur was : he'd a kissed the stones I walk upon. He was too honest for this world. He caught his death—nothing shall ever persuade me out of it—upon principle."

"After what fashion?" asked St. Giles.

"Why you see it was in a hard frost—and poor soul! if there was a thing he couldn't 'bide in the world, it was frost. He hated it worser than any snake; and it was nat'ral, for he was born in a hot place, where monkeys and cocon-nuts come from—this is the way to the Cocoa-Tree. Well, it was a hard frost, and he was out with the carriage at a state-ball at the Palace. He was in full-dress of course—with those dreadful silk stockings. All the other servants put on their gaiters; but he would n't—he was so partiular to orders. Well, the cold flew to the calves of his legs, and then up into his stomach, and then—oh, young man! I've never looked at silk stockings that I hav'n't shivered again. That's the way to the Cocoa-Tree:" and with this, Mrs. Gum, possibly to hide her emotion, suddenly turned a corner, and left St. Giles alone.

But he needed no pilotage: the Cocoa-Tree was well known to him; and with his best haste he made his way to its hospitality. Arrived there, he inquired for Mr. Tangle, and was immediately shown into the presence of that very active legalist, who sat at the head of a table with a heap of papers before him. On each side of the table sat a row of thoughtful men, each with a glass at his hand, all convoked to protect the British Constitution, menaced as it was in its most vital part—a part, by the way, seldom agreed upon by those who talk most about it—by a candidate for the representation of the borough of Liquorish; an intruder upon the property of the Marquess of St. James. The borough, time out of mind, had been the property of the family: to attempt to wrest it from the family grasp was little less felonious than an attack upon the family plate-chest. Twice or thrice there had been murmurs of a threatened contest; but now, on the retirement of Sir George Warmington from the seat, that his young lordship might gracefully drop himself into it, a plebeian candidate, with an alarming amount of money, had absolutely declared himself. Such audacity had stirred from its depths the very purest patriotism of Mr. Tangle, who lost no time in waiting upon Mr. Folder—with whom since the first Sabbath interview in Red Lion Square, he had kept up a running acquaintanceship—and immediately offering himself, body and the precious soul the body contained, at the service of the

Marquess. Mr. Folder had just the order of mind to perceive and value the merits of Tangle; and the lawyer was instantly appointed as the head and heart of the committee sitting at the Cocoa-Tree, for his young Lordship's return for—in the words of Tangle—his own sacred property of Liquorish.

“Well, my good young man,” said Tangle to St. Giles, “you of course are one of the right sort. You come to give us a vote? To be sure you do. Well, there's a post-chaise for you, dinners on the road—hot suppers, and a bottle of generous wine to send you happy to bed. His lordship scorns to give a bribe; but every honest voter has a right to expect the common necessities of life.”

“I've never a vote,” said St. Giles, “nothing of the sort. I wish I had.”

“You wish you had, indeed!” cried Tangle. “None of your impudence, fellow. What brings you here, then?”

“I've been to his lordship's house, and they sent me here. His lordship told me to come to him in London, and give me this card. He told me as how he'd take me into his service,” added St. Giles with a slight shudder, for as Tangle looked full upon him, he remembered all the horrors of Newgate—all brought to his memory by that legal stare. Years had passed over Tangle, and save that the lines in his face were cut a little deeper, and marked a little blacker, his were the same features—the very same—that frowned on the boy horse-stealer in the condemned cell.

“Well, his lordship's not here,” said Tangle; “and he's too busy now to attend to such raff as you. Away with you.”

“Stop, stop,” cried a low whistling voice; and a gentleman with a very white, thistledown kind of hair, a small withered face, and remarkably little eyes, called back St. Giles. “I suppose, my man,” said the aged gentleman, putting on his best possible look of vigour, and endeavouring to make the most of his shrunk anatomy, “I suppose, my fine fellow, you can fight? Eh? You look as if you could fight?” And then the querist chuckled, as though he talked of an enjoyment peculiarly adapted to man.

“Why, yes, sir,” said St. Giles, “I can fight a little, I hope, in a good cause.”

“Upon my life, Mr. Folder,” said Tangle, “the world's come to something when such as he is to judge of causes.”

“But he's a stout fellow—a very stout fellow,” whispered Folder to the lawyer; “and as I'm credibly informed that the other side have hired an army of ruffians—I even know the very

carpenter who has made the bludgeons—why, we mustn't be taken by surprise. I'm never for violence; but when our blessed constitution is threatened by a rabble, we can't be too strong."

Mr. Tangle nodded sagaciously at this, and again addressed St. Giles. "Well, then, fellow, if you're not above earning an honest bit of bread, we'll find employment for you. Besides, you may then see his lordship, and he may have an opportunity of knowing what you're worth."

"I'll do anything for his lordship, bless him!" cried St. Giles.

"There, now, none of your blessings. We're too old birds to be caught with such chaff as that. Your duty as an honest man will be to knock down everybody that wears a yellow riband, and to ask no questions." Such were the instructions of Tangle; and St. Giles, who had no other hope than to see his lordship, bowed a seeming acquiescence.

"You may get some refreshment," said Folder, "and so be ready to start with the next batch. Mind, however, at least until the day of nomination, to keep yourself sober; on that day, why everything's *ad libitum*. When I say *ad libitum*, I mean that you will be expected to take the best means to defend our blessed constitution. And when I say the best means"—

"He knows, Mr. Folder; he knows," interrupted Tangle. "He'll drink like a fish, and fight like a cock; I can tell it by the looks of him;" and with this compliment the attorney waved St. Giles from the apartment; a waiter taking possession of him, and showing him to a smaller room wherein were congregated about a dozen minstrels, especially hired by Tangle to play away the hearts and voices of the voters of Liquorish. Our blessed constitution was to be supported by a big drum, two or three trumpets, as many clarionets, an oboe, a fiddle or two, and a modest triangle. "There was nothing like music to bring folks up to the poll," was the avowal of Tangle. "Fools were always led by the ears. When they heard 'Hearts of oak,' they always thought they had the commodity in their own breasts—and never paused at the bribery oath, when 'Britons strike home' was thundering beside 'em. He'd carried many an election with nothing but music, eating and drinking, and plenty of money. Music was only invented to gammon human nature; and that was one of the reasons, women were so fond of it." And animated by this forlorn creed, Mr. Tangle had ordered the aforesaid minstrels to meet that day at the Cocoa Tree that they might be duly trans-

ported to the borough of Liquorish. There was no doubt that, musicians might have been engaged on or near the spot ; but there was something tasteful and generous in hiring harmony at the mart of all luxuries—London. All the minstrels—Apollo is so often half-brother to Bacchus—were very drunk ; and therefore gave an uproarious welcome to St. Giles. Brief, however, was the greeting ; for in a few minutes the waiter returned with the intelligence that “the van was at the door ; and that Mr. Tangle’s order was that they should drive off directly ; otherwise they wouldn’t be at Liquorish that blessed night.” Hereupon there was a clamorous order for a glass all round ; the minstrels being unanimous in their determination not to stir a foot or strike a note in defence of the glorious constitution without it. Mr. Tangle knew his mercenaries too well to oppose such patriotism ; therefore the liquor was brought and swallowed, and the band, with St. Giles among them, climbed into the strange, roomy vehicle at the door ; the driver, with a flood of brandy burning in his face, taking the reins. The horses, employed on the occasion, had evidently been degraded for the nonce. They were large, sleek, spirited creatures, prematurely removed from a carriage, to whirl a plebeian vehicle thirty miles from London, at the quickest speed. There seemed a sad, an ominous contrast between the driver and the beasts. He might continue to hold the reins between his fumbling fingers—he might maintain his seat ; the horses might not, contemptuous of the human brute above them, cast off his government. Such were evidently the thoughts of the waiter as he cast an eye from the steeds to the driver, and then laughed as the wickedness of human nature will sometimes laugh at its prophecy of mischief. In that leer, the waiter saw the driver and the contents of the caravan suddenly weltering like frogs in a ditch. And the waiter was a genuine seer, as the reader will discover.

“All ready, gemmen ?” hiccupped the driver, trying to look round at his harmonious load.

“Wait a minute,” cried the first clarionet, who was also the leader ; “jest a minute,” and then he made his instrument give a horrible scream and a grunt, whereupon he cried “all right,” and burst into “See the conquering hero comes,” his co-mates following him with all the precision permitted by rough-riding and hard-drinking. And so they took their way from the Cocoa-Tree, playing beyond Shoreditch an anticipatory strain of triumph—a

glorifying measure that was to herald the conquest of young St. James in the cause of purity and truth.

“ I think we’ve given ’em their belly-full now,” at length said the hautboy, removing that peace-breaker from his lips. “ We needn’t play to the green bushes,” and the musician looked about him at the opening country. “ I say,” and he called to the driver, “ I do hear that the other side isn’t a going to have no music at all ; no flags ; no open houses for independent voters. A good deal he knows about the wants of the people. Bless his innocence ! Thinks to get into Parliament without music ! ”

“ Well, it is wonderful,” observed one of the fiddlers, an old, thin-faced, somnolent-looking man, with the tip of his nose like an old pen dyed with red ink—“ it is odd to consider what ignoramuses they are that think to go into Parliament. Why you can no more make a member without music than bricks without straw ; it isn’t to be done. Speechifying ’s very well ; but there’s nothing that stirs the hearts of the people, and makes ’em think o’ their rights, like a jolly band ! ”

“ One bang of my drum,” observed the humble advocate of that instrument, “ sometimes goes more to make a Member of Parliament than all his fine sayings. Bless your souls ! if we could only come to the bottom of the matter, we should find that it was in fact our instruments that very often made the law-makers, and not the folks as vote for ’em : my big drum ’s represented in Parliament, though I dare be sworn there’s not a member that will own to it.”

“ And my clarionet ’s represented too,” cried the leader, advocating his claim.

“ Yes, and my triangle,” exclaimed the player of that three-sided instrument, wholly unconscious of the satiric truth that fell from him.

“ Capital ale here ! ” cried the driver, with increasing thickness of speech, as he drew up at an inn-door. It was plain that the county of Essex—or at least that part of it that led from London to Liquorish—was peculiarly blessed with good ale : for at every inn, the driver pulled up short, and proclaimed the heart-cheering news—“ Capital ale here ! ” They were the only words he uttered from the time he had passed Shoreditch-church. Indeed he seemed incapable of any other speech : he seemed a sort of human parrot, reared and taught in a brewery,—endowed with no other

syllables than "Capital ale here!" And still, as we have hinted, the words grew thicker and thicker in his mouth; too thick to drop from his lips, and so they rumbled in his jaws, whilst he cast a hopeless look about him, despairing to get them out; yet at every new hostelry making a sound, that plainly meant—"Capital ale here." Happily for him, according to his dim idea of felicity, he mumbled to quick interpreters. Hence, ere half the journey was accomplished, the driver seemed possessed of no more intelligence than a lump of reeking clay. He twiddled the reins between his fingers, and sometimes opened his eyes, that saw not the backs of the horses they seemed to look down upon. But the brutes were intelligent: they, it appeared, knew the road; knew, it almost seemed so, the filthy imbecility of the driver; and so, with either a pity or contempt for the infirmity of human nature, they took care of their charioteer and his besotted passengers. True it is, St. Giles at times cast anxious looks about him; at times, ventured to hint a doubt of the sobriety of the driver; whereupon, he was called a fool, a coward, and a nincompoop, by his companions, who considered his anxiety for the safety of his bones as an extreme piece of conceit, very offensive to the rest of the company. "You won't break sooner than any of us, will you?" asked the first fiddle. "Besides, you're too drunk for any harm to come to you." St. Giles was sober as a water-god. "A good deal too drunk; for if you knew anything—I say, that was a jolt, wasn't it?"—(for the vehicle had bounced so violently against a mile-stone, that the shock half-opened the eyes of the driver)—"you'd know that a man who's properly drunk never comes to no sort of harm. There's a good angel always living in a bottle; you've only to empty it, and the angel takes care of you directly: sees you home, if it's ever so dark, and finds the key-hole for you, if your hand is ever so unsteady. No: it's only your sneak-up chaps, that are afraid of the glass, that get into trouble, break their bones, and catch rheumatiz, and all that. Whereas, if your skin's as full of liquor as a grape's full of juice, you may lay yourself down in a ditch like a little baby in his mother's lap, and wake in the morning for all the world like a opening lily."

The latter part of this sentence was scarcely heard by St. Giles, for the horses had suddenly burst into a gallop; the vehicle swayed to and fro, flew round a turning of the road, and striking against the projecting roots of a huge tree, threw all its human contents into a green-mantled pond on the other side of the narrow highway,



one wheel rolling independently off. St. Giles, unhurt, but drenched to the skin, immediately set about rescuing his all but helpless companions. He tugged and tugged at the inert mass, the driver, and at length succeeded in dragging him from the pond, and setting him against a bank. He groaned, and his lips moved, and then he grunted—"Capital ale here." The first clarionet scrambled from the pool, and seizing his instrument, that had rolled into the mud, immediately struck up "See the conquering hero comes!" The first drum, inspired by the melodious courage of his companion, banged away at the parchment, but alas! for the first fiddle: the bacchanal good angel, of which he had but a moment since so loudly vaunted, had forsaken him at his worst need; and that prime Cremona was rescued from water, mud, and duckweed with a broken arm. He was, however, unconscious of the injury; and before he was well out of the pond, assured St. Giles that if he would only have the kindness and good-fellowship to let him alone, he could sleep where he was like any angel.

It was about ten o'clock at night, but for the season very dark. St. Giles, from the time that he could see the milestones knew that he must be near the wished-for borough. It was in vain to talk to his companions. Some were senseless and stupid; some roaring bravado, and some trying to give vent to the most horrid music. Again and again he hallooed, but the louder he cried, the stronger the big drum beat—the more demoniacally the clarionet screamed. There was no other way: he would seek the first habitation, that he might return with succour to the wet, the drunk, and the wounded.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

ST. GILES had run pretty briskly for some quarter of an hour, when he discovered in the distance—glowing amid trees—a speck of light. It was plain, there was a human habitation, though away from the main road. He paused for a moment: should he follow the highway, or strike off in the direction of that taper? Another moment, and he had leapt the hedge, and was making fast for the beacon. He crossed two or three fields, and then found himself in a winding green lane: now, as he ran on, he lost the light; and now again, like hope renewed, it beamed upon





111

in the best garden

him. At length he came full upon the homestead. It was an old circular dwelling ; so thronged about by tree and bush, that it seemed impossible that any light within could manifest itself to the distant wayfarer. A type this, as it will appear, of the heart of the master. He affected a solitude from the world : he believed that he was hidden from his fellow-man, and yet the inextinguishable goodness that glowed within him, made him a constant mark for the weary and wretched. For a brief space, St. Giles considered the cottage. It was plastered with rough-cast ; at the first glance, seemingly a poor squalid nook. But a closer survey showed it to be a place where the household gods fared not upon black bread and mere water. The garden patch before it was filled with choicest flowers ; not a weed intruded its idle life upon them. It was a place where neatness and comfort seemed to have met in happiest society. St. Giles listened, and heard low voices within. At length, he knocked at the door.

“ Who’s there ? ” said the master of the house. “ If it’s for the taxes, come in the morning.”

“ It’s a traveller,” answered St. Giles, “ that wants help for a lot of poor souls that’s tumbled in a ditch.”

In a moment the door was opened, and a grey-headed, large-faced, burly man, with a candle in his hand, stood at the threshold. He warily placed the light between the speaker and himself, shading it, and with a suspicious glance looked hard upon St. Giles ; whose eager soul was in a moment in his eyes ; and then, trembling from head to foot, he cried, “ God, be blessed, sir—and is it indeed you ? ”

“ My name, traveller, is Capstick,” said the man, bending his brows upon St. Giles, and looking determined to be too much for the stranger at his door ; a new-comer, it was very likely, come to trick him. “ My name is Capstick, what may be yours ? Here, Jem, you slug—do you know this pilgrim ? ”

Another moment, and Jem—old Bright Jem, with grey grizzled head, shrunk face, and low bent shoulders, stood in the door-way. Ere Jem could speak, St. Giles discovered him : “ And you, too, here ! Lord, who’d have hoped it ? ”

“ Don’t know a feather on him,” said Jem, “ but he seems to know us, wet as he is.”

“ Why, that’s it, you see. A fellow from a horse-pond will know anybody who’s a supper and bed to give him. It’s the base part of our base nature.” And then the misanthrope turned

to St. Giles. "Well, my wet friend, as you know my name and Jem's, -what mark may you carry in the world? What name have you been ruddled with?"

St. Giles paused a moment; and then stammering said, "You shall know that by-and-bye."

"Very well," cried Capstick, "we can wait." Saying this, he again stept back into the cottage, and was about to close the door.

"Oh never mind me," cried St. Giles; "I'll get on as I can; all I ask of you is to come and help the poor creturs; some of 'em dying with their hurts for what I know."

"Jem," said Capstick, "we're fools to do it; but it's clear, we were born to be fools. So, get the lantern, that we may go and bury the dead. Do make haste, Jem," urged Capstick with strange misanthropy; albeit Jem moved about with all the vigour time had left him. "How you do crawl though, after all, I don't see why you shouldn't. What's people in a ditch to them who've a warm bed and a snug roof over 'em? Then as for dying, death's every man's own business; quite a private affair, in which, as I see, nobody else has any right to trouble himself. Now, *do* come along, you old caterpillar," and Capstick, staff in hand, stept forth, Jem limping after him.

Whilst Capstick leads the way,—a shorter one than that traversed by St. Giles—into the main road, we may explain to the reader the combined causes that have presented the muffin-maker and linkman as little other than eremites on the skirts of the borough of Liquorish. Mr. Capstick had turned his muffins into a sufficient number of guineas for the rest of his days, and therefore determined to retire from Seven Dials to the country. Mrs. Capstick would never hear of going to be buried alive from London; and therefore resolved upon nothing more remote than a suburban whereabout. Hackney, or Pimlico, or Islington, she might be brought to endure; but no, if she knew herself, nothing should make her go and live, as she pathetically put it, like an owl in a bush. Capstick met all these objections in his usually lofty way: "she was a foolish woman, but would learn better." This, again and again he avowed; though no man had less faith in the avowal than himself. Still, it kept up his dignity continually to call his wife a foolish woman; albeit, he was generally compelled to yield to the folly he imperiously condemned. Matters were at this crisis, when suddenly Mrs. Capstick fell sick and died.

“She would have been an excellent creature,” Capstick said, “if it had not been her misfortune to be a woman. However, poor soul! she could not help that; and therefore, why should he blame her?” Very often, Capstick would so deliver himself, his eyes filling with tears, as he tried to twitch his lips into a cynical smile at all woman-kind, and at the late Mrs. Capstick in particular. “Still,” he would say, “she had her virtues. Every day of her life would she walk round every one of his shirt-buttons that no one of them might be missing. He hated all tomb-stone flourishes, otherwise he would have had that special virtue—he meant the buttons—specially named in her epitaph. One comfort, however, he always had to think of: whatever his love was for her, he never let her know it. Oh dear no! It was like showing the weak part of a fortress to all comers: some day or the other ’twould be sure to be taken advantage of.”

And the death of Mrs. Capstick—the muffin-maker would never confess that for months he pined like a solitary dove at the loss—left him free to choose his abode. Whereupon he quitted London, and built himself a house almost buried in a wood some two miles from Liquorish; and this house, or hut, he, setting himself up as a sort of Diogenes—kind, butter-hearted impostor!—called with a flourish, The Tub! The satire was lost upon nearly all the inhabitants of Liquorish, many of whom discovered, as they believed, a very natural cause for so strange a name. There was no doubt—it was urged by many—that Capstick had, in his day, made large sums of money by smuggling: hence, out of pure gratitude to the source of his fortune, he had called his cottage a Tub. Indeed, two or three of the shrewder sort dropt mystic hints about the possibility of finding, somehow attached to the Tub, an unlawful still. People—this apothegm clenched the suspicion in the hearts of some—people did not live in a wood for nothing!

Bright Jem had lost his cordial, good-natured mate some four or five years before the death of Mrs. Capstick. He would, in his despair, tell the muffin-maker that “his poor Susan had somehow carried away his heart into her grave with her; he had no mind to do nothing.” Sometimes too, he would borrow a melancholy similitude from the skittle-ground, and shaking his head, would exclaim that “he was a down pin.” To this sorrow, the muffin-maker would apply what he thought a sharp philosophy by way of cure. He would mean to drop gall and vinegar into the hurts of



his poor and poorer neighbour—for, as Jem would often declare, Susan seemed to have taken away all his luck with her—but he could deal in nought save oil and honey. Capstick flourished, and Bright Jem faded. Great and increasing was the fame of the muffins; but the link waned, and waned, and Bright Jem, weakened by sickness, almost crippled by the effects of cold, would have been passed to the workhouse, as he would say, to “pick oakum and wait for the grave-digger.” This fate, however, was warded from him by the stony-hearted misanthrope, Capstick: by the muffin-maker, who declaring that all men were wolves and tigers, would, at their least need, tend the carnivora, as though they were bruised and wounded lambs. Hear him talk, and he would heap burning ashes on the head of weak humanity. Watch his doings, and with moistened eyes he would pour a precious ointment there. For years it was the weekly practice of Capstick to visit Jem in his lonely room in Short’s-gardens, to enjoy a fling at the world: to find out the bad marks of the monster, or, as he would say, “to count the spots on the leopard’s coat.” Every Friday, he would come and take his pipe with Jem, that he might call all men wretches without having his wife to contradict him; when, having eased his bile and laid Jem’s weekly pension on the mantel-piece, he would return home with lightened heart to business. “The world’s a bad lot, Jem; a very bad lot: how it’s been suffered to grow as old as it is, it’s more than I can tell. Like an old block of wood, it’s fit for nothing but burning: God bless you, Jem.” And with this opinion, with this benison, would the muffin-maker commonly depart.

Capstick, however, when his wife died, resolved to carry Bright Jem into the country with him. “You’ll be a good deal of use there, Jem,” said the muffin-maker, when he broke the business.

“Not a morsel in the world,” answered the humble linkman. “I’ve been used to nothing but London streets. I knows nothing that lives nor grows in the country. Poor dear Susan could never teach me primroses from polyanthuses, though she knowed all about ’em. I’m a sinner, if I think I ever saw a cock-robin in all my life. What can I do in the country?”

“You shall learn to garden, Jem. That’s the grand, the true employment of man,” cried the muffin-maker, warming. “Why, here have I been for years an old rascal, grinning, and bowing, and ducking behind my counter to make money out of two-legged things as false as myself,—and do you call that the dignity of life?”

Do you call it truth, Jem? Now, real dignity's in a real spade: real truth's in the earth. She gives us—if we only deserve it—profits a hundred and a hundredfold, and there's no telling lies, no cheating one another to have 'em. They're a little different, Jem, to the profits we get upon 'Change. The earth, like dear old Eve, is always a mother to us; whereas when men deal with men, how often do they go to work like so many Cains and Abels, only they use thumping lies instead of clubs. I tell you, Jem, you shall be my gardener."

"I don't know an onion from a carrot, afore it's out o' the ground," said Bright Jem, showing, as he thought, good cause against the appointment. Capstick, however, overruled the objection, and so, in due season, Jem was housed in the Tub. And thus, journeying across the fields to the scene of St. Giles's disaster, have we explained to the reader the why and the wherefore of the sudden appearance of the muffin-maker and his friend.

Arrived at the place of accident, not a soul was to be found. The only evidence of the truth of St. Giles's story was discoverable in the overturned caravan, and the parted wheel. The horses as well as passengers had been taken on. Capstick took the lantern from Jem, and looked suspiciously around him. He then held the light to St. Giles, trying to read his face; and then he shook his head, as though baulked by what the misanthrope would call, the "brute-human hieroglyphs; the monkey, and owl, and dog, and fox, that lived in every countenance." St. Giles—he was wet as a fish—gave a slight shiver.

"It isn't above three miles to the Rose," said Capstick.

"Thank 'ee, sir; is it straight on, sir? I can run there in no time, and a run won't do me no harm," said St. Giles.

"The road's narrow; the hedges are high, there's no moon, and you can't run very fast with a lantern," observed Capstick.

"I'll find my way, sir, I've no doubt on it—straight on?" and St. Giles prepared to start.

Capstick laid his hand upon St. Giles's arm, and then said aside to Jem—"The poor wretch is wet as water. He may miss his road; may take a fever; not that that would much matter, for there's vagabonds a plenty in the world. Still,—there isn't a great deal of you, Jem; and he's a slimmish chap,—and, if you arn't very much afraid of your throat, I think for one night the fellow might turn in with you. We're wrong in doing it," said Capstick, emphatically.

"Not at all," said Jem, in a louder note.

"Well, you sir," cried Capstick to St. Giles, "let's go back again: you'll find this a nearer way to bed than along the highway." Saying this, the master of the Tub turned back towards his dwelling-place. "I can walk faster than you, Jem; so I'll push on," and the muffin-maker mended his pace.

"We live here quite by ourselves, just like a brace o' ermits," said Bright Jem.

"All alone!" cried St. Giles, "where's your wife, then?"

"My wife! I don't know how you know'd I ever had one—my wife, dear cretur! is in one of them stars above us," said Jem, "and whichever one it is, this I know, it isn't the worse for her being in it." Jem paused a moment; and then, somewhat sadly, asked, "How did you know I ever had a wife?"

"Why," replied St. Giles, "you look as if you had: there's a sort of married mark upon some people."

"And so there is: a sort of weddin'-ring mark, jist like the mark of a collar. I didn't know I had it, though, but here we are," and Bright Jem paused at the Tub, and Capstick immediately came to the door.

"After all, I've been thinking you may lose your way, and as you're a little wet, why perhaps you'd better come in, and when we've had a pipe or so, we'll see what's to be done." Such was the hospitable invitation of Capstick. St. Giles paused a moment; whereupon Capstick caught him by the arm, and crying—"Don't stay there, wasting the candle," pulled him in. "Now, as we can't have any of your wet rags drowning the place to give us all cold, you'll just go in there, and put on what comes to hand." With this, Capstick pointed to an inner room, which St. Giles obediently entered, and finding there various articles of dress—all of them more than a thought too vast for him—he straightway relieved himself of his well-soaked apparel, Bright Jem assisting at the change.

"You might jump out on 'em," said Jem; "but never mind that; a bad fit's nothin' to a bad cold: I know that, for I've had colds o' all sorts, and ought to be allowed to speak on 'em."

"Jem, get the supper," cried Capstick. "You sometimes eat, I suppose? You're not a cherub, quite?" and the cynic of the Tub tried to smile very severely at his guest.

"Thank'ee, sir," said St. Giles, his heart warming towards his old benefactor; "I can eat up anything."

“Bad as our slugs, Jem,” observed Capstick; “and they do crawl and crawl over our cabbages, like the world’s slander over a good name. You may kill ’em, it’s true; but there’s the slime, Jem; the slime.”

“Here’s the bread and cheese, and all that’s left o’ the gammon o’ bacon,” remarked Jem, turning from the metaphorical to the real. “There’s one comfort, howsumever; the ale isn’t out.” And Jem authenticated his speech by speedily producing a large brown jug, crowned, as he said, “with a noble wig o’ froth. There isn’t a judge in all the land,” added Jem, “with a wig like that.”

“No,” said Capstick, who had by this time lighted his pipe; “nor with anything like it under it.”

St. Giles, having eaten, and tested the merits of the ale below the wig—which to his taste covered nothing false or vapid—looked around him with a look of large content. The hospitable cynic caught the glance, and despite of himself, smiled benignly.

“If you please, sir,” said St. Giles, who could have fallen at Capstick’s feet, “I should like to tell you who I am.”

“Not to-night,” said Capstick, “I don’t want to hear it. We’re early people here, and the cock always calls us out of bed. Take another horn of ale; or one, or two, or three, and then suppose you go to rest.”

St. Giles filled the horn; and then looking at Capstick in a way that made him turn round and round in his chair, for there was an earnestness in the man that he could not, by his own theory of human wickedness, account for, St. Giles cried, “God bless you, sir.”

“Thank’ee,—that can do nobody any harm, whoever says it, and whoever it’s said to. The same to you, and good night,” and Capstick rose to retire to his sleep. As he was leaving the room, he paused at the door, and said in a very loud voice, “You’ve loaded my pistols, of course, Jem?”

“Pistols!” cried Jem, with all his face all wonder.

“For,” said Capstick, coughing, “I know the heart of man; and in a lonely place like this, pistols—double-loaded—arn’t sometimes the worst things to have against it. Good night,” and shaking St. Giles by the hand, Capstick stalked from the room looking tremendous sagacity.

“Shall I tell you who I am?” asked St. Giles, placing his hand on Jem’s knee.

"Not to-night," said Jem. "It's the only thing that my dear Susan and me ever quarrolled about—not that we ever quarrelled—she was too good a soul for that—but I never could be curious. Now, somehow, women are so. If there's only a mouse-hole in the house, it's a relief to their mind to know where it is. Lor! when we talk of quarrelling! When she was alive, I always thought she begun it—not, as I say, we ever quarrelled—but now she's gone, it's me that seems the brute."

"And both your wives is dead?" said St. Giles.

"Both in heaven," said Jem, with beautiful confidence. "Mrs. Capstick used to keep herself a good deal above Susan when she was here; but, poor thing! I dare say she's found out her mistake now."

"That's a place, depend upon it," said St. Giles, "where we make all these matters quite straight."

"No doubt on it," answered Jem; "but after all, it's a pity we don't make 'em a little straighter here. 'T would bring heaven a little nearer this world, wouldn't it?"

"Well," cried St. Giles, "'twill be all right at last."

"In course it will," said Jem. "Nevertheless, my good feller—for I think you are a good feller—why should we wait for the last to begin it? Will you have any more ale? It isn't often a stranger comes here."

"Not a drop: I'm full; and my heart's fuller than all my body. Let's go to bed," said St. Giles; and immediately Jem rose, and showed him to their chamber.

Hours passed, and St. Giles could not sleep. All the scenes of his long life—for how does misery lengthen life, making grey-headed men of mere maturity, compelling childhood—that should have beautiful visions, foreshadowing beautiful truths around it—to keep a day-book of the wrongs committed on it! Such a nature knows the amount of life only by the balance of injury against it. And such—need we say so to the reader?—was St. Giles. Hence, young as he was, he was hoary in the hard experience of an unjust world—unjust from its ignorance, its selfishness, its erring belief in the necessity of wretchedness as a victim to enjoyment. He lay, and counted year by year, day, week by week of his life—each first lighted by memory—and was melted by gratitude, by wonder at the accident that had brought him beneath the protection of those who—in all his after vice, and after misery—had still made to him a belief in goodness; in the world's charity; in the

inextinguishable kindness of the human heart. All his cares—all his anxieties for the future—seemed to pass away in the great assurance of his present fortune. And so he lay sleepless, bewildered with happiness. At length he slept.

The sun shone reproachfully into his room, as he awoke, aroused by Bright Jem. "I say," said Jem, "will you come up, or will you take another pull atween the sheets? It's nicer in the garden, if you can only think so."

"To be sure," said St. Giles, "I'm with you in a minute." Hurrying on his clothes—he found them already dried and placed by his bed—he soon joined Jem in the garden.

"I can't do much of the rough work," said Jem, as he feebly managed his spade, "but it's wonderful how I've taken to the business for all that. When I think o' the years and years I lived in Short's-gardens, never knowing which side o' the world the sun got up—never seeing him get up—never hearing a bird whistle except in a cage—thinking there was hardly anything upon the earth but bricklayers' and carpenters' work—I do feel it a blessing in my old age, that I can see the trees of a summer morning waving about me—I do feel happy with all things, seeing them to be so bright and beautiful, and brimming over, as I may say, with God's goodness."

"That's true, Jem—very true," said St. Giles; "and I'm glad to see it, you look happy."

"As a butterfly," cried Jem. "And, Lord love you! when I sometimes think what I was in London; when I think o' the poor folks that's there now—the poor creturs that's as fine as may-bugs for a year or so, and then tumble, as I may say, in the mud, and get trod on by anybody, till they die and are no more thought on than pisoned rats,—well, I am thankful that I've been brought into this place to feel myself, as I may say, somewhat cleaned from London mud, and my heart opened by the sweet and pretty things about me."

"And you didn't know nothing of gardening, Jem, when you first came?" said St. Giles.

"I tell you, not a bit. But you've no thought on't how soon a man with the will in him, learns. I shall never forget what Mr. Capstick said to me, when we first come, and I didn't think I could take to it. 'Jem,' says he to me, 'a garden is a beautiful book, writ by the finger of God; every flower and every leaf's a letter; you've only to learn 'em—and he's a poor dunce that



can't, if he will, do that—to learn 'em, and join 'em, and then to go on reading and reading, and you 'll find yourself carried away from the earth to the skies by the beautiful story you 're going through.' ”

“ Mr. Capstick ! He 's a kind, humane cretur,” said St. Giles.

“ He 's not a man,” said Jem ; “ he 's a lump o' honey that would pass itself off for bitter allys. A lump o' honey ; I often say the bees made him. Yes,” and Jem returned to his garden—“ you don't know what beautiful thoughts—for they 're nothing short—grow out o' the ground, and seem to talk to a man. And then there 's some flowers, they always seem to me like over-dutiful children : tend 'em ever so little, and they come up, and flourish, and show, as I may say, their bright and happy faces to you. Now, look here,” and Jem pointed to a flower at his foot. “ I sowed this last year—just flung it in the mould—and you 'd hardly believe it, it 's come up agin by itself. You wouldn't think now,”—and Jem looked suddenly professorial—“ you wouldn't think it was a *Pimlico specissimo tulipum bulbum* ? ”

“ What 's that in English ? ” asked St. Giles.

“ Ain't got no other name, as I know of ; but there is no doubt it's a tulup. I didn't think I could do it,” said Jem, with the smallest touch of self-complacency, “ but I know the Latin names of half the flowers you see.”

“ Well, they don't smell no sweeter for that, do they ? ” cried St. Giles.

Bright Jem paused a moment ; and then, with a half-serious face answered, “ I don't know that they don't.”

St. Giles felt no disposition to argue the point, therefore suddenly changed his ground. “ Isn't Mr. Capstick late ? ” he asked.

“ Late ! he's never late,” cried Bright Jem. “ He's left the Tub these two hours. Gone for a walk.”

“ The Tub ! What Tub ? ” asked St. Giles.

“ Why the house. It's called the Tub, after a tub that some wise man—as Mr. Capstick tells me he was—lived in a many thousand years ago. Mr. Capstick swears it was a vinegar tub.”

“ Well, that's droll,” said St. Giles. “ Call a house a tub ? ”

“ Why not ? But if you've anything to say against it, here comes the master.” And as Bright Jem spoke, the early misanthrope entered the garden.

## SERVING THE PEOPLE.

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No honours are considered too splendid and no rewards too great for those who serve the country. We endeavoured in our last Number to explain their merits. Those who serve the people are treated in a different manner, and judged of by a different standard. For example, Edward Laws, an engine-driver on the Newcastle and Darlington Railway, was charged a short time ago, before the sitting magistrates of Sunderland, with having negligently caused a collision between the engine he was driving and that of the mail-train, which left Sunderland on the 15th of August. The defendant pleaded guilty, admitted that he had neglected certain orders, and was fined 5*l*. He had not impoverished any man by a tax ; he had not starved a multitude by a law ; he had spilled no man's blood, and wasted no man's substance ; he had placed no restraint on industry, and no fetter on thought ; he had not distorted the national intellect by bribing men to embrace falsehood and punishing them for adhering to truth : he had, merely from carelessness, driven one engine against another, and he was fined two weeks' wages, or the twenty-fifth part of a whole year's income. He was described as a man of good character, and perfectly sober. It would be wrong to extenuate his negligence, or encourage carelessness like his ; but it is right to notice the contrast between the strict rules which are properly applied to those who serve the people, and the indulgence we show to those who serve the country.

Edward Laws, like other engine-drivers, works by night and by day ; he is exposed to wind and rain, to the hot sunshine of summer, half-suffocated by the heat and smoke from the engine furnace, and to the severest cold of winter, when he is grateful for its kindly warmth and begriming smoke. Through all changes of weather and many sharp trials, he guides in safety day after day, week after week, and year after year, a long train of goods and passengers to their destination, with what would have been to our fathers inconceivable velocity ; he continually conducts great crowds of unthinking, if not ungrateful persons, scores or hundreds of miles ; and they are only made sensible by now and then

hearing of an accident, or experiencing a rough jolt, that they are safely carried past many dangers by the watchful attention and skill of Edward Laws. The lives of hundreds and thousands are placed in his hands, and by him delivered up uninjured. For continual exposure considerable bodily exertion, and much anxious watchfulness, Edward Laws gets, not a large pension and a poorage, but a remuneration of about fifty shillings a week ; and, when he is guilty of a moment's negligence, he is mulcted of a fortnight's wages. No reward, apparently, is considered too small for his important and useful services, and no severity too great, which is supposed will induce him punctually to perform his duties. Edward Laws is at his post night and day ; he gets little more than bread to eat, and works with a rod hanging over him. He serves not the country, but the people.

What is true of Edward Laws is true of all engine drivers—all masters of steam passage-boats and ships. It is true also of jaryies and cabmen, though the charge they undertake be not so great. They are entrusted with our lives and property, and convey us, while they are exposed to all the inclemencies of the seasons, wherever we choose to go ; and many of them receive, beyond their poor wages, no other reward than contumely and abuse. The masters of our steam ships are intelligent, gentlemanly men. they are, for a time, captains over hundreds, and sometimes over thousands ; they are charged with the care of many lives, and their remuneration is scarcely on a par with that of the valet of some man who serves the country. To minister to his meanest bodily wants is more profitable than their useful labours in the service of the multitude. If they delay on their voyage, if they take on board a passenger or two more than can be conveniently accommodated ; if they go too fast for the little boats, and too slow for the impatience of their passengers, they are liable to many maledictions ; and, when an accident happens, to a verdict of manslaughter. They are held responsible for the tide running too strong, and the wind blowing too hard ; everything under their management is expected to be conducted with clockwork precision, and when a pin gets loose, or a wheel is clogged, complaints of their ignorance and unskilfulness resound through the land ; appeals are made to the magistrates to punish them, and to the legislature to reform them. Such is the treatment, and such are the rewards, of those who daily and nightly serve the people.

The case is not different with those who are engaged in the oil

occupations of feeding and clothing us. From the many new inventions by which these most necessary arts are now carried on, they have the characteristic of novelty, cultivating the ground and weaving cloth being almost as different now from what they were in the time of Virgil or Homer as railway locomotion is different from walking. But whether employed in new or old arts, all who serve the people are poorly paid. To be very usefully employed is to be degraded. A shoemaker is a snob ; a tailor is a snip, and the ninth part of a man ; a weaver is something worse than a tailor ; a ploughman is a bumpkin ; a smith a mere bellows-blower ; a carpenter is chips ; a sailor (for whom, nevertheless, there prevails a kind of affectionate feeling, as if he were a helpless child), is Jack Tar ; a soldier is a lobster, or Johnny raw ; and a servant, particularly if he be very useful, is a flunkey. The services of all these classes are indispensable. We could neither be waited upon, defended, lodged, nor clothed without them ; yet are they all poorly paid and harshly treated. Magistrates pounce upon them for every indiscretion, and stringent laws hold them to their duty.

The older the occupation, in general the worse it is paid. Our "rude forefathers," like many of their sybarite sons, had an aversion to toil, and with a strong arm they compelled the weaker sex, and the weaker men they were enabled to subdue, to perform for them all necessary drudgery. Thus the most enduringly useful occupations were from the first, and still partially remain, connected with slavery and degradation. With the skill required in them many persons have been at all times familiar, and, being always overstocked with hands, they have never been cleared of the slavery which originally tainted them. Occupations which grow from modern inventions, being known to comparatively few, have always been better paid at first than the old occupations, from which they have drawn supplies of labourers ; and one of the most signal advantages of those inventions is their tendency to emancipate the labourer and improve his condition. He becomes, indeed, in common with us all, the servant of the clock-work machinery—the offspring of intellect—to which, in steamboats and on railways, the highest must submit ; but he obtains a release from his old degrading slavery to his fellow-creatures. Those who use the mighty engines which now serve our every-day purpose, are for the time our masters. Of all the old occupations, none have been worse treated than that of Jack Tar. The cultivator of the earth has been more impecunious, and starved

or consigned to the union ; but the sailor has been doomed to an outrageous system of cruel tyranny, besides being plundered. Though he rot away in a pestilential climate, or go daringly to death in the service of the people, he receives for his reward the violation of his property and the insecurity of his person. He serves the people ; but he is enslaved by those highly-rewarded gentlemen who serve the country.

The manners of those who serve the people and of those who serve the country are as different as their treatment. At least, the latter are full of self respect and always desirous of impressing an idea of their importance on the world at large. They speak of each other with great regard. Whatever they may say of reckless engine-drivers, unskilful captains, ignorant agriculturists, or insolent cabmen, they are all tenderness and politeness to each other, as if they were conscious of being unable to bear rough handling. Parliamentary and professional language is full of the kindest and blindest epithets. Honourable gentleman, or honourable friend, the gallant officer, the noble lord, the learned serjeant, or my learned brother, reverend, right reverend, or most reverend, most noble, his grace, and her most gracious, are specimens of the courtesy those who serve the country show one another and exact from the world at large. Amongst them to speak in plain language is considered an insult, and a contradiction is rather insinuated than expressed. A difference of opinion is put hypothetically, or shrunk from altogether ; and a charge of hypocrisy, of falsehood, or of fraud, is conveyed inferentially. A rival is perfumed to death ; he is smothered under the roses of courtesy ; he is coaxed to slaughter ; he is removed with step-mother tenderness, beguiling another's offspring out of the way of her own. The useful classes, on the contrary, are assailed with the coarsest weapons ; they are stigmatised by the most odious words. They adopt their betters' estimate of their calling and abuse each other, even worse than they are abused by the rest. A cabman or a carter in the way of another is a "stupid" or a "blockhead," and is to be terrified, by hard words or blows, out of his rival's way. Their contradictions are positive and violent ; their accusations sharp and direct. Those who serve the people embitter their own lives by coarse wrangling and violence such as are never witnessed amongst those who serve the country.

There is, perhaps, little novelty in these observations ; they have been made before—they occur to every man ; but it is neces-



sary sometimes to remind us of our duties. We must continually point out the vices and crimes that are to be avoided. We justly say of public men, that they are not trustworthy, and of institutions, that they are unsuitable ; but many social evils arise from our ill-formed opinions, and may be corrected by ourselves. We properly complain of the want of consideration in those who follow useful occupations, and by treating them as a degraded class, and refusing them our esteem, we deprive them of true self-respect, which is the reflection of the good opinion of others. To raise up the lower classes is the one thing needful. Their debasement is the universal, the absorbing evil of society. Let us honour them as they deserve, and we shall make them more careful of their sayings and doings than the bench of bishops. It will cost us neither money nor labour. We have only to set an appropriate and just value on the services of such men as Edward Laws, and they will form a high opinion of themselves. A well-fed, well-clothed, respectable gentleman, filling an honoured situation, is careful of his own person, and will not, for his own sake, endanger lives placed under his charge. To induce Edward Laws to be equally careful, we must make him feel that he himself is worth taking care of. Once inspire him and his class with a thorough conviction that they perform important duties and fill a respectable station in society, and they will strive zealously to preserve its good opinion. Part of the courtesy of the upper classes is the reflection of the general deference. If we honour in the same way those who serve the people, they will become as dignified and courteous. The public are now justly punished, by tyrannical masters and bad servants, for honouring man-slayers and treating their preservers with disdain. By a just estimate of worth it seems possible to fill all the people with respect for each other, and thus give them all the good qualities of the upper classes. To promote this end we repeat familiar observations ; believing that criticism, whether of morals or of poems, which does not point out the way to do better is only half complete.

Engine-drivers, railway directors, and captains of steam packets, with cabmen and tailors, should unquestionably be held tight to their responsibility. They undertake to convey us with safety, or clothe us comfortably, and the magistrate or the power of the community should strictly enforce the fulfilment of their contract. In proportion as they are powerful, like railway directors, and individuals are placed at their mercy, so should the power of the com-



munity watch strictly over them. These are admirable rules to be applied to all who serve the people ; but why not apply them to those who serve the country ? If Edward Laws be justly fined, why should the engineers of the state, who never make a journey without a calamity, for ever escape ? The cleverest of them breaks the bones of his government one session in a collision with the dissenters ; in the next he bolts off the line and is overturned by driving too hotly after O'Connell. At one time he runs against the multitude with a sugar duty ; at another, his high-pressure engine suddenly bursts, and he swamps and scalds the colonists. He invites the Orange party to go on a pleasure excursion with him, and overturns them, scattering confusion and dismay amongst those who placed themselves under his guidance. He placards " protection " on his train, and having coaxed the agriculturists into it, he jerks them away helter skelter to free trade. Far from finding fault with the severe system which subjects the carelessness of Edward Laws to correction, we ask that it be extended to Sir Robert Peel and Lord Palmerston.

If those who should preserve peace provoke war,—if, by maintaining a law to tax the consumers of bread and enrich the landowners, they nourish national antipathies and excite hostile tariffs, instead of teaching the whole brotherhood of man that it has a common interest and should be united by a mutual and common bond,—if they waste the national resources on useless fortresses and unrequired ships, and degrade, by a huge system of falsehood, corruption, and profligacy, the national character,—why should they not be mulcted of a fortnight's or a month's income ? If they betray the liberties or sacrifice the welfare of those they are appointed to protect and guard, why should they not, according to their own theory and practice towards others, be banished, or more severely punished for the neglect of such a great and solemn duty ? Why should not the clergy, who are richly endowed, who profess to teach all classes their duties, but who think only of augmenting and preserving their own power, and leave the bulk of the people in ignorance, while they never dare to remind magistrates and legislators of their duty to the community,—why should not they forfeit their income and their station for their grievous neglect ? Too impressive and too solemn we cannot make the feeling of responsibility in those who serve the people ; and much more does that feeling require to be made solemn and impressive in those who pretend to serve the country. Mulct

Edward Laws, the engine-driver, and William Evans, the cabman, by all means, for any negligent performance of their duty, for our lives are in their hands ; but, in righteousness and justice, and in the name of those equal laws of which we boast, do not spare the Prime Minister and the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whose keeping are committed our lives and property and the national honour and character.

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## THE FIERY TONGUE.

BY GEORGE MANNING.

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HARK, the winter's wind is howling,  
And the snow falls thick and fast,  
Whilst the homestead warmly sheltered,  
Seems smiling at the blast.

With the fatness of the harvest,  
It is snugly walled about,  
And from every chink and cranny,  
Some ray of warmth breaks out.

There are sounds of merry making,  
And the tread of busy feet,  
With the rich wine thickly gurgling,  
And the steam of savoury meat.

For the master of the homestead,  
Holds a revel there to-day—  
Whilst the labourers of the harvest,  
O where ! O where ! are they ?

They are starving 'midst the plenty,  
Which their toil-worn forms have wrought,  
Without food, or fire, or candle,  
Ay—without a kindly thought.

With the harvest and the swallow,  
The labourer passed away—  
He received his supper money,\*  
He received his hireling pay.

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\* Composition-money, now very generally given instead of the Harvest-Home, or supper. A farmer in Essex, following the example of his neighbours, gave this composition money for some time, but has since returned to the old custom, as he found that although more than equivalent in amount, the supper money gave infinitely less satisfaction to his men than the supper.

And whilst wealth rolls in the plenty,  
Which has crowned their sacred toil,  
There 's the union or starvation,  
For these children of the soil.

Hark ! a crackle and a snapping,  
See ! a little flame breaks out—  
Now a brighter—broader—redder—  
Waken "Fire's" terrific shout.

And the revel of the homestead,  
Has become a wild affray ;  
Now the labourers of the homestead,  
O where ! O where ! are they ?

They are striving 'gainst the ruin,  
Which some demon hand has wrought,  
But though working 'mongst the foremost,  
'Tis with many a bitter thought.

For the labourers of the homestead,  
Have received their hireling pay,  
But where clustered oft their fathers,  
No welcome nook have they.

Ye gentlemen of England,  
Ye yeomanry so bold—  
Remember England's glory,  
And forget your hoarded gold.

Ye must winter well your cattle,  
Which have brought your produce home ;  
You must keep your dogs in training,  
Till their varied seasons come.

But the labourer and your brother,  
Ye can coldly send away ;  
Scorned, scouted, and neglected,  
With your wretched hireling pay.

O, turn ye from your splendour,  
Your luxuries and pride,  
And remember, how your fellow men,  
Are starving by your side.

Then your homes shall sleep in safety,  
And your barns no guard require,  
For the ruin of the homestead,  
Is Starvation's tongue of fire.

## THE PHILOSOPHER MARRIED.

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WHEN a philosopher marries, all the people of his acquaintance combine to laugh at him. Why? Is there anything incompatible in philosophy with philogyny; in the love of wisdom with the love of woman? "The wisest man the world e'er saw" appears to have thought otherwise; and Socrates, as well as Solomon, was a husband. Whether, indeed, either the Hebrew or the Grecian sage evinced his usual discretion in his particular choice, may be questioned; and a doubt may be raised whether they married in their wisdom, or in spite of it. Still, there is the fact, that the two longest-headed individuals of the human race have recommended matrimony by their example. To these we may add Cato, Julius Cæsar, Doctor Johnson, and other men of understanding; so that we have good authority, at least, for supposing that there is nothing essentially unwise in taking a wife. When, therefore, Adam Crotch, finding, like his first father and namesake, that it was not good to be alone, contracted matrimony with Amelia Smith, was that any reason why all the other Smiths—Amelia's kinsfolk excepted—and Joneses, and Browns, and Tomkineses, comprising the world he moved in, should, simply because Adam was reputed a philosopher, make merry at the expense of his father's son? It is true that the marriage of Adam was a step inconsistent with that philosophy which places the *summum bonum* in the main chance. He married purely for those reasons that, according to Uncle Toby, are "written in the Common-Prayer-Book;" which include, we believe, no reference to the Three Per Cents.

As we have styled Crotch a philosopher, it behoves us to explain what were his pretensions to that character. They consisted theoretically in a considerable amount of literary, scientific, and metaphysical knowledge, and practically in a systematic course of life, based mainly on the principle of enjoying himself to the extent of his means, and repressing all desires that would exceed their limits. Thus Adam, who, like many other philosophers, was rather fond of smoking, though in the abstract he preferred Havannah cigars to the common weed, was wont, adapting his

taste to his finances, to content himself with a clay pipe ; and though he had as keen a relish of claret as any nobleman, could be very happy over a pot of porter. It was further a constant maxim with Adam Crotch, in economising, to sacrifice the lesser enjoyment to the greater, and always to deny himself what he could best spare. Accordingly, if he had to choose between a new book and a new coat, his rule was to get the book and go without the coat ; and truth indeed compels us to add, that when the question lay between the inner and the outer man, he generally decided it in favour of the former. It was abstractedly much more desirable, he maintained, to live well than to look well, since a regard for appearances, as such, depends upon what we choose to think ; whereas we cannot help feeling the pleasures of the palate. Hence he was somewhat inclined to reverse the maxim of " Pinch the stomach, pamper the back," and he would often argue that of the two weaknesses epicurism was by far more respectable than vanity, because, at all events, there was no fallacy in the delight attending it. With so much of the *bon vivant*, then, in his composition, is it not strange that, in his marriage, he disregarded pecuniary considerations ? Not so. His means, though moderate, were sufficient, he calculated, to maintain his wife and himself comfortably, according to his notions of comfort, through a systematic frugality, consisting in the renunciation of all wants of which the mind can divest itself by reasoning.

Now there are two words to every bargain ; and Adam Crotch did not plunge into matrimony without first having inquired what Amelia would say to the plan of life which he had chalked out. Her answers were most satisfactory. When Adam explained to her the difference between a real and a fictitious gratification, and asked her whether, content with true happiness, she could despise its illusory phantom, she would reply, " Oh yes !" with an enthusiasm which none but young ladies who are in love can pronounce those words with. It is true that, the next moment, she would express an admiration of a shawl or a bonnet, dubiously consistent with the sentiment to which she had just assented ; but true love has a large charity, and Adam gave her the benefit of the doubt. " She is young," he said to himself. " A few spots from that quagmire of vanity, in which all women are educated, still cleave to her : but Time, aided by those principles for whose perception she has such an aptitude, will soon wipe them off. She is not perfect : what mortal is ? but she is perfectible, as far as humanity

can be. She has the true metal in her—'twill be easy to deoxidise it." A friend might have whispered, "Not so fast, Crotch. It is a difficult chemistry: such affinities are hard to overcome." Adam, however, had made up his mind; and, on his maturest deliberation, proposed that they should be quietly married.

Their marriage took place, but not altogether quietly. There were two matters connected with the event, on which they had a slight difference of opinion at the outset. All other preliminaries having been settled, "Adam, dear," said the betrothed, "where shall we order our wedding cake, and whom shall we send cards to?"

"A wedding-cake!" exclaimed Crotch astonished. "Cards! my dear girl—what do we want with either?"

"Oh! we must have them, of course, love," she replied.

"Why of course?" asked the philosopher. "You are not fond of sweets, neither am I, and the very few friends we mean to visit we can write to."

"But they will expect," urged the young lady, "our cards and a piece of cake. We should consider others, you know, Adam."

"Yes, my dear," said Crotch, "of course we should; but what benefit will anybody derive from our sending them a mouthful of plum-cake? What is it to eat? There would be something in a large lump: but that is out of the question. As to cards, they are wholly unnecessary. I object to them on principle, as conventional humbug, dictated by the mere caprice of society."

"Still," pleaded Amelia, "we had better do what is usual."

"Granted," he returned; "when there is no particular reason to the contrary, I admit your abstract proposition. But, in this instance, we shall lose money. It will cost us two or three guineas at least; and for what? No pleasure to ourselves, or anybody else."

"But surely we can afford it, dear."

"Nobody can, that is, ought, to afford mere waste. Not a farthing ought to be so squandered. It had better be given away in charity."

"But people will be offended, dearest, if we don't send them what they will expect."

"Then let them be offended, my girl!" exclaimed Adam Crotch; "why should we regard unreasonable people?"

"Oh, you know, Adam," she answered, "it isn't everybody that's like you: and it is best not make enemies, isn't it?"



"Humph!" ejaculated the philosopher, musing, as if this last consideration had some weight with him, "there's something in that. Well—come—we'll e'en follow the ways of this absurd world for once. But, Amelia, mind one thing; we'll have none of that silly silver twist about our cards. That is a piece of fiddle-faddle, not only imbecile, but, to me, disgustingly vulgar."

"Do you think so?" was Amelia's answer, in a tone which rather inclined her lover to doubt whether her advocacy of cards and bride-cake arose from motives strictly of policy. Bride-cake and cards, however,—though by no means with the good-will of Crotch—were ordered. "It will cost us," he thought, "just three guineas more to be married than I had calculated. In what can we retrench to meet the loss?"

Nothing remarkable occurred at their marriage, except the circumstance of the bridegroom begging a relation of the young lady's, who was present, to divest himself of a large white satin bow which he wore in his coat. Adam termed it a superfluity neither useful nor ornamental, and of the nature of an excrecence. This remark gave great offence to the wearer; and Mr. Crotch still further scandalised his wife's relations by going to church in his every-day clothes. The wedding over, Adam, now a married man, conducted his wife to the church-door; where—for the nuptials were solemnised in London—he, to the increased indignation of the said relations, handed his bride into a hack cab, and bade the driver go to the Elephant and Castle; on their arrival whereat he took an omnibus, and therein proceeded with his partner to Norwood, there to pass the day.

"I think," he said, "Amelia, we may as well have a honey-day; for the mind is so constituted that—though it is rather absurd—we shall not be able to settle down till to-morrow. The notion of a honey-moon is, to me, altogether a mistake. To begin married life in a style that one cannot keep up, is most irrational. The better plan is to commence living on a moderate scale, and to increase our expenditure with our means."

"It would be *very* pleasant to be at the sea-side, though, for a few weeks," observed the young bride.

"Undoubtedly," answered her philosophic husband, "if we could afford it."

"Oh! but we *could* afford it, Adam, dear. I should not mind pinching in a little when we came back."

"But look here, Amelia, replied Mr. Crotch. "Suppose our

enjoyment at the sea-side to be equal, say, to six, and that of our ordinary life at home to three ; then, to make up for the expense of six, during, for instance, the next month, we must give up, for the month after that, three ; which will leave us none at all : and then, looking forward to this privation will interfere a great deal with the enjoyment that we put down at six."

"Oh dear!" cried the lady, "how this omnibus makes my head ache!"

Arrived at Norwood, they strolled about, then dined, and in the evening returned to town. Thus passed the first day of the philosopher's married life.

The paradise to which Adam Crotch led his wife was the second heaven of a decent lodging-house, otherwise called a two-pair-back. This, however, was to be merely a temporary abode, to serve until they could find a small house, commensurate with their circumstances, in one of the suburbs of town. With such a dwelling they soon were provided ; and now arose the question of furnishing it, whereon the philosopher discoursed as follows :—

"The essential points, my dear, to look to in choosing furniture are, comfort and utility. We cannot sit comfortably in an inconvenient chair ; but so long as the chair is convenient its material matters little. We may apply the same principle to beds, tables, and fire-irons."

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Crotch.

"Not but what," continued Adam, "there is a certain pleasure derived by the sense of vision from handsome furniture, and if this can be obtained without financial embarrassment, well and good ; but the annoyance at being hampered in circumstances is much more than equivalent to such gratification."

"There is no doubt about that, dear," said she. "Well, now you see, love," he pursued, "we can get a set of deal chairs and tables for a comparative trifle ; we can cover the chairs with what-dye-call it, and make cushions for them ourselves. We can put oil-cloths on the tables and paint their legs, which will make them look quite well enough ; and a floor-cloth of green baize will be just as good as the best Turkey carpet."

"My dear—what are you talking about?" demanded his wife in amazement.

"Why, that instead of mahogany and rosewood, and fine carpets, in which there is no essential advantage, we will have deal chairs and tables, and green baize."

"I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed the lady.

"Don't you see that by so doing we shall have the more to eat and drink, love, and be enabled to save something over in case of a rainy day?"

"Oh! you are joking, Adam," she answered.

"Joking?" he repeated. "Not at all."

"Deal chairs and tables, and a green baize carpet!" she exclaimed. "Horrible!"

"What is the matter! You admitted my proposition with regard to furniture in the abstract," said the philosopher.

"Oh, nonsense!" she retorted. "Bother the abstract."

"Amelia! My dear!" exclaimed the astonished husband.

"I have no patience with you!" she cried.

Adam first stared, then whistled, and then sat himself down biting his nails, whilst his irritated spouse overwhelmed him with upbraidings for neglect and want of feeling, beginning with the cards and cake, introducing, in succession, the cab, the omnibus, and the moon *minus* honey, and concluding with the proposal respecting the furniture. She was a poor, miserable woman; no wife in the world had ever been treated as she was!

The philosopher was fain to make his peace by conceding the point as to the upholstery, and the house, amid his suppressed groans, was furnished in fashionable style.

Among other domestic exigencies that soon arose, was that of a set of dinner plates. Adam, this time, without consulting Amelia, went and ordered a service of pewter. The plates were sent home. No sooner did Mrs. Crutch behold them than, seizing one, she dashed it indignantly on the ground. It was unbroken.

"See," observed the philosopher, with mild equanimity, "the advantage of pewter over China!"

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Amelia.

"It is not nonsense," returned Adam. "What is there in a plate? Nothing—but the food upon it—that is of any consequence. What objection is there to dining off pewter?"

"I can't bear it," she replied.

"But why?"

"Because I can't."

"Now don't you see," reasoned Adam, "how absurdly you talk. You can't bear it because you can't. Does it hurt your eyes, or make your head ache? Does it pain you in any way?"

"I don't like it—and that's enough."

"No, my good girl," urged Crotch, "it is not enough. When we say that we can't bear a thing, we mean that it produces an intolerable sensation. What intolerable sensation does a pewter plate produce in you?"

"Every sensation!"

"Oh now!" expostulated Adam, "this is very unreasonable. Suppose you asked me why I can't bear bacon, for instance. I can tell you. That which makes me feel nausea, I can't bear. Bacon makes me feel nausea. Therefore I can't bear bacon."

"No more can I," answered Mrs. Crotch.

"What do you mean!"

"Why, that horrid Bacon that you are always quoting."

"Oh—pooh!" exclaimed the philosopher, "what is that to the purpose. I wish I could make you understand the nature of a syllogism."

"You won't make me understand dining off pewter," said the lady.

"I know why you don't like it," asserted Crotch.

"Then if you do, why do you ask?" she replied.

"Because I wish you to see why. I should have proved to you, if you had let me go on, that your dislike to it arose from a wrong feeling."

"What wrong feeling?"

"Vanity and undue fastidiousness."

"I am not vain, I am not fastidious," sobbed his wife, and then proceeded to cry piteously.

Such were the scenes that were enacted almost daily between Adam Crotch and his helpmate. They wanted forks. Adam argued that steel would answer every purpose. Mrs. Crotch insisted on silver. He objected to the superfluity of a crest upon them as taxable; she contended for it as aristocratic. He wanted her to wear stuff dresses; she would have silk. One of their most serious disputes arose on the subject of cotton pocket-handkerchiefs. "What earthly reason," he demanded, "could there exist for wanting any other?" She answered "Every reason"—but gave none.

Reasons, however, she did give, occasionally, for her wishes. She wanted a white bonnet. Why? Because Mrs. Wilson had one. She desired to have Venetian blinds for the parlour window. Wherefore? Such an embellishment had been added to Mrs. Blake's. She wished to keep a page. On what account? Mrs. Baker was going to keep one. But these arguments were the

minors of syllogisms whose majors were non-apparent to Adam Crotch. It was in vain that he tried to explain to her the nature of the *petitio principii*.

In the course of time, Adam had sons and daughters. His philosophy now encountered fresh trials. Disquiet and doctors' bills he was prepared for ; but he was not prepared for the requisitions of monthly nurses. He had not counted on supernumerary napkins, bibs, caps, pinafores, ribbons, feathers, frocks, and trousers. Occasional disturbance whilst at his studies he had expected, but he never thought he should be called from his books to rock a cradle. An expedient which he adopted to lighten this especial burden should be recorded. It consisted in the adaptation of a smoke-jack to produce the required motion ; but this arrangement was continually interfered with by the cook.

Grievously, too, was his rationalism outraged, during the period antecedent to the nativity of each little Crotch. What but whim and caprice could beget a craving for gingerbread, shrimps, pickled cabbage, syllabub, and artichokes ? Once he was inflexible, he could not afford compliance, and to his eternal disgrace among the neighbouring gossips, and the never-ending reproaches of Mrs. Crotch, the brand of Burgundy in purple indelible, was imprinted on his offspring's brow !

His calculations thus confounded, his system thus upset, his scheme of domestic happiness thus baffled, what was the philosopher to do ? He had no alternative but to cut down his own expenses to the lowest possible mark. He renounced wine, he forswore grog, he relinquished even the solace of his pipe—he drank his tea without milk or sugar—he lived on the smallest amount of food that would support nature. He bought no new books ; his studies were arrested that he might avoid arrest. A small patrimony was all he had to subsist on. This he had thought to do by close shaving on philosophical principles, but found himself obliged to effect it by an economy opposed to his philosophy.

Our latest account of Adam Crotch represents him as meditating some scheme for the enlargement of his means. He intends to devote those faculties, heretofore employed on speculation, to business. Would that he could discover that Stone, whose acquisition has so long been the philosopher's object ! In the meantime, let philosophers in general, and those of the Crotch school in particular, about to marry, study attentively, that chapter in the book of human nature whose special subject is woman.

P. L.



## CROMWELL IN THE SHADES.

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A TERRIBLE region—lighted by neither sun nor star. One can hardly breathe for the throngs that press upon us on all sides,—that glide, and flit, and wheel to and fro,—the spiritual wrecks that, from the first day of creation, the surging sea of life has been never casting up upon these awful shores. Hosts of faces—pale, as from the contemplation of some new and most unutterable horror, bear down upon you every instant; they will overwhelm you in their wild career—their ghastly eyes almost touch your own, yet they are gone; they have passed over—around—through you; unsubstantial as the business on which they are engaged.

It is the very mockery of worldly existence. See the Miser there; how he guards the heap he has raised, to remind him of his beloved gold! How he glares upon all who approach! Would any one touch it, he is at his throat. Miserable shade! what avails it? Suddenly the intended murderer and his victim, as by the influence of the same thought, burst out into yells of laughter, that sound like so many blows upon the dull earth—they scatter the pile to the winds—part, and presently begin again, each to build, or to contend as before.

Shades woo, and other shades listen; the seducer will triumph. But—shudderingly—he flies; just when she ceases to do so.

Here, in the centre of an eager and struggling throng, sits the crowned and robed monarch, dispensing honours among those who press forward exultingly to receive them—kneel and worship him for his bounty—and then, as though some subtle poison ran through their veins as the ribbon touched their breast, or as though the coronet burnt into the very brain, as it was placed upon the head, suddenly tear them off, and dash them down, and spit upon them, in contempt and hatred, before the giver's own eyes. Yet, behold, they are again struggling for the front of the circle.

Statesmen sit in solemn council. A sedate form rises, utters words of sympathy for the sorrows of a poverty-stricken people, and deplores in earnest language their ignorance; but his words are responded to by curses from the myriads around; the neighbouring gibbet catches his eye—he leaps up in frenzy, re-echoing



every curse upon his own head ; his only prayer is for instant annihilation.

Warriors pursue, and the stricken fall ; yet in the very moment of conquest the victor's arm, like a dreamer's, becomes unnerved. Some strange consciousness overpowers him ; he turns away ; the pursued now becomes the pursuer, and with the same result. Yet Miser, Seducer, King, Statesman, Warrior, must go on thus eternally. They are the mimes of their own former state. The all-absorbing passion of life remains here in all its intensity ; their punishment is to see it in its true character.

And how they still hover upon the very edge of these gloomy shores, yearning ever to recross the fatal stream, and live again—oh, how differently—the years allotted to them of human existence. And that thought will sometimes allay the intolerable fever that preys upon them. Here too they watch the movements of the unresting ferryman, who will draw an occasional smile from the most forlorn, by his utter indifference to the quality, or quarrels, or appeals, of his spiritual freight. See, for instance, when a duke is complaining, in language almost inarticulate with emotion, that he has been seated by the side of one of his own labourers—what can be more full of content than worthy Charon's face ?

Then the trial of the new-comers before Rhadamanthus—most unerring and righteous of judges. Have they sought the good of their fellow men ? —a thousand errors are overlooked : on the wings of joy and love the glad spirits are dismissed to their Elysium. There they, too, live over again their former lives. There they, too, have a more than mortal knowledge of what those lives should have been ; and the partial becomes a complete harmony. Have they pursued chiefly their own gratifications ? no excuses now save them ; they join the band that extends around—far, far away, numberless as the sands of the shore. Have they outraged all the most sacred laws of nature, and made their lives a universal burden ?—the iron gates of Tartarus yawn wide for them beneath their feet ; they sink amid a thousand shrieks and sounds of horror.

But chiefly they haunt these shores in order to learn what is passing in the world above ; and whether it be that some dark inkings have reached them, that the reign of the inexorable Pluto will pass away whenever the world shall cease to send trash subjects for punishment, or whether it be that the further they fly from self, and all things pertaining thereto, the less turn-out become their pangs, many listen with an interest that is in-

pressibly touching to aught that speaks of improvement ; and turn away in drearier hopelessness than ever, as they learn how strongly runs the current in the opposite direction. Yet, obedient to their destiny, touch but the master passion, and the wandering spirit seeks again its old gratification,—begins once more to heave the stone up the hill.

“ Ha ! the boat has just grounded,” exclaims the shade of a stock-jobber, as he rushes forward and questions the ferryman.

“ Charon, Charon ! you remember me ; I died last night. Tell me, there’s a good fellow, what was the decision on the York line to-day ? Tell me. I hold—I mean I did hold—ten thousand pounds worth of shares. Tell me correctly ; and you shall have some shares yourself, in the very next allotments I have to do with.”

“ Is he dead yet, Charon ?—the incumbent, I mean. What a world it was ! That I should live for thirty years, daily looking for his death, and then die myself before him ! Is he dead, Charon ? you know, the vicarage was promised to me.”

“ Well, Charon, what news ? Is the world any better or worse since we left it ?”

“ No, gentlemen—no ; there’s no news worth mentioning. The world was always wicked ; now it’s getting dull into the bargain. Well, I shall be all the merrier for it.—Oh, by the bye, some among you may think it news to hear that they’re talking of putting Cromwell among the kings. I mean his statue.”

“ Father !”

“ Charles !”

For a moment there was a deep pause. The two spirits who had thus spoken gazed in each other’s eyes, seeking to read a confirmation of the truth of what they had heard. They shook with emotion, and, as if to relieve the pressure on their throbbing temples, took off the golden circles that pressed them. It was the accidental gesture of a moment ; but, with a sudden consciousness, they hurriedly replaced the symbols of their earthly state. The elder then started forwards.

“ Charon, you must be mad, or there is rebellion again in England—another Cromwell arisen. You forget, Charon, my son was restored ; that monarchy regained its own.”

“ Mad ! I did not forget to bring you here at the right time, King Charles the First of England. Mad ! What, then, were you, to come, as you did ?”

"Well, but Charon," said the younger spirit, "consider now, seriously, whether you are not mad. Cromwell among the kings! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Harkye, King Charles the Second; if I find there is another Cromwell, I'll take you back to him." And therewith the boatman pushed off.

"Ha! ha! ha! the malicious scoundrel. Take me back! Jove forbid! until, at least, the way's quite clear. But, father, can it be true? Cromwell among the kings!"

"Yes, England must be in rebellion. Our thrones, Charles, are again in danger. Oh that I could live over again my time! The canting traitor should not out-plot me then. My right hand should not know what my left hand did. I would give him, as I before said I would, the halter for his neck, that he thought was to be the garter for his leg, in reward for his traitorous presumption in daring to treat with me, an anointed king, for the quiet possession of my own throne. Yes; but I would also take care he should not discover my purposes, as he did by the discovery of that fatal letter, which I had written to my queen there, Henrietta, while the treaty was in progress. Alas! it was that that overthrew me. Yet, can it be? Cromwell among the kings!"

"And why not?" interposed the voice of one of the newcomers. And the question was caught up and repeated by some of the shades around—"Why not?"

"Suppose, gentlemen," said another, "we try the cause. It is a great and solemn one, and upon which a just decision —" Here the speaker, gliding to the side of Charles I., with outstretched hand, whispered, "I am quite at your service; what's your case?" Receiving, however, no other answer than a look and a gesture of most significant contempt, the barrister shade quietly remarked, "Oh, very well; perhaps the other side will require me. Come, let us try the cause."

"Find me a fitting jury," observed the monarch: "then, indeed, I might consent to state it."

"Of whom could a fitting jury be formed?"

"Of my equals."

"An excellent idea!" exclaimed a jester. "Here; seek all the kings up to or beyond the Conquest; they are most of them hovering about. But, let me see, there's Bluff Hal and two or three more down in Tartarus. We must have him up, at all events, for the occasion. Rhadamanthus likes justice.—Quick

there ; a deputation to him. Say we want King Harry for an hour. If, meanwhile, discipline be suspended, the gentle Furies must be patient ; lost time can be easily made up when he returns. —Quick there, to Rhadamanthus.—Harkye in your ear, brother shade of the long robe. Don't say anything to the rest ; but I 'll try if I can find you a client. I 'm off for Cromwell."

And the kingly court is formed. There sits, side by side, in fantastic or significant companionship, the iron-clad Edward I. and the wool-padded James of Scotland ; the latter explaining how by his wisdom he had succeeded where the former failed, and had united the two sister kingdoms. Edward eyes him from head to foot, and moving farther away, gives ample room for the accommodation of his brother sovereign's stuffed breeches. John and Richard III. sit together in grim silence. Each sees in the other but a kind of supplementary and most undesirable revelation of himself. Henry V. and Henry VII. are neighbours, the cheerful frank face of the victor of Agincourt strangely contrasted with the gloomy unfathomable one of the victor of Bosworth Field. What subtle knots of policy you think the one could form ; how easily the other could brush them all away. Richard II. seems to sit apart with his griefs, yet looking occasionally with an earnest and sympathising face upon Charles, whose fate and character, in many respects, resembled his own. Two only seem mutually pleased with each other—Edward the Confessor and Henry VI.—and the latter is just now lamenting to his companion that he could not have lived in Edward's own era. Henry VIII. too sits alone ; and cannot understand why he is not spoken to. Two or three times he is about to call out for some one's execution, or for a maid of honour, to amuse him and relieve his bodily pangs ; but he has found those calls so useless before, that he contents himself with occasionally turning his great and unwieldy bulk, so as to sit somewhat more easily. William the Conqueror sits by William IV. ; Elizabeth by her boy brother Edward VI., as though to take care of him ; Tudor Mary with the gallant and licentious friend and conqueror of Warwick,—Edward IV.

"Brothers," began the earnest and musical voice of Charles, "I have to ask you in brief terms, if it be fitting that a usurper should sit, even in effigy, in the seats that you have made sacred."

There was an uneasy movement visible on the part of several of the royal personages. At length, the Conqueror roughly inquired, "Whom do you call usurper ? Harold said I was one."

"Yes; but," mildly responded Charles, "you could urge the plea that the Confessor bequeathed you the throne. That was greatly in your favour."

"No doubt, but it did not win the battle of Hastings. Brother, don't deceive yourself. The only plea I relied on was my own good sword. It was sufficient. Trust me, I never afterward saw the king, man, or fiend, that was not soon satisfied of my right to be the king of England."

"Or perhaps your discriminating majesty would consider me a usurper?" inquired Bolingbroke.

"A most pernicious and detestable one," cried his cousin Richard, starting up, and appealing in the most passionate manner to the other monarchs. "He is a traitor dyed all over with crime. The panther's hide is not so thickly spotted. Oh, brethren, be just to yourselves and me. Brand, as he deserves, this bold, bad, faithless man—this—this Bolingbroke. What right had he to the throne?"

"Why, in sooth, my angry brother, I believe I may follow the worthy example set me, and acknowledge that my right lay in my scabbard. Pity you did not think it worth while to look there for it. I don't remember that you gave me the trouble to fight a single battle for the crown. It was very kind of you. I am grateful, and therefore say no more."

"Come, come, to business," said the third Richard, "I own I was a usurper. I threw boldly for the dice, and they failed me. Yet even my cousin of Richmond here, I think, will not deny I was a king. What is it you seek from us?"

"A solemn sentence of exclusion of Cromwell from all historical records, from all those emblems of honour which pertain by divine ordinance to God's anointed only. Remember, brethren, this is no offshoot of our own branches—he is not even connected with the nobility of the realm. He was, in a word, a brewer's son, if not even a member of that trade himself."

"Ha! that alters the case very much," observed Bolingbroke, and the other sovereigns seemed generally to agree with him.

"A fellow," interposed the second Charles, "whose atrocities I punished with the gibbet at Tyburn—after his death, of course I would have punished him before, but"—

"—But he objected?" inquired the sarcastic Richard III. But there was no answer. The merry monarch was pallid with terror—he grasped for support the arm of his father, who with more dignity,



but with scarcely less apprehension, beheld the awful shade that stood opposite to them—how or when arrived, no one knew. A long space he stood looking upon the pair—father and son. His features were rudely but grandly carved, and an air of ineffable majesty shone through them, that no one could look on unmoved. The sovereigns returned his gaze in deep silence, as with an eye that seemed to search into their very being, in order to discover if there were any there with whom his spirit could hold companionship, the mighty shade looked round upon them, one by one. And there was a pause, and a partial kindling of the countenance, as the glance rested on the great warrior and greater statesman, the first Edward. But he saw not him whom he looked for—the king, who alone was as magnanimous as he was brave, able, and patriotic—he saw not Alfred, and he turned away, as though all personal interest in the circle had vanished; and all that remained was the Protector, Cromwell, confronting the long line of English kings. At length he spake.

“Kings, by right of descent—kings, by right of sword and the royal blood that runs in your veins,—what is it ye demand of me, the Protector of the People against your own unfitness and evil doings, by the right that God gave unto them and to me in the council and in the battle-field?”

“Did your Majesty ever hear of this kind of right before?” inquired Harry the Fifth of the victor of Bosworth. Henry was silent; but his son, in a voice that sounded as bloated as was his frame, here called out, between the paroxysms of his pain, “Oh, I hanged some thousands of that sort of—people; cobblers, and brewers too, I dare say. And can’t you hang him yonder, and let us go to dinner? Ugh!”

“Kings, what would ye?” was again asked by the voice that instantly hushed all others. Charles now spake in a tone that showed how the speaker had strung his energies to the highest point, to enable him to speak, as befitted his dignity, to such an antagonist.

“I demand the exclusion of your statue from among the kings.”

“And from history?”

“Oh,” interposed Charles II., “I settled all that. You will find that the law of England acknowledges me as the sovereign from the day of the murder of my dear father.” The shade smiled as he turned towards the speaker.

“And Worcester field, do you claim that too? And all the



doings of the Protectorate? Truly, a merry gentleman! And if I were chosen, would your statue succeed mine?"

"Certainly," said a strange voice. All the kings looked round, and beheld with surprise a man of commanding presence and of grave and severe beauty of aspect. A crown was upon his head; yet none but the Master Shade seemed to recognise him. Looks of deep meaning were exchanged, but they spoke not.

"And would the murderer of his wives be there?"

"Ha!" roared out Henry VIII.

"Certainly," again replied the voice; "he was a most legitimate king."

"And the murderer of the children in the Tower?" The polished Richard started as he were stung, but seemed to hesitate whether he should bury his weapon in the offender's breast, or pass the matter off with a sarcasm.

"And these—*things*?" continued the shade, pointing in succession to Edward II. and James I., as they started from their seats, the last with greater vivacity than he had ever before been known to exhibit.

"How could they be excluded? Were they not kings?"

"And the child, too, fresh from the nursery?"

"Yes; he, too, was a king."

"And the bigots, James and Mary?"

"Both were monarchs."

"Then neither tyranny, nor crime, nor vice, nor folly, nor intolerance, nor general unfitness, will be any disqualification for this new temple for the worship of royalty?"

"None."

"Then, kings, what have I to do there?" And therewith the speaker turned and moved away; he went not unaccompanied. The voice was again heard—

"Brother, none here know me, but thee. It is well. Let us return, and wait patiently for the time when it shall be perceived that there have been but two real kings of the English *people*;—but two, who have made the advancement of their permanent interests the *paramount object of their sovereignty*."

J. S.

## THE ENGLISHMAN IN PRUSSIA.—No. III.

## SECRET POLICIES.—THE BUREAUCRATS.

It has been remarked at the commencement of these articles, that the true condition of Prussian politics was little known in England. Recent circumstances are sure to throw a false gloss over many things, besides individual royalty, and visits to “people and places ;” nor can a few words suffice to give a clear and full statement of a system so complicated and concealed. It may nevertheless be possible to present a condensed view of leading features, which need not occupy much space. The chief element in Prussian politics is *secrecy*—the fundamental principle upon which all its wheels are constructed and work, is that of *dark policies* : which facts are not denied, because too well known in the country, but excused under the plea that they are all of a *paternal* character. The extent, therefore, of this fatherly care and kindness, and the various forms taken by the loving rod, which so seldom “spares” the child, will be best displayed by those who have felt it. Such a view, separately considered, would naturally be one-sided—the sore-sided ; this, however, shall be balanced and corrected dispassionately by those who have seen but not suffered, and assisted and proved by open facts of daily occurrence.

The government of Prussia is that of an absolute monarchy, the executive department of which is entirely in the hands of a bureaucracy. The bureaucrats are an organised body of civil officers ; and the secret officers are probably almost as numerous as the public ones. It will hence be understood that the whole machinery of government is carried on by these functionaries, established and sustained by the powers of a despotic sovereignty, and that the king and the bureaucracy act and re-act upon each other with an influence which may perhaps be as systematic as it certainly is habitual.

A popular representation and a free constitution have long been desired by the great mass in Prussia ; but as this would terminate the reign of the bureaucrats, they have constantly opposed it by every power and influence they possessed, both direct and indirect,

openly and secretly, and up to this time with success. Nevertheless, the late king had found himself compelled by circumstances to promise all they wished to the people. At the Congress of Vienna, in 1814, the following articles were agreed upon :—

- “ 1. A definite part in the legislature.
- “ 2. The Sanction of the Taxes.
- “ 3. Representation of the Constitution against an undue interference on the part of the King or the Diet.”

And this was resolved upon and carried, as a minimum for each state. After this the late king published the well-remembered document of the 22d of May, 1815. It contained his solemn promise to give his people a constitution ; a promise, be it remembered, which was given in the time of danger, when Napoleon was again threatening the kingdom. “ That the principles,” says he (we translate his own words), “ upon which we have governed, may be truly handed down to posterity through the medium of a written document, as a Constitution of the Prussian dominions, and preserved for ever, we have decreed—1st, *There shall be a Representation of the People.*” Various other provisions follow, all in accordance with that first important declaration, and with a direct view to carrying out such a purpose. And now it will be proper to address a word to the present king of Prussia.

Frederick William III., the father of the present king, having made the above promise in the most public manner, and never having revoked it in the same public manner, did nevertheless leave it unperformed. Does it not, therefore, devolve upon Frederick William IV. to preserve his father's memory from the imputation of having broken his word, by fulfilling his intentions, and at the same time to satisfy the yet more pressing requisitions of the people at the present day ? The promise was made by his father as some return for the blood shed at Leipzig ; a promise to a people who had again redeemed his crown, which had been cast at the feet of France ; a promise made when his father was once more in fear of losing his dominions. Frederick William IV. has nevertheless declared to the states of Posen (Sept. 9, 1840), that his father's promise does not bind him, because his father considered a constitution would not be to the benefit of his people, and that he had given them another (June 5th, 1823), instead of it. Now, the fact is that this other does establish provincial estates, and hold out a prospect of popular representation, to the very same effect as his first promise of the 22d of May, 1815.

It is therefore clear that this second law could not have been intended to defeat or supply the place of the first.\*

It is whispered, in certain political circles, that the present King of Prussia has a secret wish to accede to the popular feeling, knowing, as he must know, how strong that is, and the ultimate danger there may be in continuing to resist it; and it is, moreover, whispered that he has got a constitution regularly drawn out, in his private desk; but that his brother, the Prince of Prussia, is strongly opposed to a constitution, or anything in the shape of a really free representation; and that the king is yet more averse to adopt any measures that would give offence to the great bear of the North, or to the "good and wise" Metternich. The strong opposition of the Prince of Prussia is of more importance than mere abstract political opinion, because his present Majesty has no children, nor is at all likely to have any; his brother, therefore, is the next in succession. Should he, then, succeed to the throne, the people may expect a still more vigorous and practical opposition to all schemes of introducing a liberal form of government.

It will be evident, from what has been said, that some exposition and detailed account of the bureaucrats may be both curious in itself, and of importance to a right conception of the politics and government of the country. This desideratum has been supplied in several works, of more or less completeness and daring freedom of speech. The best and most courageous of these, however, which has appeared since the elaborate work by Welcker, is the volume recently published by Karl Heinzen, which is expressly devoted to an account of the functionaries in question. It is entitled "Die Preussische Bureaukratie, von Karl Heinzen, Darmstadt, 1845."

But how could such a work appear in Prussia? will be asked by all those who are aware of the enslaved condition of its press. Simply by the fact of the author choosing to be a martyr to his book. He knew very well what would happen, and says so in his preface, and with yet more emphatic words in the course of his work. "That which makes man a slave," says he, "is the mean fear of a prison. But to be obliged to carry one's conviction into the grave is a greater punishment than a prison could be; and

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\* See "Das Königliche Wort, Friedrich Wilhelms III., von Dr. Johann Jacoby, Königsberg, 1844,"—*printed in London.*

to spread abroad one's free opinion is a greater happiness than the security to be derived from a pusillanimous silence. It is a duty and an honour to enter a jail, when its doors are opened for rectitude and truth. *The path to liberty lies through the prison.*"

In his anticipations he was not disappointed. His book was instantly ordered to be suppressed, and he was obliged to fly the country. But before saying more of Heinzen, or of his book, we will call the reader's attention to a few curious facts and doings, illustrative of the working of secret policies.

In 1812 and 13, when Prussia was humbled to the dust before the armies of Napoleon, the celebrated poet Arndt was one of the few patriots who braved all dangers to recover the freedom of his country. He and some others boldly went forth among the different states, notwithstanding the numerous spies who were creeping about in all directions, and exhorted the people to rise in the cause of liberty. Arndt, by his spirit-stirring songs and personal eloquence, was more especially the means of rousing his countrymen, and thus he did at the risk of his life. It was now that the King promised to give his people a constitution and representation, and this he solemnly repeated at the Congress of Vienna, as previously explained. The Prussians flew to arms with enthusiasm. When peace was restored the people naturally expected the ratification of all these promises. Arndt and the other patriots, who had saved the throne, lived in daily hopes; and meantime they opposed themselves to the spread of French manners and customs, adopted old German manners and customs, and talked loudly and happily of noble things to come. Frederick William III., however, remained silent; there were no signs of the fulfilment of his promises. Arndt and his fellow-patriots continued to live in full hopes, and declared aloud their expectations. Suddenly, in 1819, a body of police was dispatched in all directions, and the patriots were arrested. Arndt, who was at the time a Professor of the University of Bonn, was seized,—his house taken possession of by the police, his papers and letters carried off, his rooms sealed up, and himself thrown into prison. He was tried for high treason. But though they *tried* all means, no such thing could be proved, and he was acquitted. He was never told upon what grounds he had been arrested. He returned to his university, and resumed his lectures. But a letter speedily came from the minister, forbidding him to lecture, yet ordering that his salary as a professor should be continued. He could obtain no satisfactory explanation of

this treatment. It was a great injury to his future prospects in all worldly respects, because he was prevented from the principal source of a professor's emolument, which is the students' fees. Arndt took to cultivating his garden and educating his children. In this state he remained till the accession of the present king, in 1840, when, by an "act of grace," the poet was restored to full liberty for the exercise of his powers. But, meantime, he had become twenty years older ! He had lost all the arrears of students' fees for this long period, which would have enabled him to leave good profits of industry to his children. These twenty years were clearly the period for the harvest of his life ; nearly all that had gone before had been employed in laboriously fitting himself for his office, and then down comes the iron bar upon the very midway of his mortal course. Arndt bitterly felt the injustice of his previous treatment, for which no compensation was made ; nor did it "teach him prudence," for at an evening party a few years ago, when a friend was congratulating him upon his restoration, Arndt, who was standing close within the hearing of a Prussian prince, slapped his friend significantly upon the shoulder, and answered aloud, "Ah, my dear boy, the murder *was* committed—I am pardoned in my grave." But although the direct grounds of his arrest, and trial for high treason, had never been stated, an accidental circumstance some years since brought it to light. The grounds were the discovery of a certain letter among his papers, which letter was evidently a reply to some communication of his on the subject of the promised constitution. And who does the reader imagine this treasonable letter came from ? *It was from the late King himself !* Yet the poet, now in very advanced years, has had no redress, except to be allowed to prosecute his labours as a professor.

The bureaucrats, when once they entertain suspicion, are not particular as to the position of the parties, and one of the first prelates in Germany, experienced a treatment every jot as injurious and unjust as the poet. The Archbishop of Cologne was suddenly arrested, the accusation being of a general nature, and carried away to confinement. He thus remained, all the duties and emoluments of his office being of course suspended, during several years. After this period it was admitted that none of the offences of which he had been accused or suspected could be proved against him, and he was therefore set at liberty. But he



had no indemnification for his loss during the interval ; nor has he been restored to his see to this day.

Professor Welcker, now Professor of Archæology, (brother of the Welcker previously mentioned) and one of the most profoundly learned men in Germany, received considerable injuries during the reign of the late king. The Professor once printed in a pamphlet words to this effect : " Oh that we lived in an age when a subject might seek the royal presence without opposition—might throw himself at the feet of his king, and explain the wants of a people ! " One might have thought that this language was respectful enough to have qualified any patriotic feeling or political opinion ; nevertheless, he was suspended from office, and when restored no arrears were made good to him for the losses sustained. He is graciously permitted to work in his old age, and is now at the head of his university.

We have now a few words to say concerning a very recent affair, which was immediately hushed up—in fact it was never known beyond the district in which it occurred.

About three months ago a traveller—a stranger travelling in Prussia—was arrested at the Bahn Hof of Aix-la Chapelle, by the police. He was at once thrown into prison. The Staats-procurator (Procureur Général) learned by accident, eight days after his imprisonment, that an individual had been arrested at the Bahn Hof. He went to the Superintendent of the prison, and demanded whether the information he had received was true. The Superintendent answered that it was perfectly true. The Staats-procurator desired to be conducted to his cell forthwith. He was informed by the Superintendent that he could not be permitted to do so, nor could anybody whatever be allowed to see the prisoner. The Staats-procurator, in great indignation and astonishment, went home and wrote to the Regierungs-president (President of the Regency at Aix), recounting to him all the circumstances. The Regierungs-president replied that he could not give the Staats-procurator permission either to speak with the prisoner, or to see him ! The confounded Staats-procurator replied by citing the article of the law, according to which every individual arrested ought to be brought before the Instructions-Richter (Juge d'Instruction) within twenty-four hours. The President then replied finally that he had secret instructions from a higher authority, of the nature of which he gave account to no one. What becomes of the esta-

blished laws in such cases? Here is clearly the same power as a *lettre de cachet*! We have since discovered (this affair was noted down on the spot at the time) that the individual arrested was a Polish nobleman—name unknown—and he has been given into the hands of the police in Russia.

By whose orders, then, are all these things done, and by what agency are they carried into effect? The only answer is—the bureaucracy. It will now of course be asked, who are the bureaucrats, and how are they classified? In order to reply to this, we turn to Heinzen's forbidden pages, from which the major portion of the following account may be regarded as a careful abstract.

The Prussian bureaucracy has its origin in the absolutism of the Prussian monarchy, and is the natural concomitant of regal despotism and popular slavery. It is all-powerful, and irresponsible. The press dare not, and in fact cannot, attack it, because the Censor is one of the bureaucratic body, and certainly one of its most watchful members; justice does not punish its misdeeds, because justice has no power over it, the "heads of the law" being also of that body. Complaints may be preferred publicly against any of its abuses; but to what purpose, when those who are to decide upon these complaints are themselves bureaucrats? "We are governed," said the Baron von Stein, (the minister who remodelled the government in the old Prussian provinces) "by hired, book-learned bureaucrats, who are without property, and have no interests at stake. Being paid, they strive to render their offices permanent, and increase their numbers and salaries; being book-learned, they live only in the world of letters, and are ignorant of the actual world around them; being without interests, they have no dealings with any other class of the citizens, and may, in fact, be termed the Government Writing Class!" As they have no tangible property, the various schemes and fluctuations of property do not affect them. "It may rain," proceeds Von Stein; "the sun may shine; the taxes may rise or fall; all laws of old standing may be obliterated, or remain as of old—the Writing Class cares nothing about the matter. The great vice from which our dear father-land suffers, is the power of the bureaucrats, and the nothingness of the citizens." Now, the ex-minister did not mean to say that state officers should not be paid for labour performed, as well as any other class; that a knowledge of books was a reproach to them; nor that having no interests and no pro-

perty at stake, was, in itself, to be denounced ; what he intended to show was, that all these facts and circumstances rendered them incompetent, or otherwise unfit to decide in many very important matters—while they do actually decide upon all important matters, however ignorant they may be of the subject ; nor do they seek or receive the advice of those practically engaged in and acquainted with such subjects. They transact their business with closed doors ; they frame laws, acts, and treaties, as they think fit ; their statements, facts, and arguments are not known, and “ even their ignorance is not known, except by its results.” As to why a law is made—how it is made—and how it works—nobody is responsible. If a law is discovered to be bad, and subversive of the effect intended, never mind—improve it, or make another ; do this openly, if there be no reason against it ; but if the change will in any way reflect serious discredit upon the framers or executors of the law, then make the change silently, and let the people find out the change as they may successively feel it pinch. The mischief that has been effected by the bad framing of commercial treaties, is in some cases quite as conspicuous as with respect to bad laws. A commercial treaty being made by *writers* who have no personal experience and no direct knowledge of the matter and question at issue, and consequently no foresight ; who have no property and private interests at stake to “ fillip ” their understandings “ with a three man beetle ; ” yet who, for all this, do not ask the advice and assistance of those who *do* possess the required experience and knowledge—such a treaty must at all times be liable to do the greatest injury to the commercial interests of the country. The treaty made with the Dutch some two years ago is one striking instance. The Dutch knew what they were about, and chose thorough men of business to make terms. The Writing Class had no chance with them. Amidst all disasters, and while important laws or treaties are pending, no practical and instructed person can offer “ a timely word of advice or warning,” no public measure being previously open to public discussion. It is only known when the deed is done, and advice or warning would be too late. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the bureaucrats consider themselves always right. “ One of the most pernicious principles of bureaucracy,” says Heinzen, “ is that it can never be wrong—or dare be wrong.” For this reason, displaying as it does, a sense of its own insecure position, these functionaries are obliged to justify every error they

commit ; every wrong is liable to call for other wrongs to cover it up,—every falsehood for other falsehoods ; every secret machination for other machinations. And the quiet and regular management of these matters is considered as subtle policy, and well earning their salaries.

Heinzen's chapter on the "Bureaucracy and the Press" is a severe but perfectly fair exposition of the condition of the press in Prussia. The power of the censor is despotic to an extent that is at once infamous and ludicrous. His power actually extends to the circulars and advertisements of merchants and tradesmen ; wholesale tobacconists, dealers in eau-de-cologne, pastrycooks or shoemakers, cannot send out a circular or print a few lines in a newspaper, without first "pointing the toe" to the censor, and submitting it for approval. His office is no sinecure, for he works away at a great rate in his duty of revision. Not only do authors and editors often resist, and attempt to argue and "show him" that there is nothing really amenable to censure in certain passages he has expunged, but even wine merchants and wool merchants sometimes have "high words" with him. All to no purpose—down goes his scratch along the paper—out goes the passage ! This officer, moreover, is not always the best informed gentleman in the world. An author had recently translated Dante's *Divinia Comedia* into German—*Göttliche Comödie*. The censor, never having heard of the work before, refused his permission for its publication, alleging that "divine things should not be made the subject of a comedy !"

The censorship of the Prussian press has been well described in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, and we cannot do better than make a brief extract in corroboration of what has just been stated from our own knowledge :—

"The censorship has different departments. There is a censor whose business in each town is solely with newspapers ; another 'looks sharp' after the pamphlets ; another takes care of the novels, and romantic literature generally ; nor is poetry by any means forgotten. But the newspapers are more especially the object of watchful solicitude. The Prussian government does not consider the censor a sufficient power to keep the editors of newspapers within the bounds of 'a most undangerous discussion of affairs,' and therefore suspends over their heads a threat, like the sword of Damocles, that any slip of the pen may be visited by the loss of the license of the paper. No newspaper can appear in Prussia without a license, and licenses are very difficult to be

obtained, and for the most part are only given *conditionally*. But after all this care in the licenses, and making preliminary conditions, and the constant supervision of the censor, (who may erase anything he pleases, here and there, all over the printer's proofs, the gaps being ordered to be closed so that nobody shall know the alarming spot where an erasure was made,) after all this, the editor, or other responsible person, is *still* amenable to the law!"—*For. Quar. Rev.*, Nos. lvi. and lxix.

The confused condition of the laws is of a kind that enables the bureaucrats to interpret them very much as the expediency of the case or the hour may need. In the Rhenish provinces, the recognised book of laws is the Code Napoleon; in the old Prussian provinces the book is the Landrecht; and it has been the effort of the various ministers to bring all the laws under the latter head. This they have been unable as yet to accomplish literally, on account of the popular feeling; they have contrived, however, to do so virtually in a multitude of cases, by additions to the Code Napoleon, and revisions and changes of certain articles, all the time declaring that they had not mutilated a single law of the original Code. "This trick," says Heinzen "may be called cutting off a man's nose and ears, and then swearing you have not hurt a hair of his head!" The minister von Kamptz has been particularly expert in this innocent method of mutilation.

The remarks made by Heinzen upon the military of Prussia, — the "nation of soldiers," as they sometimes call themselves, are of a kind which every country that possesses a standing army may find in a certain degree applicable to its own arrangements for this department of *civilisation*. "Nothing," says Heinzen, "presents a greater contrast to the culture of our times, than the reflection that the security of the state should still be based on a military institution; an institution by which every independent power of man becomes a fault; in which even the rudest word of command becomes reason, the blindest obedience virtue!"

One of the most curious and interesting chapters in Heinzen's "Bureaukratie" is that in which he shows how nearly all the public offices and officers have their private duplicates. The best idea we can convey of this chapter will be to give a paraphrase of a few official titles; thus,—suppose the following to be all Prussian titles—Controller of the Customs, Harbour Master, Commissioner of Mines and Manufactories, Overseer of Public Works, Post-master General, Village Post-master, Parish Clerk, Surgeon



of the Royal Hospital, Beadle of the Parish, &c., then the list of offices would present the following duplicates:—

Controller of the Customs.  
 Secret Controller of the Customs.  
 Harbour Master.  
 Secret Harbour Master.  
 Commissioner of Mines and Manufactories.  
 Secret Commissioner of Mines and Manufactories.  
 Overseer of Public Works.  
 Secret Overseer of Public Works.  
 Post-master General.  
 Secret Post-master General.  
 Village Post-master.  
 Secret Village Post-master.  
 Parish Clerk.  
 Secret Parish Clerk.  
 Surgeon of the Royal Hospital.  
 Secret Surgeon of the Royal Hospital.  
 Beadle of the Parish.  
 Secret Beadle of the Parish.  
 &c. &c. &c.

The above is a paraphrase, not merely of a few titles of actual offices with their duplicates, adduced by Heinzen, but of several pages of such titles which he displays in a long list. They speak volumes as to the condition of affairs and the system of secret policies established by the Prussian bureaucracy. It amounts to an organised spy-system of the most universal character.

The consequences to the author of such an exposition may readily be conjectured. The book was instantly ordered to be suppressed; the police seized all the copies from all public libraries, and from all private hands where they knew it might be found; Heinzen was obliged to fly from Prussia,—*and* a few copies of his book still remaining undiscovered by the police, were handed about in all directions, and read with avidity. To our certain knowledge, it has been read by most of the leading politicians in Berlin, including those in office nearest the throne. So much for “suppression,” even in an absolute government—as if the free spirit of man really could be suppressed! His body may be exiled, chained up in a dungeon, starved, or cut to pieces; but to destroy his tongue during life is more difficult to effect; more difficult still to snatch away his pen; and to destroy his inward thoughts, impossible.

Heinzen offered to return and surrender himself up to the



ministers of justice, if they would promise to have him tried by the laws of the Code Napoleon. This, however, was refused ; he was tried, in his absence, found guilty of course, and sentenced, among other things, to a year's imprisonment, whenever he should again set foot on his native land. The sentence was regarded as extremely light, and indicative of sundry wise alarms in high quarters.

"Prussia farewell !" wrote Heinzen in reply. "The ship for my return is now in flames. I will seek for myself another home, and must increase the number of thy banished sons. A year's imprisonment would be a very small price for the purchase of my return to the father-land. But for me there is no longer a father-land, where the nauseousness of slavery and villainy would become my constant companions."

It will be seen that Heinzen writes this reply in a sufficiently intemperate spirit,—a state not much to be wondered at under the circumstances. That the statements, however, in his "Bürokratie," are in most cases substantially correct, and virtually in almost all, no doubt exists in the minds of those who have had any good means of witnessing or ascertaining the real state of political affairs in Prussia. We shall make these matters a little more apparent in our next paper, which will comprise some account of another daring book which has just appeared in Germany, and been "suppressed." How laughable are these government suppressions ! The title of the book will prove rather startling in certain quarters ; we do not at present give it, for reasons which may be conjectured.

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## TWO EPITAPHS IN EXETER CATHEDRAL.

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IN Exeter cathedral, on the left-hand as you enter the choir under the organ-loft, is this inscription : "LEOFRICUS, THE FIRST BISCHOPPE OF EXCETER LYETH HERE."

In another part of the same cathedral is another inscription (less clearly visible, just under the effigy of an old Prophet), seemingly copied from this : "HENRICUS, THE LAST BISCHOPPE OF EXCETER, LYETH HERE, AND EVERYWHERE."

W. S. L.

## CONFESSIONS OF A QUACK.

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WHEN a person who for many years has been living and making money by practices which a moralist would term fraudulent, comes forward at the end of his career with a confession of them, it is likely to be presumed that he has renounced, and is ashamed of, his former course of life. Now I, for a considerable period, have been not only getting my bread, but also buttering it richly, by medical quackery ; and I am retired on a handsome fortune which I have thereby amassed. But for my part, so far from feeling either shame or repentance on account of what I have been, I declare solemnly, with my hand upon my breeches-pocket, that I glory in the name of Quack. I wish anybody could imagine with what inward exultation I hear, as I pass by a village pond, the peculiar cry of the ducks upon it. Quack, quack, quack ! Yes ; I am a Quack, although a retired one. I own it, I boast of it, and when I look back on all the things, ay, and all the persons too, that I have done, to become the rich, fat, comfortable fellow that I am, I am delighted. So pleasing is this retrospect, that thereby, partly, it is, that I am induced to publish these disclosures, which nothing but an ingenuous modesty in speaking of my own affairs makes me term "Confessions." In so doing, however, I am also actuated by another motive, namely, by a craving for sympathy ; a desire to render kindred minds partakers of my own. This amiable instinct is one which we Quacks, in the busy hum, as it may be truly called, of our lives, are obliged to repress. We cannot unbosom, even to our dearest friends, without putting ourselves in each other's power. Our secrets, in that case, would be betrayed, at all events they would be shared in ; and this would not do—would not *pay*. But now, my active days are over. My mission is fulfilled. I am independent, able to speak out, and can tell what I choose without losing a farthing by it. And let me mention that, although in this position, I am only a middle-aged man. I reflect on this circumstance with great complacency, whilst, when riding in my carriage, I behold one of my brethren—for I will call all medical men my brethren, although they disown

me—grown old and gray in what is called honourable practice, hobbling along on foot.

Full particulars respecting my birth and parentage shall be recorded on the monument which I mean to have erected over my remains. I was educated, that is to say, half-educated, like most persons whose destiny is the medical profession, at a classical and commercial academy. There, I remember, I was once, and only once, flogged; which I mention, because the infliction made a powerful impression on me, and, I believe, was the means of doing me much good. My offence had been a verbal fiction. My executioner, with the concluding lash, bade me mind how I told lies for the future. I recollected this advice in after years, to my no small success and advantage. Having left school, and being required to choose a calling, I made choice of physic, influenced, I believe, chiefly, by a love of the mystic and the marvellous; attributes with which my imagination had invested that science. A short course of practical pharmacy, however, in my master's surgery, soon dissipated all the romantic notions I had formed respecting it, but astonished me at the same time in an unexpected manner. I had fancied that the ills that flesh is heir to, were many, and that their corresponding remedies were equally numerous. I was, therefore, surprised at finding that by far the greater part of my employment consisted in pouring into phials, or "putting up," as it was termed, "*Haust: Rub:*" "*Haust: Nig:*" and "*Mist: Feb:*" Three sorts of medicine, I thought, seemed to go very far in treating diseases; and the dim forecast of a still grander generalisation, the embryotic notion of a universal pill, would occasionally occur to my conception.

When the term of my apprenticeship had expired, I proceeded, as a matter of course, to London, for the purpose of completing my studies. To these I really did apply myself with some diligence, and all that I now regret is, that I wasted so much time as I did in attending lectures and dissections, and storing my mind with a knowledge of anatomy, and chemistry, and botany, and other sciences; which, in the first place, as I crammed them all up by rote, I forgot in less time after my examination than I had taken to learn them in before it, and which, in the next, if I had remembered them, would have been of no use to me. A large per-centage of curable diseases is to be cured with a blue pill and a black dose; those which are incurable are best treated with coloured water and placebo-pills. Now of what service is chemistry,

or anything of the sort, in the prescription of such remedies as these? To arrive at the great truths contained in the foregoing statement, it will be supposed that I endeavoured, at least, to acquire some knowledge of medicine, and that I reflected, to a certain extent, upon the information which I acquired on that subject. Such was actually the case; for before I entered into private practice, I thought, and certainly not without a show of reason, that the success of a medical man was proportionate to his professional skill, and that the better the commodity he had to offer, the more would he gain by the sale of it. How beautifully was I deceived! How not less beautifully undeceived, as I shall show presently! Under this delusion, not only did I cram my head with scientific verbiage, in order to pass the Hall and College; but I diligently attended hospital-practice, and besides that, visited, in the capacity of pupil, patients belonging to another public charity. Acting under the physician to the institution, I undertook their cases, and visited them at their own homes; thus acquiring a knowledge of disease and its treatment at the bed-side. Hence I arrived at the two great principles in therapeutics which I have above enunciated; but this was not all. I certainly did find that there was a no small number of diseases, whose cure really required scientific knowledge, applied by sound and careful judgment; and among these my confessions, I may mention, that I thought myself a rather fine fellow, if not somewhat of a philosopher, for the mode in which I managed them. I do verily believe that I saved several lives, and a large number of eyes and limbs, by sheer art. I afterwards found how little the preservation of a life is appreciated, and how much less is thought of saving a limb, than of amputating it. But let me not anticipate.

My examinations passed, there was the world before me where to practise. I was not a little ambitious; and had any public appointment been open to competition or obtainable by talent, I should have striven for it; and perhaps have become a hospital-surgeon. But such was not the case, and I here tender the heartfelt thanks of a quack to my brethren, the surgeons of the London hospitals, for contriving so cleverly as they do, to exclude from their respected fraternity all but those who have been their apprentices, and their relations. But for this prudent and praiseworthy arrangement of theirs, I might still be a working man, with perhaps but a middling practice, and only a moderate amount of property in the funds. But to return. I saw no pros-

pect of doing great things in London; and an advantageous opening for a general practitioner occurring in a country town thither I repaired, worth about two thousand pounds, which had been left to me by my maternal grandfather.

Private practice, I very soon found, is quite a different thing from the treatment of gratuitous patients. I was quite astonished at the number of coughs, colds, mere aches and pains, and other trivial ailments, for which my attendance was solicited. I administered what was necessary for them, assuring the applicants that they had nothing to fear; and sometimes, when no medicine was wanted, merely told them to go home, keep quiet, and put their feet in warm water going to bed.

Noodle, ninny, simpleton that I was! I believe there is a piece of music called, "With verdure clad." I declare that I never hear it named without thinking of the excessive greenness with which, as with a mantle, I was invested at the period just referred to. Imaginary and trifling complaints are the staple of medical practice. Serious diseases are too few to furnish bread and cheese. That there should ever have been a time when I was ignorant of these things!

From month to month, from week to week, I waited for important cases. Seldom they came; and for the few that I met with I got small pay and fewer thanks. My practice altogether, instead of increasing, decreased; and the coughs, pains, and aches betook themselves to a rival, who, I afterwards found, made much of them, and persuaded the subjects of them that they were really seriously ill.

I found too, that I unwittingly was constantly giving offence. I happened, one Sunday, to step into an Independent chapel. The next day, the father of a family that I attended, who was a high-churchman, sent to request my bill, with an intimation that he should cease to require my services. I walked out once, in the cool of the evening, with a cigar; whereon, almost immediately, ensued a tremendous fall in business. A doctor of divinity came one day to consult me. It happened that a volume of Shakspeare was lying on my table; "Are these your studies, Mr. —?" demanded the reverend gentleman, somewhat sarcastically, pointing to the book. Very soon afterwards, he quitted me for my opponent; whilst a report, I found, became current that I read poetry, and attended to that more than to my profession. I discovered, on another occasion, that I had given great scandal by



appearing, in the open day, in a straw-hat and a shooting-jacket. Another time, I was sent for to see an asthmatic old woman, who had been worth fifty pounds a-year to me. She said, "I hear, Mr. —, that you are about to become a freemason." Such happened to be the fact; I admitted it. "In that case, then, sir," she replied, "I shall be under the necessity of seeking other advice." I was wise enough, to be sure, to take this hint, though I would have given worlds at the time, to have defied the old hag with indignation. With what smiling meekness have I cringed to imbecility since!

My practice thus growing "small by degrees," had become, by the end of the third year from its commencement, so "beautifully less" than it was during the first, that, to pay my rent and taxes, and discharge my Christmas liabilities, I was obliged to make a large hole in my capital. There is, or was, a publication called the *Medical Gazette*, in which the names of many practitioners appear in connexion with their published cases; but I began to fear that mine, if I did not take care, would very soon appear in a gazette of another sort, connected with no case whatever, except a case of bankruptcy. In the background of my prospects, to speak figuratively, and by no means far in the distance, I very distinctly beheld the Dogs. It was therefore necessary, with a view to remedy this consumption of the purse, that I should resolve my whole man, medical as well as individual, into a Committee of Ways and Means.

I will not exhaust my reader's patience with a record of the debate into which I thus entered with myself; but will merely mention the resolutions in which it terminated, which were these:—

Firstly, That in expecting to succeed in my profession by skill, knowledge, and attention, I had made a great mistake.

Secondly, That, by endeavouring to recommend myself by sincerity and straightforwardness, I had, on the contrary, incurred disfavour.

Thirdly, That in having followed my own inclinations in matters wherein I should have been guided by the fancies of others, I had been guilty of a grave contempt of the majesty of prejudice; to which, in all particulars, I ought to have been an abject slave.

Fourthly, That through the above-mentioned errors, I had irretrievably lost my practice; and fifthly, that I had better try my



fortune somewhere else, remodelling my whole course of action, and turning over an entirely new leaf.

In a word, I fairly made up my mind to turn quack : and, for my sphere of operations in that capacity, to choose the metropolis itself. I had little to lose, go where I might : my success in any part of the country would at best be limited ; but there was a possibility that it might be unbounded in London. I therefore, without loss of time, transferred myself to town, boldly took a house in a good neighbourhood, put my blue bottles in my window, and brass plate on my door, and dressed myself in the fashion of a dissenting minister. I also, though my sight was as keen as a hawk's, put a pair of spectacles on my nose ; for the very reason that I had known this done by pretenders, whom I used to despise. Thus equipped and established, I felt as if accoutred for a fight, and I screwed up my energies for an onslaught on my prey—the stupid, the ignorant, the vain, the credulous, the domineering—the creatures who would not let me get an honest maintenance.

My first step was to bring myself into notice. For this purpose, I availed myself of every kind of introduction that I could procure, and I had a number of professional cards printed, which I did not scruple to send to all manner of persons, whether I knew them or not. I likewise, every now and then, wrote letters to the newspapers, sometimes asserting that I had discovered a remedy for hydrophobia ; at others commenting on cases which happened to come before the public. As to the truth, speculative or practical, of anything that I asserted, I paid no regard to it whatever : my sole object was notoriety. I bribed penny-a-liners to report imaginary accidents, to which I was summoned, in the papers ; and I hired persons to ring and knock at my door, and even, occasionally, to call me out of church—whereat, by the bye, my attendance was most exemplary, and my demeanour conspicuously devout. Whenever I went to a party, I was sure to recollect, at an early hour, that I had a professional engagement ; but I seldom left one without having ingratiated myself with some old lady or gentleman afflicted with indigestion or gout.

A steady perseverance in these and similar artifices, was in no long time rewarded with some success ; and I was soon resorted to by a number of patients, sufficiently large to enable me to carry out my new principles of practice. And I had now brought myself into such a frame of mind that fresh truths, in reference to them, were continually imparted to me, as if by poetic inspira-

tion. The first great fact that I perceived was, who, and what, are the bulk of profitable patients. I found that they were weak, fanciful, timid, and old women, and corresponding characters of the opposite sex, feeble in body, and still more feeble in mind, pampered to extreme sensitiveness, unable to bear the least pain, and frightened to death at the slightest symptom of disorder. Incapable of reasoning or hearing reason, knowing little of anything, and least of all of themselves, physically or mentally, they judge merely from their sensations. If these tell them that they are very ill, it is useless to attempt to convince them to the contrary. They will disbelieve the truth to their physician's prejudice ; now, it is much better that they should believe a falsehood to his advantage. Accordingly, when such patients came to me with nothing, or next to nothing, the matter with them, I no longer told them that they would be well in a few hours, or dismissed them with a few cautions and a little medicine. Not I. I listened to their groans, and moans, and rigmarole, with profound attention. I told them, indeed, that they had no ultimate danger to apprehend, but at the same time I besought them to take care of themselves. And then I said that I would send them a little medicine ; and I sent them several draughts to take every day, and pills or powders, night and morning, for a week ; so that, I was better than my word. Consequently I not only made money, but also got the character of a kind, considerate man, and a dear creature ; whereas I had formerly been called a savage and a brute.

I soon also saw that many of the above class of patients who are rich, particularly if they belong to the fairer, not to say the softer sex, do not apply to a medical man merely for relief. They regard him as a sort of social luxury, a thing to rest upon,—a cushion, a sofa,—or by which to be solaced, as by a comforter, a muff, or a warming-pan. They require him to come and condole with them, and pity them. They want him also to gratify their vanity, whether by direct flattery, or by obviously and studiously consulting their whims and caprices. It is a gratifying spectacle to them to behold one whom they believe to be a learned and intellectual man, devoting his whole mind to their petty selves, grovelling before them, walking in their faith and fear, and working out his favour in their eyes with fear and trembling ; for money—yes, for money. They would not care for a gratuitous doctor. He must be their paid sycophant, that they may enjoy.

the full luxury of despising him. How soon, like dear, meek Mawworm, did I learn to like to be despised ! How musically chinked the reward of my humility !

Thus enlightened, I perceived the folly of my former independence, and the causes of its injurious consequences to me. I now dressed, acted, talked, nay, looked, solely at the dictation of society. I contradicted nobody, and yet agreed with everybody. I seemed to have no will of my own. On moral, political, and metaphysical subjects I never breathed a syllable, lest I should offend some one. And let me here lay down this aphorism, that no medical man, who would prosper in his calling, should ever deliver any opinion but a professional one. I may add, too, that he had better word even that ambiguously.

Another important, I may almost say tremendous, verity which I arrived at, was the proper mode, in a pecuniary sense, of treating serious diseases ; one widely different from that which is right abstractedly. The latter mainly consists in the careful rectification of disordered functions, and the prescription of a suitable diet and regimen, with occasional recourse, in certain cases of necessity, to more active means ; such as bleeding and counter-irritation. For diseases result from transgressions of the natural laws, and in conformity with those laws, they should also be cured. Now scarcely any patients are aware of this. They imagine that diseases are cured, directly, by certain drugs ; whereby, indeed, mere symptoms are often relieved ; and they are unable to distinguish such relief from a real cure. They moreover dislike restrictions in diet, and hate to be obliged to take exercise ; and they object to the right method of treatment because it is long and tiresome. They do not know or consider that by it alone can their diseases be finally eradicated. What they want is to be made well at once. Hence the Quack, to get money, must treat mere symptoms, irrespectively not only of their essential cause, but also of the mischief which he may thus do on the whole. For instance, I have often been applied to by patients with determination of blood to the head. I might have given them appropriate medicine, desired them to live abstemiously, and perhaps to apply a mustard poultice, now and then, to the nape of the neck. By these means they would certainly have become well and have remained so. Did I do this ? No. I bled them, to be sure, which relieved them instantly ; and then I allowed them to go and live as they liked. In a few months they were ill again. Again

I bled them ; and so on as often as they came to me. At last they generally died, though they would have lived under a more rational treatment ; but what of that ? I got well paid, and reputed a clever, nay, a bold practitioner, to boot.

A grand popular fallacy, which I successfully traded on, was the popular faith in specifics. For every complaint, I invariably gave something to take. It was generally, therefore, believed that I knew "what was what ;" but what I really did know was, that there are but two specifics in the whole "*Materia Medica*"—sulphur and quinine. Diseases, directly or indirectly, are the result of some sort of injury. The only specifics are those that either neutralise the injurious agent, or expel it from the system. I must apologise for all this philosophy ; but really it is necessary to know something of medicine, in order to pervert it to quackery.

I had formerly often lost credit for a good cure by not having at the outset, sufficiently magnified the importance of the case. I took very good care, now, to avoid this mistake. I have been summoned, frequently, to the bed-side of a child, affected, perhaps, with scarlatina or measles. I have seen the mother, her lips white with agony, trembling as she listened for my opinion. And I have looked solemn, and shaken my head, and said I feared there was great danger, although, in fact, I had no apprehension of the kind. I was rather sorry to be obliged to trifle with her feelings ; but I was forced to do so in self-defence.

A question, perhaps, may by this time have occurred to the reader, as to how many people, in the course of my practice, I calculate that I have killed ? I cannot say exactly. By bleeding for the relief of symptoms, in the manner above mentioned, I believe I have produced several cases of diseased heart, which terminated fatally. I have also, I think, shortened some lives by the use of mercury, for a similar purpose. Likewise, I suspect that, with the same end in view, I have treated divers cases of indigestion with alcoholic stimulants, whereby was occasioned disorganisation of the liver, ultimately producing death by dropsy.

By means of a practice, based on the principles above indicated, I became, very speedily, a prosperous gentleman, if I may venture to claim the appellation. At length I hit upon my grand discovery, which has raised me to the proud pinnacle of affluence that I now stand upon. There was a certain pill, compounded of various ingredients, which, as I have sold the patent for it, I am not at liberty to mention. I had frequent occasion for its use in

every-day disorders, the result, principally, of over-eating and drinking. I found when I came to consider, that in forty out of fifty cases, at least, I had occasion to give this pill. I came, therefore, to the conclusion that it would be serviceable, that it would produce apparent relief, in the proportion of twenty per cent., taking diseases at random. This at once suggested to me the idea of making it a patent medicine. I reasoned, that out of those who might be induced to take it, eighty, at least, in every hundred, would fancy that it had done them good; and that the many voices in its favour would be attended to, and the few against it disregarded. Nor did the issue falsify my conjecture. I took out a patent for it, under a fictitious name, of course. I advertised it in every paper and magazine that would admit such an advertisement; that is, in most of the magazines and papers in the kingdom. I wrote grateful communications from enthusiastic purchasers, testifying to its miraculous virtues, and appended them to those advertisements. In the same manner, I published letters, which I pretended to have received from Abernethy and Astley Cooper, recommending my pill to families. I actually procured testimonials to its efficacy, from one or two stupid noblemen, and several old ladies of rank; and in some instances absolutely forged letters of gratitude from public characters. Every deal wall, every hoarding, was placarded with puffs of my infallible pill. In these spirited proceedings I spent a little fortune; but the bread which I had thus cast on the waters, returned to me, after not many days, hundredfold. Thanks to the glorious credulity, thanks to the stupendous ignorance of my fellow-creatures, with respect to the laws of health and disease! And now, perhaps, it will be asked by those who have perused the above Confessions, what are my reflections when I lay my head upon my pillow? Why, I reflect what a clever head it must be, that has made its owner a Croesus. As to conscience, I drown it in the Pactolus of my Three per Cents. I have now candidly described my course through life, and I advise every medical man to imitate it. While common sense remains uncommon, and till the minds of the many are enlightened on the subject of medicine, there will always be a field for Quackery. Success to it! I drink the toast in Champagne. And be it, I would whisper, remembered, that when a practitioner who would be honest, is driven, by neglect, discouragement, and conventional prejudice, to become a Quack, society, for all the mischief he may inflict upon it, has only to thank its own wrong.

P. L.

## THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS.

CONTAINING THE OPINIONS AND ADVENTURES OF JUNIPER HEDGEHOG, CABMAN, LONDON ; AND WRITTEN TO HIS RELATIVES AND ACQUAINTANCE, IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

### LETTER XXII.—TO MRS. HEDGEHOG, NEW YORK.

DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—As I don't think you have any liking for railways,—being, like Colonel Sibthorp, one of those folks loving the good old times, when travelling was as sober a thing as a waggon and four horses could make it—I really don't see how I'm to write you anything of a letter. There's nobody in town, and nothing in the papers but plans of railways, that in a little time will cover all England like a large spider's net ; and, as in the net, there will be a good many flies caught and gobbled up, by those who spin it. Nevertheless, though I know you don't agree with me any more than Colonel Sipthorp does,—it is a fine sight to open the newspapers, and see the railway schemes. What mountains of money they bring to the mind ! And then for the wonders they're big with, why, properly considered, arn't they a thousand times more wonderful than anything in the “Arabian Nights' Entertainments ?” Then we have flying carriages to be brought to every man's door ! All England made to shake hands with itself in a few hours ! And when London can, in an hour or so, go to the Land's End for a gulp of sea-air, and the Land's End in the same time come to see the shows of London,—shan't all of us the better understand one another ; shan't we all be brought together, and made, as we ought to be, one family of ? It's coming fast, grandmother. Now pigs can travel, I don't know how far, at a halfpenny a head, we don't hear the talk that used to be of “the swinish multitude.” And isn't it a fine thing—I know you don't think so, but isn't it ?—to know that all that's been done, and all that's to do, will be done, because Englishmen have left off cutting other men's throats ? That peace has done it all ? If they oughtn't to set up a dove with an olive branch at every railway terminus, I'm an imposter, and no true cabman.



Yes, grandmother, peace has done it all! Only think of the iron that had been melted into cannon and round shot, and chain shot, and all the other sorts of shot—that the devils on a holiday play at bowls with!—if the war had gone on,—all the very same iron that's now peaceably laid upon sleepers! Think of the iron that had been fired into the sea, and banged through quiet people's houses, and sent mashing squares and squares of men God's likenesses in red, blue, and green coats, hired to be killed at six many pence a day—only think what would have been this wicked, I will say it, this blasphemous waste of metal,—that, as it is, has been made into steam-engines. Very fine, indeed, they say, is the roar of artillery; but what is it to the roar of steam? I never see an engine, with its red-hot coals and its clouds of steam and smoke, that it doesn't seem to me like a tremendous dragon that has been tamed by man to carry all the blessings of civilisation to his fellow-creatures. I've read about knights going through the skies on fiery monsters—but what are they to the engineers, at two pound five a-week? What is any squire among 'em all to the humblest stoker? And then, I've read about martial trumpets—why they haven't, to my ears, half the silver in their sound as the railway whistle!

Well, I should like the ghost of Buonaparte to get up some morning, and take the *Times* in his thin hands. If he wouldn't turn yellower than ever he was at St. Helena! There he'd see plans for railways in France—*belly France*, as I believe they call it—to be carried out by Frenchmen and Englishmen. Yes; he wouldn't see 'em mixing bayonets, trying to poke 'em in one another's bowels, that a few tons of blood might, as they call it, water his laurels—(how any man can wear laurels at all, I can't tell, they must smell so of the slaughter-house!)—he wouldn't see 'em charging one another on the battle-field, but quietly ranged, cheek by jowl, in the list of directors! Not exchanging bullets, but clubbing together their hard cash.

Consider it, grandmother, isn't it droll? Here, in these very lists, you see English Captains and Colonels in company with French Viscounts and Barons, and I don't know what, planning to lay iron down in France—to civilise and add to the prosperity of Frenchmen! The very Captains and Colonels who—but for the peace, would be blowing French ships out of the water,—knocking down French houses,—and all the while swearing it, and believing it, too, that Frenchmen were only sent into this

world to be killed by Englishmen, just as boys think frogs were spawned only to be pelted at ! Oh, only give her time, and Peace—timid dove as she is—will coo down the trumpet.

Now, grandmother, only do think of Lord Nelson as a railway-director, on the Boulogne line to Paris ! Well, I know you'll say it—the world's going to be turned upside down. Perhaps it is ; and after all, it mightn't be the worse now and then for a little wholesome shaking. They do say there's to be a rail from Waterloo to Brussels, and the Duke of Wellington—the iron duke, with, I've no doubt, iron enough in him for the whole line—is to be chairman of the Directors.

The Prince Joinville is now and then looking about our coasts to find out, it is said, which is the softest part of us, in the case of a war, to put his foot upon us. Poor fellow ! he's got the disease of glory ; only—as it sometimes happens with the small-pox—it has struck inwards ; it can't come out upon him. When we've railways laid down, as I say, like a spider's web all over the country, won't it be a little hard to catch us asleep ? For you see, just like the spider's web, the electric telegraph (inquire what sort of a thing it is, for I hav'n't time to tell you), the electric telegraph will touch a line of the web, when down will come a tremendous spider in a red coat with all sorts of murder after him ! Mind, grandmother, let us hope this never may happen : but when folks who'd molest us, know it *can* come about, won't they let us alone ? Depend upon it, we're binding war over to keep the peace, and the bonds are made of railway iron !

You'd hardly think it—you who used to talk to me about the beauty of glory (I know you meant nothing but the red coats and the fine epaulets ; for that, so often is women's notion of glory, tho' bless 'em, they're among the first to make lint, and cry over the sons of glory, with gashes spoiling all their fine feathers)—you'd hardly think it, but they're going to put up a statue to the man who first made boiling water to run upon a rail. It's quite true : I read it only a day or two ago. They're going to fix up a statue to George Stephenson, in Newcastle. How you will cast up your dear old eyes, when you hear of this ! You, who've only thought that statues should be put up to Queen Anne, and George the Third, and his nice son, George the Fourth, and such people ! I should only like a good many of the statues here in London, to be made to take a cheap train down to Newcastle, to see it. If, dirty as they are—and dirty as they were—they wouldn't blush as

red as a new copper halfpenny, why, those statues—especially when they've queens and kings in 'em—are the most unfeelingest of metal! What a lot of mangled bodies, and misery, and house-breaking and wickedness of all sorts, carried on and made quite lawful by a uniform,—may we see—if we choose to see at all—about the statue of what is called a Conqueror! What firing of houses, what shame, that because you're a woman, I won't more particularly write about,—we might look upon under the statue, that is only so high, because it has so much wickedness to stand upon! If the statue could feel at all, wouldn't it put up its hands, and hide its face, although it was made of the best bronze! But Mr. Stephenson will look kindly and sweetly about him—he will know that he has carried comfort, and knowledge, and happiness to the doors of millions!—that he has brought men together, that they might know and love one another. This is something like having a statue! I'm sure of it—when George the Fourth is made to hear the news—(for kings are so very long before the truth comes to 'em)—he'd like to gallop off to the first melter's, and go at once into the nothing that men think him.

And besides all this, the railways have got a king! When you hear of a king in England, I know your old thoughts go down to Westminster Abbey,—and you think of nothing but bishops and peers, and all that sort of thing, kissing the king's cheeks,—and the holy oil put upon the royal head, that the crown, I suppose, may sit the more comfortably upon it,—but this is another sort of king. Mr. King Hudson the First! I have read it somewhere at a bookstall, that Napoleon was crowned with the Iron Crown of Italy. Well, King Hudson has been crowned with the Iron Crown of England! A crown, melted out of pig-iron, and made in a railway furnace.

I've somewhere seen the picture of the River Nile; that with the lifting of his finger made the river flow over barren land, and leave there all sorts of blessings. Well, King Hudson is of this sort;—he has made the molten iron flow over all sorts of places, and so bring forth good fruits wherever it went.

So no more, from Your Affectionate Grandson,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

## A HISTORY FOR YOUNG ENGLAND.\*

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"The judgments of God are for ever unchangeable : neither is He wearied by the long process of Time, and won to give His blessing in one age to that which He hath cursed in another."—WALTER RALEIGH.

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### CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

#### EARLY ENGLISH CHURCHMEN.

BEFORE I proceed to describe the contention of the greatest English bishop with the greatest Norman king, it will be well to interpose a brief sketch of the earlier intellectual achievements of churchmen in England. Without some knowledge of them, the relative positions of Henry the Second and Thomas à Beckett could not rightly be presented to the reader ; and the course I propose to take, in showing to what extent their quarrel, and its result, coloured the whole subsequent course of English history, might seem without warrant and gratuitous. We must understand what qualities they were which the earliest apostles of the church in England had rooted in the English soil, before we can discern that, in the progress of this memorable strife, the archbishop in reality assailed, and the king not less strenuously defended, the most valuable principles of the English church itself, as well as the dearest rights of the English people.

The night of ignorance which fell upon Europe with the fall of the Western empire, had never at any time been so profound as to forbid the hope of early day. Even in the years which immediately followed the irruption of the Barbarians, no infrequent or unsteady beams of light had, in our own land, broken athwart the darkness. To Britain, as early as the fourth century, belongs the honour of having sent forth the daring and most learned heretic Pelagius, and Celestius his great disciple ; and, though the early Irish historians must be scrutinised with care, it is to be admitted that from the monasteries of that island, in the fifth century, a 'little glimmer' had made itself perceptible afar, even

to distant nations ; and that while, somewhat later, France and Italy were sounding their lowest depths of ignorance, Ireland not only attracted students from abroad, but supplied the continental schools and churches, from her illustrious foundation at Iona, with men of mark and accomplishment. The great Columbkil left Ireland in his youth, and carried the new faith through the whole of that part of modern Scotland to the north of the Grampians, which was then called North Pictland. Afterward, he traversed the Western Isles, erecting rude churches, supplying religious teachers, and forming holy communities. These should not fail to associate his memory with the later progress of literature and civilisation, as they have sanctified the little Island of Iona on which he lived and died. He may be said to have anticipated even the work of St. Augustine ; for it is certain that many Saxons who had then obtained footing in North Britain, repaired to him at his island of the wave, to receive tidings of the Christian gospel. And from the little monastery of Icolmkill, through many succeeding centuries, there glanced forth upon Europe, fitfully, unsteadily, but never wholly withdrawn, the light of religion and of letters. One may note in such men the real and first Revival of Learning : slow, silent, thwarted ; at first little heeded ; but inevitable.

In England the sixth century was one of utter desolation. The sudden and fierce irruption of the Saxons trampled down every public trace of intellectual culture ; all that had survived among the Britons, all that had been transplanted by the victorious Romans. For nearly the whole of those hundred years the sword was never sheathed ; nor did the bloody struggle end, till the ancient inhabitants had been almost utterly rooted out of England, by expulsion, by slavery, or by death. And yet what little remained of learning, was not without its corner of refuge. In some one place or other, even when the impenetrable darkness of those desolate days seemed to shut out hope, the sacred light was watched and tended. Among the mountains of Wales, Dubricius and Illutus had established schools ; and though the majority of their scholars sought refuge in other lands from the horrors that laid waste their own (among them Samson, who became archbishop of Dole, and is said to have been one of the most learned prelates of his age), yet others kept their place in the island, and, by saving literature from entire extinction, merit a place in history. Gildas was the most eminent of these ; and is the only British author of the sixth century whose works are preserved. He began his career as a bard ; became a preacher of Christianity ; wrote a sort of vitu-



perative history of Britain, and a gloomy and indignant epistle to the tyrants of Britain; and at length, in querulous disgust with both enslavers and enslaved around him, passed over in his old age to France, and lies buried, as St. Gildas the Wise, in the cathedral church of Vannes.

With letters, the old religion also was saved. How inter-dependant indeed they have ever been, and how their purities and impurities have re-acted on each other, even this brief retrospect of many long and tedious ages may show. It was by the aid of these schools of Illutus and Dubricius, that a section of the ancient Britons snatched out of the wreck of Roman and Barbarian outrage a small body of pure Christian belief, which, in the first year of the mission of Gregory the Great, thus boldly asserted itself in answer to Augustine and his monks, when the latter claimed from the British clergy subscription to the authority of the pontiff, and acknowledgment of his archiepiscopal power. The speaker was Dinohus, abbot of the famous monastery of Bangor, in Flintshire. 'Be it known unto you,' he said, 'with certainty, that we are all willing to be obedient and subject to the church of God, to the pope of Rome, and to every good Christian, so far as to love every one in his degree, in perfect charity, and to help every one of them by word and deed to be the children of God; and other obedience than this I do not know to be due to him whom ye call the pope; and this obedience we are ready to pay to him, and to every Christian, continually. Besides, we are already under the government of the Bishop of Caerleon, who is our spiritual guide under God.' It was against the spirit which had dictated this warning, and not against the temporal strength of the Norman sword, that the claims and pretences of Thomas à Becket were shattered in later time.

The seventh century opened with a gleam of brighter promise. Nennius, the second historian of Britain, appears at its commencement; and, contemporaneously with his, flashes forth the fame of Columbanus, another of those distinguished Irishmen who carried into distant lands the great messages of learning, and, with them, respect for the island that had sent them. A man at whose name the student of literature, in this darkest time, pauses with veneration and a feeling akin to awe! The first of those resolute monks, who did not shrink from daring opposition to the spiritual tyranny of the Popedom, and, fearless in the power of superior intellect, defied the temporal tyranny of Kings. He had passed the term of middle life when he left Ireland, and had no rival in knowledge



and acquirements. With the ancient classic models, indeed, he had only that imperfect acquaintance which the rare and imperfect fragments that had reached Iona enabled him to attain ; but it is manifest, from his letter to Pope Boniface, that he knew both Greek and Hebrew ; and his own Latin poems, though poor in comparison with the treasures of antiquity, emit no feeble light in an age of general gloom. His mission was to carry Christianity into Gaul, and to circulate its knowledge among the various Teutonic tribes then settling and spreading over the continent of Europe. In what spirit he discharged this mission, through upwards of twenty years ; passing hither and thither, with indefatigable zeal, between foreign countries and his native land ; will appear in a brief extract from his memorable letter to Pope Boniface.

That pontiff was in the midst of his most violent and unscrupulous efforts to bring back, by temporal force, Schismatics and Separatists to the communion of Rome, when the accents of Columbanus reached him. ‘ Assemble a council,’ he said ; ‘ for the things of which these Separatists accuse you, are not trifles. It is your own fault if you have wandered from the true faith or rendered it vain. . . . If that which is said of you be true, you are no longer the head of the church ; you are but the tail of it ; and it is your children who have taken the first rank. They will not cease to be your judges, although younger than you, because they have preserved the orthodox faith. . . . Your honour is great ; but this ought to fill you with solicitude, lest you should do anything to sully it. Your power will be in exact proportion to your right reason, which is the true porter at the gates of heaven ; which opens them, through knowledge of the truth, to those who are worthy, and closes them against the wicked ; and contrary to whose decisions, they can be neither shut nor opened. This is well known to all the world. No one is ignorant after what manner Jesus Christ has given you the keys of the kingdom of heaven. You imagine, perhaps, that you are elevated thereby above the rest of your brethren, and attribute to yourself a peculiar authority in matters of religion ; but do you forget, that if such a thought take possession of your heart, you will have no more power before God ? It is the Unity of the Faith which makes over all the earth the Unity of Power.’

It was while occupied with these great thoughts and duties, and giving hostages to his own time for the freedom and intelligence to come, that Columbanus died. He had selected for his last retreat a retired spot amidst the Apennines, where he founded the

monastery of Bobbio. France still remembers him by her abbies of Luxeville and Fontaines ; Italy has given his name to the beautiful town of San Columbano ; his cherished relics, his coffin, his chalice, his holly staff, are still shown in Bobbio ; and English history is too careless of his fame. In the stern uncompromising form of this resolute and learned monk ; alone, among armed groups of spiritual and temporal despots ; so like, and yet so unlike, the haughty prelate whose career awaits us ; we behold the fitting and noble herald to those scenes of later intellectual strife, which, while the actors unconsciously changed sides, still put in issue the self-same principles, and continued for centuries, with their mighty influence, to agitate the whole civilised world.

The seventh century, thus greatly begun, had happy results in England. St. Augustine discharged the mission of Gregory the Great ; and Christianity, as in its purer form it has ever done, brought learning and social order in its train. The first Christian king in England, Ethelbert, was the first English legislator who committed his laws to writing. To Ethelbert, king of Kent, and his nephew Saberet, king of Essex, the foundations of the sees of Canterbury and London are due. As soon as Augustine had received episcopal consecration, Ethelbert retired to the city of Reculver ; gave to the memorable forty who had landed with the new religion, Canterbury and its surrounding country ; munificently repaired the church of St. Saviour, and allotted it as a residence to the new bishop ; raised without its walls a monastery for Augustine's monks, and endowed a church in Rochester for his disciple Justus ; on whom the episcopal dignity was at the same time conferred. This great prince at once also joined with Saberet in building and endowing a cathedral in London. The abbot Mellitus, on whom episcopal consecration had been conferred, was inducted to this see in 604 ; and with every succeeding year the tree, so planted, sent forth its branching fruits. In 620 the residence of a northern metropolitan was fixed at York, and the dignity granted to Paulinus. In 630, the conversion of Sigebert, king of the East Angles, was marked by the foundation of a school for the education of youth in his dominions. And in 635, the great tidings were carried into Northumbria by a name that claims honoured association with these earliest struggles of our literature and civilisation.

King Oswald had sent a morose and rigid monk, named Corman, to circulate the new faith among the rude Northumbrians. His fellow-monks assembled in the monastery to greet him on his

return ; when Cormac, assailing with severe reproach the ignorance and barbarism of the Northumbrians, proclaimed the failure of his mission. ' Brother,' exclaimed a mild voice from the crowd of monks at the other end of the hall, ' the fault was your's. You exacted from the Pagans more than their weakness would bear. You should have first stooped to them, and gradually have raised their minds to the sublime truths of the Gospel.' At the sound every eye was fixed upon the speaker, and every voice raised to implore him to redeem the failure of Cormac. Aidan, such was the name of this private monk, at once responded to the call, and discharged its duties nobly. For his reward he received episcopal consecration, and, in gift from the king, the isle of Lindisfarne, since called Holy Island ; on which he built a monastery (soon after ravaged by the Danes), venerated through many a century ; and from whose ruins, to this hour, it is impossible to dissociate tender and sublime emotions. The soul of its founder still lingers over that romantic scene. It is there, in the memory of his unwearied diligence, and his unflinching enthusiasm ; of the austerity of his life, and the mild generosity of his doctrines ; of his contempt of wealth, and his constant charity to the poor ; of all that at once recommended the new religion to rude adoption in that rude region, and left, in the perfect lesson of the life it adorned, a legacy of yet richer hope to a future age.

So passed Christianity into every corner of the Saxon land, and with it an unflinching aid to mental cultivation. For its new tidings carried with them the promise of a higher destiny, and the glorious incentive to higher aims. In one of the royal councils at which the Christian mission was debated, a Saxon noble rose and addressed the king, in language which embodies the affecting grandeur of the time and of the scene. He sought for information respecting the origin and destiny of man ; and as to that human existence which to him was but a momentary gleam in the midst of darkness. ' Often,' he said, ' O king ! in the depth of winter, while you are feasting with your thanes, and the fire is blazing on the hearth in the midst of the hall, you have seen a bird, pelted by the storm, enter at one door and escape at the other. During its passage it was visible ; but whence it came, or whither it went, you knew not. Such to me appears the life of man. He walks the earth for a few years ; but what precedes his birth, or what is to follow after his death, we cannot tell. We know nothing of our origin : nothing of our end : and if this new doc-

trine can teach us anything certain of these things, well is it worth that we should follow its law.' And of such were the great and mysterious promptings, which, before the close of the ninth century, had enriched our England with a series of learned and conscientious churchmen, who shed rich lustre on their rude country in the eyes of Europe, and gave what was in those dark days a prodigious impulse to secular and grammatic learning.

Foremost in the exertions which tended to this great result were Theodore, the first Christian primate of our country, and the Abbot Adrian, who had accompanied him from Rome. Born at Tarsus, in Cilicia, the birthplace of Paul, Theodore had already achieved a great repute for virtue and erudition, when the supreme Pontiff, in answer to the united applications of Oswio and Egbert, who were anxious to compose some minute disputes that were dividing the apostles and ministers of the infant faith, named him first Archbishop of Britain. He landed in Kent before 670. All the Saxon prelates immediately acknowledged his authority. He established new bishoprics; held a series of synods; prescribed uniformity of discipline; and above all, set about the great work of a more general promotion of learning throughout the Saxon country. He had brought from Rome a valuable collection of books, and, beside the famous Adrian, some professors of sciences. With these he entered on his memorable design, which prospered worthily. 'These two great men,' says Bede, speaking of Theodore and Adrian, 'excelling in all parts of sacred and civil learning, collected a great multitude of scholars, whom they daily instructed in the sciences, reading lectures to them on poetry, astronomy, and arithmetic, as well as on divinity and the holy Scriptures.' In short, he did what this history has already described the Norman Lanfranc doing upwards of three centuries later, when the Saxon church had fallen into the general weakness, divisions, and degradation of the Saxon people.

The school founded in Canterbury by Augustin, was the scene of these illustrious labours. Adrian, created abbot of the church, is said to have been the most learned professor of the sciences who had ever been in England. It is certain that, in a few years, this school competed with the most illustrious of the Irish foundations; and Canterbury, seconded in the following century by York, challenged generous rivalry with Ireland and Iona. Priceless, even far beyond the establishment of lectures, had been the manuscripts brought over from Rome. It is imagined that on Augustin's

arrival in England, not one book could have been discovered through the whole length and breadth of the land ; and it is by keeping such circumstances in view we acquire the knowledge as well of what was really achieved in this age, and of the causes that obstructed the achievement of more. Successive inroads of Scots, Picts, and Saxons, had destroyed such few manuscripts as the Romans had not carried away ; and the enormous sacrifices, of time, of money, and of toilsome travel, by which they were replaced, are well nigh incredible. It is related by the honest Bede, that Benedict Biscop, who founded in this century the monastery of Weremouth in Northumberland, had performed five journeys to Rome to purchase books for his monastery ; and that the last matter in which he was engaged before death, was a difficult and elaborate negotiation with king Aeldfrid for the sale of one of these books. It was a volume on cosmography. The monarch purchased it at last, at the price of an estate of eight hides, or as much land as eight ploughs could labour ; but Benedict died before the book was delivered. The negotiation was however resumed with the monastery ; and ultimately, before the seventh century had closed, the costly volume was conveyed to the king, and the rich estate received by Colfred, Benedict's successor. Thus therefore was it, that only princes, abbots, bishops, could then be scholars ; and that Theodore, when named to his high and anxious office, thought neither of its worldly dangers or its worldly glories, but simply spoke to Boniface of the books that must accompany him. When once the bearer of those books had set his foot upon the Kentish coast, the rich seed was planted. He knew the fruit that it would bear.

Were this the place for other than the most general allusion to it, our Saxon scholar Aldhelm would claim foremost honour. It was the opinion of the great Alfred, that of all the Saxon poets the best was Aldhelm ; and that the most favourite song of his time, two hundred years after the scholar's death, was Aldhelm's composition. He died at the close of the seventh century ; after having governed the monastery of Malmesbury for upwards of thirty years, with the dignity of Bishop of Sherburn. The last incident noted in his useful and illustrious life, was the fact of his having resorted to the aids of music and poetry in the instruction of his monks. Finding them reluctant to graver listenings, he composed a number of small poems, which, after each day's mass, he sat down and sang to them aloud.



With the beginning of the eighth century, the venerable Bede arose. An epoch dates from his life; since, a little later, and certainly before the means of liberal education were attainable in France, the school of York had sent forth respectable scholars into Europe. From this Alcuin came; and it was with the assistance of that elegant as well as able scholar, that Charlemagne established throughout France, at the close of the eighth century, those cathedral and conventual schools to which the continued preservation of the small portion of learning thus snatched from the wreck, is mainly to be attributed. The eloquent though somewhat indiscriminating language in which Sismondi has spoken of the ninth century, and the three that immediately preceded it, may now be quoted. There then appeared, he says, more particularly in France and Italy, ‘some judicious historians, whose style possesses considerable vivacity, and who have given animated pictures of their times; some subtle philosophers, who astonish us rather by the fineness of their speculations than by the justness of their reasoning; some learned theologians, and some poets. The names of Paul Warneford, of Alcuin, of Luitprand, and of Eginhard, are even yet universally respected. They all, however wrote in Latin. They had all of them, by the strength of their intellect, and the happy circumstances in which they were placed, learned to appreciate the beauty of the models which antiquity had left them. They breathed the spirit of a former age, as they had adopted its language; in them we do not find the representatives of their contemporaries; it is impossible to recognise in their style, the times in which they lived; it only betrays the relative industry and felicity with which they imitated the language and thoughts of a former age. They do not belong to modern literature. They were the last monuments of civilised antiquity; the last of a noble race, which, after a long period of degeneracy, became extinct in them.’

Not with them, however, were the hopes and prospects of learning extinguished. The phrase will, in that respect, admit of limitation. Although it cannot be denied that the tenth century was, upon the whole, the darkest period known between the destruction and the revival of learning, it is yet certain that the schools of Charlemagne, in France, had not failed to bear such fruit under Louis the Debonair, Lothaire, and Charles the Bald, as still continued ripening; and that, to use the language of the severe and learned Meiners, ‘in no age perhaps did Germany possess more learned and virtuous church-



‘men of the episcopal order, than in the latter half of the tenth and the beginning of the eleventh century.’ The great critics, Herder and Bouterwek, have extolled a German poem of this date as a ‘truly Pindaric song;’ and an abbess of Gaudersheim, Horsa-witha, has the merit of having written, in the tenth century, sacred Latin comedies in imitation of Terence. The Latin, indeed, is bald and inelegant; the imitation feeble; but the object of our passing notice of literature in these ages, is not so much to claim for its professors the least title to originality or genius, as to indicate the never-failing tendency of the human mind, in the darkest and most discouraging circumstances, to grope out its way toward something worthier; and at the same time to show, in obedience to the great moral and intellectual law on which must always rest the best hopes of humanity, that the memorable period in which our scene of the quarrel of Henry and à Becket is laid, and the extraordinary men who moved upon it, had a more intimate relation with preceding centuries than is at all supposed; receive from them more curious illustration than historians will generally allow; and, in their future action and influence, directly tended to the completion of that grand scheme of providence, in which it is at first so difficult to include their many dark, deplorable, and brutalising lessons.

I shall have closed this portion of my task when I have sketched, very briefly, the career of Scotus Erigena. The century which had produced our greatest English prince, in the person of Alfred, gave us also the nearest approach to a real original thinker that the dark ages had known.

Too much has been claimed for Erigena by his disciples; but there seems little question of his vast scholarship, or of his having helped those who followed him to re-open the long-closed streams of natural science. It is less for what he himself contributed to knowledge, than for his impulse to the scholars of a succeeding century, that his name and exertions are here introduced. He was one of those men, most valuable at certain periods of the world, who doubted, and declared his doubts; leaving others to solve them. He is supposed, in consequence of his peculiar acquirements, to have passed his youth in travels through Greece and the East; yet, for his extraordinary acquaintance with the Greek language, he need not have travelled further than the cell of his monastery; and it is a sufficient explanation of his early and intimate knowledge of the mystic theology of the Alexandrian school, that the first work to

which his attention was directed, on his public appearance in Europe, was a translation of the writings ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite. Scotus crossed over to Paris in the reign of Charles the Bald, whose friend and tutor he became ; and there undertook to render into Latin the platonism of the great disciple of the Alexandrian school, whose books had been sent to Louis the Debonair by the Greek Emperor Balbus, and had been recommended to French popularity as no other than those of the famous St. Denys, first bishop of Paris ! The translation was followed by an original work, in which, pursuing the mystic doctrines of Dionysius, Scotus threw out into the arena of Europe that bone of contention between scholasticism and mysticism which the more ardent theologians are gnawing to this hour. This was his Dialogue *De Divisione Naturæ* ; in which, whatever his heresies from Origen or Pelagius, ample testimony was borne to his rare and wonderful learning. He takes occasion, in the course of it, to give concise and able definitions of the seven liberal arts, and to express his opinion on the composition of things : he includes in it a very elaborate discussion on arithmetic, which he says he had learned from his infancy : the elements of matter, the motions of the heavenly bodies, even the means of calculating the diameters of the lunar and solar circles, with other topics of astronomy and physiology, form the occasional subjects of its curious conversations : and beside the Fathers Justin, the two Gregories, Chrysostom, Basil, Epiphanius, Origen, Jerome, and Ambrosius, whose works are largely quoted, he displays in its course an intimate acquaintance with Virgil, Cicero, Aristotle, Pliny, Plato, and Boethius ; on points of astronomy, appeals to the writings of Eratosthenes and Pythagoras ; cites Martianus Capella ; and exhibits in almost every page a thorough knowledge of Greek.

But more remarkable than this vast learning, were the opinions he dared in those dark ages to promulgate, under sanction of its authority. His views of the nature of God and the universe, must be placed in the same school with those of Spinoza : overlooking, from the extreme borders of universal deification, the desolate land of universal materialism. ‘ All things are God,’ he argues, ‘ and God is all things. When we say that God created all things, we mean only, that God is in all things, and that he is the essence of all things, by which they exist. The universe is both eternal and created ; and neither did its eternity precede its creation, nor its creation precede its eternity.’ His philosophical and theologi-

cal system seems, in a few words, to have been this :—That the universe, and all things which it comprehends, were not only virtually, but essentially, in God ; that from eternity they flowed from him ; and shall, at the consummation of all things, be resolved again into him, as into their great fountain and origin. ‘ After the resurrection,’ he says, ‘ nature, and all its causes, shall be resolved into God, and then nothing shall exist but God alone.’ The process by which he declared himself to have arrived at these conclusions, contained a germ of wiser thought, yet more significant of danger to the reigning system. There were not two studies, he asserted, one of philosophy, and the other of religion ; but the true philosophy was the true religion, and the true religion the true philosophy.

Nor did this acute and fearless scholar hesitate openly to assail the all-powerful church of his day, in some of its strongest holds of faith and doctrine. Godelscale, a known and favoured monk, having publicly maintained in a learned treatise (where he followed the views of St. Augustin and anticipated those of Calvin), that the decrees of God had, from all eternity, preordained some men to everlasting life, and others to everlasting punishment and misery,—John Scotus Erigena soon after sent into circulation among scholars, a yet more learned essay, denying that there was any predestination of the damned ; and contending that the prescience of God extended only to the election of the blessed, since he could not foresee that of which he was not the author ; and, being the source neither of sin nor evil, could not foreknow, or predestinate, concerning them. This treatise was boldly addressed to Hincmar Archbishop of Rheims, and Pardulus Bishop of Laon ; and opened with the confident position, that every question might be resolved by four general rules of philosophy, division, definition, demonstration, and analysis. By these rules it then endeavoured to demonstrate, that there could not be a double predestination, of one to glory, and another to damnation ; that predestination did not impose any necessity, but that man was absolutely free ; and that, although he could not do good without the grace of Jesus Christ, yet he did it by his own free choice without being constrained or forced to do it by the will of God. Sin, and the consequences of it, argued Erigena, and the punishments with which it is attended, were mere privations, neither foreseen nor predestinated by God ; while predestination had no place but in those things which God had preordained, in order to eternal happiness ;

for our predestination arose from the foresight of the good use of our free will.

The origin of this reasoning, in the mind of Erigena, is manifest. Identifying all things with God, it was impossible to acknowledge permanent pain or evil in the system, without making the Deity a sharer in them. Nor did he shrink from the extremity of his doctrine. He held that the punishment of the damned, and even the wickedness of the devils themselves, would some time or other cease; and the blessed and the unblessed dwell in a state of endless happiness, differing only in degree. It was realising, by a speedier and more summary process, that one universal and harmonious City of God, which haunted the dreams of Augustin in his latter days.

His next heresy was bolder, because more startling to the churchmen. Origen had in some sort prepared them for the idea of a final redemption, to even the demons and the damned; Pelagius had distantly foreshadowed the assertion of the power of the human will, and the denial of the corruption of our human nature; but no one had openly called in question the doctrine of the church on the sacrament of the Eucharist, when John Scotus Erigena stepped forward in opposition to Paschasius Radbertus. He denied the real presence of the body and blood of Christ in that sacrament, and the monstrous tenet of Transubstantiation received its first heavy blow.

Erigena was now marked out for persecution. Honorius (the third of that name who had filled the papal chair) suddenly issued a bull commanding all his books to be reclaimed from circulation, and sent to Rome to be burnt. 'They are quite full,' said his Holiness, 'of the worms of heretical pravity.' Wemlo Archbishop of Sens, Prudentius Bishop of Troyes, Deacon Florus of the church of Lyons, had meanwhile been engaged in the more difficult duty of answering the books; but the papal interdiction seems to have affected Erigena as little as the episcopal answers. He remained safe under the protection of Charles, as long as that monarch lived. He remained, to testify to much enduring truth amidst many perishable falsehoods; and, by the social position he challenged and obtained from the sovereign, to sow that fruitful seed of respect for the dignity of learning, which sprung up, in after ages, to an independent sovereignty of its own. Charles admitted this poor, foreign, travelling scholar to a footing of the most intimate friendship and familiarity. Erigena slept for the most part in the royal apartments, and dined daily at the royal

table. Charles had taste to be delighted with his wit, and sense to profit by his wisdom; and when men asked, at the papal or other courts, who was that so agreeable companion of the accomplished King of France, his preceptor in the sciences and his best counsellor in the arduous affairs of government, they were told of the poor and low-born Irish heretic, John Scotus Erigena.

Before Charles's death, it is certain he had refused compliance with a second threatening interdict from Rome, issued by Honorius's successor, and ordering him to be banished from the Paris university; what followed Charles's death, is not so certain. An evident confusion of identity, in the minds of many old as well as modern writers, between the philosopher and another John Scot (an Englishman who lived in the reign of Alfred, taught at Oxford, and was slain by the monks of the abbey of Ethelney, where he was abbot), has brought Erigena over to England in his latter years at the earnest entreaty of Alfred; has appointed him professor of mathematics and astronomy in the schools of Oxford; has taken him thence to a tutorship in the abbey of Malmesbury; and finally, at the close of the century, has there murdered him with the iron writing-bodkins of his scholars, urged to the deed by heretic-hating monks. The true Johannes Scotus, there is not much reason to doubt, had meanwhile quietly breathed his last in Paris. The well-known Anastasius, librarian to Charles the Bald, wrote of him in 875 as for some years dead. 'Wonderful is it,' says the Bibliothecarian, 'how that barbarous man—who, placed at the extremity of the world, might, in proportion as he was remote from the rest of mankind, be supposed to be unacquainted with other languages—was able to comprehend such deep things, and to render them in another tongue. I mean John Scotigena, whom I have heard spoken of as a holy man in every respect.'

But holy in every respect, only Death had been able to render Erigena. Once out of the way of farther mischief, it was the policy of the Roman Catholic church to appropriate to herself the fame and influence of his wonderful acquirements. His books were withdrawn from circulation, and his name inserted in the Calendar. But in after years, when the question of transubstantiation was again in the mouths of disputants, his unlucky treatise on the Eucharist was suddenly revived. No choice was then left to Rome. The manuscript was at once, and for the last time, ordered to be destroyed; and the

name of Scotus Erigena was struck from the list of saints by the hand of Baronius. The treatise has never been recovered; but with the lessons that *have* been recovered from those dark ages, it becomes the more incumbent on us to associate the memory of its writer. And therefore he receives here the place, which, by the rare privilege of genius in anticipating time, he did in reality himself possess,—beside the great actors in those changes and reforms of faith, in those influences and vicissitudes of learning, who come upon the stage of English history with the reign of Henry the Second, and seldom depart from it again.

These invisible but ever-acting influences, which history so seldom deigns to dwell upon, are in truth the springs of history. The past, the present, the future, are in the hands of one overruling and guiding power: MAGNI DEI SAPIENS OPUS. The complete proportion of the grand form of Columbanus brings to its right proportion the exaggerated yet imperfect stature of à Becket; and Scotus Erigena prefigures the Wicliffes and Roger Bacons. The current of our narrative may be now resumed; nor is it necessary that it should again be interrupted.

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## SONNET

ON THE PROPOSED EXCLUSION OF THE STATUE OF OLIVER CROMWELL  
FROM THE NEW PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

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O ENGLISH people, that in Time's long date,  
Slow piling stone on stone, have raised on high  
A stately house of freedom, where to lie  
Secure and smile, though kings beat at the gate;  
Do not, in this your ease, do not forget  
Those your forefathers, that in times gone by  
Did toil and sweat, and all their lives long ply  
At the foundations of your free estate.  
Hutchinson—Vane—Hampden, that with his blood  
Mortared the stones, and that chief architect,  
Oliver Cromwell, he whose heavy hand  
Smote the false Stuart. Him would they now eject  
From his well-earned honours, and o'erflood  
With base neglect that ancient glorious strand!



## New Books.

**LOVE AND MESMERISM.** By HORACE SMITH, Esq., author of "Brambletye House," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. Colburn.

**THE FOSTER BROTHER.** A Tale of the War of Chiozza. Edited by LEIGHTON HUNT. (Written by THORNTON HUNT.) 2 vols. post 8vo. Newby.

HERE are a brace of novels, the one by an aspirant just entering on the stage, and the other by a veteran renouncing it. In each, of course, different sentiments are portrayed; the one being tinged with the feelings of a past, and the other foreshadowed by the coming time. Upon this, however, we have no space to descant, and must proceed to an examination of the fictions, both having claims to attention, exclusive of those arising from their intrinsic merit. Love and Mesmerism, as being the last of a long line of productions which have afforded the public much amusement and instruction; and the other being the first production of one whose lineal claim to genius gives promise of a bright and useful career.

Love and Mesmerism is not, as its title seems to declare, one tale, but two. Love occupying two volumes and a third, and Mesmerism the remainder of the three devoted to both the stories. Mr. Horace Smith tells us in a preface, gracefully taking leave of his old friend the public, that on closing these volumes he lays down the pen, and adds what we are glad to hear, that he has derived solid advantages from his work, and success beyond his expectations. To him who can beguile the weary time, or withdraw the attention of the careworn from painful thoughts by a fine and wholesome fiction, the reader so benefited is apt to feel the intensest gratitude, and with such a feeling, a large portion of the reading public will take leave of Mr. Horace Smith, and the same parties will be ready to make an advance of gratitude, and cordially greet Mr. Thornton Hunt.

Love is a story of modern Venice, and we cannot say that it possesses the usual vigour of the author's conceptions and delineations. It was originally planned as a drama, and much of it reads with the lightness, not to say flimsiness, of the libretto of an opera. The characters and incidents are common-place, and the story neither interesting nor new. Notwithstanding these defects, there is much in it from the sparkling and descriptive powers of the author that render it readable. We should have been sorry to have parted with the author with this misceaneous tale, but he has acted wisely in associating it with Mesmerism, a tale which, though short, is worthy to be printed with those gems of the language that are printed and reprinted for ever.

cessive generations, and upon which Walker, and Sharpe, and such publishers, confer immortality by ensconcing them amongst "the British Classics" and the "Standard Authors." It is beautifully conceived and gracefully developed: uniting the fanciful, the spiritual, and the real, in a manner not exceeded by Fouqué himself. Its object is amiable and just, being an exposition of the sufferings engendered by the homage paid to conventional forms and the neglect of the realities of goodness. The prejudices and vulgar misjudging violence of the many are admirably exposed, and the physical suffering, but spiritual triumph, of the truly good are beautifully portrayed. To produce this effect, nothing is overstrained; there are no violent diatribes against the rich; no maudlin sentiments towards the poor. It is the production of a man well versed in the world and mankind, and who having acquired feeling has lost none of his sensibility and humanity. It is the work of a wise old man, who satirises without malice, and who comprehending the weakness and errors of human nature, still sympathises with it. Mesmerism is but lightly touched upon in it, though there are some dialogues respecting it which convey much information, and which will tend at least to procure for this wonderful subject a patient investigation. Every work of Mr. Smith's shows him to be a diligent reader and scholar, and he always applies his learning gracefully and judiciously. This tale shows him also wise and beneficent, and thanking him for it, in the words of the theatre, we "respectfully bid him farewell."

The Foster Brother is also a tale of Venice, but of the middle ages, and ere her Doges had become but "Lord Mayors," her commerce a mere coasting trade, and her gorgeous palaces lodging-houses for foreigners. The author has at once flown at the loftiest quarry—the historical novel, which to all the powerful delineations of the human passions should add the interest of great events and momentous struggles. To say that he has perfectly fulfilled the great claims thus self-imposed, would be to flatter him: but if he has not done this, he has shown great capacity, and given strong assurance of future excellence. He scorns all vulgar arts; is above all common-place trick: he disdains to fascinate the attention and move the feelings by any of those arts of exaggeration with which the commonest romance writer can trepan his reader. His aim is to delineate human character; to trace with a firm hand human creatures, and by legitimate means place them in situations to dramatically portray them. He has a picturesque and lively imagination, and draws with the hand of a painter the scenes wherein his characters are set. He has a nice and delicate perception, and occasionally a felicity of language, especially in description, which shows he is mentally as well as bodily the descendant of his father. Happy phrases and expressions burst out which remind one of the old and highest writers of fiction. The story is interesting, and the passion high, and the whole sentiment liberal and noble as one should expect from one connected with the producers of our finest

recent literature. He has made a good beginning, and must proceed, and we should like to see him try English ground for his next production, feeling assured that his delicate perception of character and power of delineation, will enable him to throw aside completely the factitious aid which distance of scene and remoteness of time afford the romance writer.

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THE FALL OF NAPOLEON; an Historical Memoir. By LIEUT.-COL. J. MITCHELL, H.P., &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. G. W. Nickisson.

To examine with the acumen and impartiality of a philosopher into the claims of those who have engrossed an unusual share of notoriety; to separate the false applause given by the idle, the impassioned, and the interested, from the award made by the competent and the disinterested, is a very valuable service. It is fulfilling the office of time, and rendering that justice which posterity is supposed to perform towards its progenitors. In so far, Colonel Mitchell's book will be taken up with unusual interest; his theme is a fine one: extending over a long period, and embracing a wide circuit of human circumstances. The subject is well worthy of elaborate consideration, and as nothing is more injurious to morals than misapplied praise, it is of the greatest advantage to strip the laurel from the brow of the impostor, and thus remove the incitement to erroneous emulation and misdirected energy. There are several modes of pursuing such an examination. But the fairest, and therefore the most effectual, is the one pursued by Colonel Mitchell, and that is to test the examined by his own creed of morals and his own standard of merit. It is hardly just to make the individual the stalking horse for an attack on a set of principles, and compare Alexander to a highwayman, or Napoleon to a brigand. There can be no doubt that war is an evil of the greatest magnitude; that it corrupts the individual, and is deeply injurious to the cause of justice and virtue: but these questions had better be settled on their own merits, for the question with the individual is not what is actually right or wrong, but what he esteems so. A man may be very erroneous without being criminal, and doubtless this is the case with most warriors, who shed human blood rather as mistaken barbarians than villains. In so far as the principle of Colonel Mitchell's book goes, he is right. Here is a military man examining the military proceedings of another military character, and testing his abilities and conduct by a standard which he himself would acknowledge. So far the admirers of Napoleon can have nothing to complain of, nor can they pass over the book as the production of a tame civilian, who, without passion or sense of glory, indulges in the vain idea that human nature can be sobered to the utter extinction of warlike furor. Colonel Mitchell has shown, in his interesting life of Wallenstein, that he is deeply imbued with martial feeling, and full of the *esprit du corps*. He has also great ability as a writer; he is exceedingly well informed: has a warm, animated style, a clear

and concise mode of relation, and competent knowledge of technical matters. But although he has these and other excellent qualifications for his task, we cannot think the work on the whole satisfactory. It is exceedingly interesting, and should be read by every one who takes an interest in Napoleon or the history of the times ; and more especially as a counterpoise to the absurd enthusiasm of Mons. Thiers ; but still it has the great fault of appearing to be based on a paradox. The question of Napoleon's genius is not dispassionately argued, but a case is made out against him ; often with appearance of truth ; but also often with the appearance of summing up against him in opposition to the evidence.

The blindness attributed to fortune is a sufficient evidence that the position of a man is no proof of his qualification for it : and in situations where much or all can be performed by deputy, no doubt men of very little capacity have "had greatness thrust upon them," and the world has given them credit for talents they never possessed. Every man must be aware of this wherever there is a kind of machinery or routine established, and know instances of it from the meanest manufactory to the throne. But Napoleon had no such aids : he started with hundreds of thousands of others, equally ambitious and even more unscrupulous. Colonel Mitchell, though the great aim of his book is to disprove the superiority of his genius, and to attribute his exaltation to the conjunction of a variety of fortunate incidents, hastens over the early portion of his career, which of course, in the progress of such a man, is the most difficult and the most likely to elucidate his particular genius. To judge by the result is frequently delusive, but still conviction cannot hold out against a series of results all tallying with the aim of the actor, and all leading on to still greater performances. It is surely not sound logic to see a man making continued efforts that result according to his wishes, and deny that they are consequences of his exertion. That Napoleon was not a noble-minded philanthropic character every one is ready to allow, but that he had not great powers of mind, forethought, penetration, largeness of thought, firmness of purpose, and an energy of will, that place him amongst, and even before, the Alexanders, Cæsars, and other warlike heroes, it will require a much more profound work than Colonel Mitchell's to prove. In this point of view, it may almost be ranked with Archbishop Whateley's clever *jeu d'esprit*, proving that no such man as Napoleon Buonaparte ever existed.

The work of Colonel Mitchell, however, as already said, will amply repay careful perusal, and it is hardly to be regretted that it is so one-sided, as it will in some measure counteract the mischievous enthusiasm which so large a portion of the world feel towards military success, and the mere panoply and barbarism of war. War, as a pastime is horrible, though no doubt many, and indeed most of its followers, pursue it as such. As at the head of this detestable game, Napoleon was most detestable, but it will by no means increase the proper hatred towards

such pursuits, to deny him ability, nor to consider him always in the wrong. His opponents were as fond of the game as himself, though they followed it more from vengeance than glory.

Doubtless many greater men than Napoleon perished in the revolutionary struggle.—

————— there is not one in dangerous times  
 Who runs the race of glory, but than him  
 A thousand men more gloriously endowed  
 Have fallen upon the course : a thousand others  
 Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,  
 Whilst lighter bars pushed by them. \* \* \*  
 \* \* \*  
 The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

This is indeed true, and the French revolution, of which we know only the coarse outline in its public demonstration, could, and will, when truly and minutely written, show proofs of a heroism which only require a Livy or a Tacitus to make the names of the actors therein as much the synonymes of glory as the legendary heroes of Rome ; and that too of true glory, arising from a passionate patriotism and intense benevolence and love of justice.

Notwithstanding all we have thought it our duty to say in opposition to the book, we earnestly entreat the reader to judge for himself : he will find it extremely interesting, as regards mere literature most agreeably written ; and he will also find much new information gathered from innumerable sources. It is a book which will, and deserves to, find a permanent place in every sound library.

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**THE LIFE OF LORD HILL, G. C. B., late Commander of the Forces.** By the REV EDWARD SIDNEY, A.M. 8vo. J. Murray.

THE Life of Lord Hill, although he could not be considered a great general, was well worth editing. He was a good man, and his course one which it is advantageous to trace, as it is beneficial to have proofs of how much a man benefits by principle and perseverance though he have not brilliant talents. Lord Hill, too, forms a part of the history of the Peninsular war, and in these memoirs we have many minute illustrations of that campaign which it is beyond the scope of history to narrate. He saw an immense deal of service, having commenced his energetic career in 1791, and having in 1800, by his excellent conduct, joined to a little family interest, been ranked as colonel. He was also in Egypt, and took a large share in the Peninsular war, and was his "Moorsnip's ancient" in the Netherlands. The memoirs of such a man must abound in numerous anecdotes of all the illustrious and political personages of the time, and the work consequently will be found as necessary to the reader of history as to the military student. The



letters form the most interesting portion of the volume, and if there are any yet unpublished, they would be a desirable substitute for much of the biographer's own narrative, which is not written in the most brilliant style, though it bears the marks of care and scrupulous veracity. Lord Hill was that very rare character, a kind-hearted, conscientious soldier. He entered the army as a duty, and would have scorned to draw his sword in what he did not deem a just cause ; his nature, too, was kindly, and he had a *bonhomie* that led him to collect and record anecdotes that give considerable interest to the book. The account of the battle of Waterloo gives many minor details that are exceedingly interesting, and by it we learn that the battle began at ten minutes to twelve, a point not decisively stated elsewhere. The impression derived from the perusal of the work is, that Lord Hill deserved the honours and position that he reached. We cannot refrain from remarking that it seems strange that the biography of a man engaged all his life in blood-shedding, (however he might justify it to himself,) should be written by a clergyman, and conclude with the assurance that he stood "sure in Jesus Christ."

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**THE OCEAN FLOWER ; a Poem.** Preceded by an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Island of Madeira, a Summary of the Discoveries and Chivalrous History of Portugal, and an Essay on Portuguese Literature. By T. M. HUGHES, Author of "Revelations of Spain." Fcp. 8vo. Longman and Co.

WE had the pleasure of giving a notice of this author's previous production, "Revelations of Spain," in our April number, and we can safely repeat the admiration we expressed for his talents ; but whether it is that the gods have not made us poetical, or we have an excess of sensibility on that subject, we must say we prefer his prose to his poetry. Looking, as we always do, whilst there is so much of the finest old poetry unread, for the best, we cannot relish that which seems not to be the genuine Hippocrene, but rather a chemical substitution ; a spa water manufactured and retailed in bottles. To those less fastidious or more capable of extracting pleasure from easy verse and agreeable narration, "The Ocean Flower" may beguile and delight a leisure hour. The sentiments are noble and tender, and the imagery such as a southern clime would suggest.

The account of Madeira and the early Portuguese discoveries is written in the author's most pleasing style ; full without being tedious, and light without flimsiness. All that can be desired to be known of this curious and interesting island, by those about to visit it for pleasure, health, or business, will be found in these pages. The account of the Portuguese poets, of which so little is known out of Portugal, is also extremely agreeable, and the numerous translations are elegant and spirited.



THE RHINE, ITS SCENERY, AND HISTORICAL AND LEGENDARY ASSOCIATIONS.  
By FREDERICK KNIGHT HUNT. Fcp. 4to. How.

THIS is the very best guide-book we ever perused; for it is readable for itself independently of the information it gives the tourist. The Rhine is so associated with history and poetry, that it has become a part of the necessary education of every accomplished person. To those who can, and those who cannot visit the places, this work will be equally interesting, and it is as much calculated for the drawing-room table as the portmanteau. It abounds in admirable wood-cuts, delineating all the remarkable points of the journey, plans of the towns, and maps of various sections of the river and country. It is complete in every way. In order to avoid breaking the narration of the journey, with which is interwoven all that is requisite of history and legend, an interchapter, as it is termed, is given for the traveller, wherein the descriptions of the hotels, sights, prices, &c., are given with unvaried clearness and minuteness. In addition, by way of appendix, are given "A Descriptive Catalogue of the works of Art in the Museum at Antwerp," and "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Pictures in the Museum at Brussels."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that it is got up very elegantly, regards printing, paper, and binding, and is altogether of the kind a very admirable book. Want of space prevents our giving a specimen of the author's style, which is equally removed from dulness and bombast, the two besetting sins of most guide-books.

THE PRACTICAL COOK, ENGLISH AND FOREIGN. By JOSEPH BREGION and ANNE MILLER. Small octavo. Chapman and Hall.

THE only honest way to review a cookery book would be to sit down day by day and fairly taste of every dish whereof the book discourses. We confess, we have not so tested the contents of the volume before us. We have merely considered them with the mind of our stomach—for according to the best cooks, the stomach has a mind; that is, a stomach of happiest dispositions. Some folks, it is true, consider the stomach of no more account than a schoolboy considers his pocket; a place for anything and everything to be put into. Others consider that delicate sac as a sort of curiously-worked reticule, in which little else should be stored but what is rich and rare. For such, as it appears to us, is this volume. Our present philanthropic cook, like another *Ariel*, has put a girdle round the world, and stolen receipts from different nations. There is extant the portrait of a sick alderman, by Leech, whose pains of sickness are soothed by listening to the contents of a cookery-book read by his nurse. To such an alderman, so afflicted, this book would be another *Paradise Regained*.

\* \* TORRINGTON HALL.—It appears that the aim of this work was mistaken, and that it is an entire fiction; whether this error arose from the want of acumen in the reviewer, or force in the satire, the reader will best decide for himself.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S  
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

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THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

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CHAPTER XIX.

MR. CAPSTICK, however, came not alone. A pace or two behind him followed an old man, whose kind, familiar greeting of Bright Jem showed him to be no stranger at the Hermitage. "Well, James," said the visitor, "and how is all your blooming family?" and he looked benignantly at the shrubs and flowers.

"Why, thank'ee, sir, as you see," said Bright Jem, smiling paternally, and tenderly patting a lump of earth, as though he loved it. "My family's jist like any other children; some back'ard, some for'ard. Some will run up, and branch out like this *Snapsis Nigger*—"

"I perceive," said the visitor, with his best gravity—"it is the common mustard."

"Jist so," affirmed Jem very stolidly, "and some will grow jist as you trim 'em, like this *buckshouse semperwirings*."

"Very true; the box-plant is obedient," said the new-comer, with continued deference to Jem's scholarship; "the box is obedient."

"The box, or, as we call it, the *buckshouse semperwirings*, is a good deal like a 'oman," said Jem, very confidently.

Capstick trumpeted a loud, short cough—his frequent manner, when astonished or offended by any human assertion.

"Like a 'oman," repeated Jem, at once understanding the

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\* Continued from p. 206.

“You’ve only got to wait a minute or two, and when a little trouble makes a little more.”

“There may be something in the matter,” said Capstick, with the best of grace. “But what’s the matter?”

“That was all the trouble of the garden,” said Jem. “You’ll own it.”

“It’s a garden,” said Capstick. “But I know the nature of the thing. It would have been certain to branch into a garden. It is sure to be a garden for the gardeners, just like the thing should have a tail as long as a kite, because he was brought to a dove, he’d think it a dove for ever.”

“It couldn’t be—impossible,” said Jem.

“Why look there,” said Capstick, pointing to a yew fantastically entwined. “Look at that dragon.”

“Dragon,” said Jem. “It’s a dragon with its outspread wings. I own myself: it’s my own angel.”

“Happy and beautiful,” said Capstick, turning and laying his hand upon the dragon’s shoulder. “How many a dragon to all the world beside, seems a blessed angel to its owner! Who would disturb so comforting a faith?” And then he added to Jem. “It is an angel. It’s a pity he hasn’t a trumpet.”

“It’s a growin’,” said Jem: “it’s there, though nobody but myself can see it.”

“It’s sometimes so with the trumpets of men,” observed Capstick. “And now we’ll to breakfast.”

“And you’ll own,” said Jem, determined upon conquest. “that the *backhouse sempervivings* is like the ‘oman species? To be sure it is. Look at it even in a border; and doesn’t it remind you of a quiet, tidy little creature that keeps her house so nice and clean, and lets nothing dirty in it? You’ll agree—”

“Is the breakfast ready?” asked Capstick.

“It is,” answered Jem. “all but the eggs. The fowls have been very good to us though: there’s twenty on ‘em.”

“The breakfast ready! Then the beast that is raging within me,” said Capstick, “will own to anything. Twenty eggs! ‘Tis wonderful how hunger sharpens arithmetic. It is but five a-piece,” and the misanthrope for the first time turned to St. Giles; and then straightway passed into the cottage. A breakfast, solid and various, lay upon the board. “There’s no whet to the appetite.”

said Capstick, "like early dew. Nothing for the stomach like grass and field-flowers, taken with a fasting eye at five in the morning. 'Twas Adam's own salad, and that's why he lived to nine hundred and thirty."

"Think you," said the visitor, chipping an egg-shell, "think you that Adam, before the fall, ate eggs?"

"I can't say," said Capstick; "but recollecting the things I have read, the question would make a very pretty book. 'Tis a pity the matter wasn't stirred two or three hundred years ago. How many thousand throats might have been cut upon it! How many men and women roasted like live oysters! For the wisdom of humanity, 'tis a great miss. How popes might have thundered about it! What *Te Deums* have been chanted; what maledictions—and all with the melted-butter voice of a Christian—pronounced! The world has had a great loss—a very great loss." And Capstick sighed.

"I can hardly see that," says Jem. "It seems to me that this blessed world will never want something to quarrel about, so long as there's two straws upon it."

"Why, there have been the Battles of the Straws," observed Capstick, "although for certain purposes they've been called after other names." And then, for a time, the breakfast was silently continued: when suddenly Capstick cried out, "Beast that I am! I have forgotten Velvet!"

"Velvet! Who is he?" asked the visitor.

"An excellent fellow, Master Kingcup," said Capstick: "a worthy creature after my own heart. We became acquainted last frost; it was a road-side meeting, and I brought him here to the Tub. You would hardly think it; but though I saved him from a wintry death, and have comforted him like my own flesh and blood"—

"He isn't a bit like it," cried Jem.

"Like my own flesh and blood," repeated Capstick, with a reproving look, "he has neither bitten nor slandered me, nor lifted my latch to midnight thieves, nor in fact done anything that a friend you have benefited, should do." At these words, St. Giles, forgetful of the misanthropic drolling of his host, shifted somewhat uneasily in his seat. He thought of the muffins bestowed upon his boyhood, and of the discomfort he had afterwards inflicted on his benefactor. "Here, Velvet—Velvet," cried Capstick; and Bright Jem sat with a grave smile enjoying the expectation of

Mr. Kingcup. "With all the coaxing bestowed upon him, 'tis such a humble soul," said Capstick. "He never puts himself forward—never. I'll wager ye, now, one of these egg-shells," and Capstick rose and looked about him, "that I shall find him quietly curled up in a corner. I knew it—there he is." With this, Capstick took two steps from his chair, stooped, and in a moment returning to his seat, placed a hedgehog on the table.

"Humph!" said Kingcup, "'tis an odd creature for a bosom friend."

"Give me all bosom friends like him," cried Capstick. "For there 's no deceit in 'em: you see the worst of 'em at the beginning. Now, look at this fine honest fellow. What plain, straightforward truths he bears about him! You see at once that he is a living pin-cushion with the pins'-points upwards, and instantly you treat him after his open nature. You know he 's not to be played at ball with: you take in with a glance all that his exterior means, and ought to love him for his frankness. Poor wretch! 'tis a thousand and a thousand times the ruin of him. He has, it is true, an outside of thorns—heaven made him with them—but a heart of honey. A meek, patient thing! And yet, because of his covering, the world casts all sorts of slanders upon him: accuses him of wickedness he could not, if he would, commit. And so is he kicked and cudgelled, and made the cruellest sport of, his persecutors all the while thinking themselves the best of people for their worst of treatment. He bears a plain exterior: he shows so many pricking truths to the world, that the world, in revenge, couples every outside point with an interior devil. He is made a martyr for this iniquity,—he hides nothing. Poor Velvet!" and Capstick very gently stroked the hedgehog, and proffered it a slice of apple, and a piece of bread.

"'Tis a pity," said Kingcup, "that all hedgehogs arn't translated after your fashion."

"What a better world 'twould make of it!" answered the cynic. "But no, sir, no; that 's the sort of thing the world loves," and Capstick pointed to a handsome tortoise shell cat, stretched at her fullest length upon the hearth. "What a meek, cosy face she has: a placid, quiet sort of grandmother look may all grandmothers forgive me!—Then, to see her lap milk, why you 'd think a drop of blood of any sort would poison her. The wretch! 'twas only last week, she killed and ate one of my doves, and afterwards sat wiping her whiskers with her left paw, as comfort-



ably as any dowager at a tea-party. I nursed her before she had any eyes to look at her benefactor,—and she has sat and purred upon my knee, as though she knew all she owed me, and was trying to pay the debt with her best singing. And for all this, look here—this is what she did only yesterday,” and Capstick showed three long fine scratches on his right hand.

“That’s nothing,” said Mr. Kingcup. “You know that cats will scratch.”

“To be sure I do,” replied Capstick; “and all the world knows it; but the world don’t think the worse of ’em for it,—and for this reason, they can, when they like, so well hide their claws. Now, poor little Velvet here—poor vermin martyr!—he can’t disguise what he has; and so he’s hunted and worried for being, as I may say, plain-spoken,—when puss is petted and may sleep all day long at the fire because in faith she’s so glossy, and looks so innocent. And all the while, has she not murderous teeth and claws?”

“And so,” cried Kingcup, “ends, I hope, your sermon on hedgehogs. Let us talk of more serious matters.”

“If properly thought of, you can find them,” said Capstick. “For my part, little Velvet here carries a text for serious matter, as you have it, in every prickle. Look at him.”

But the philosopher was interrupted in his theme by a knock at the door, which, ere an invitation to enter could be delivered, was opened, and Mr. Tangle, Mr. Folder, and three of the inhabitants of Liquorish—voters for that immaculate borough—crowded themselves into the small apartment. Mr. Capstick rose in his best dignity. He seemed suddenly to divine the cause of the abrupt visit, and prepared himself to meet it accordingly. Bright Jem stared perplexedly in the face of Tangle, as though picking out an old acquaintance from his features,—whilst St. Giles shrank unseen into a corner, not caring to confront the lawyer and agent.

“Mr. Capstick, good morning, sir. We knew your early habits—nothing like them, sir, as your face declares—and therefore, we were up, I may say by cock-crow, to do ourselves the honour of calling upon you.” Thus spoke Tangle.

“We also know, Mr. Capstick, your attachment to our blessed con—con—” but here Mr. Folder was seized with an obstinate cough. He, nevertheless, whilst fighting against it, motioned with his



right hand, as much as to say, you understand perfectly well what I mean.

"And we likewise know'd," observed an independent freeholder, name unknown, "how you hates the yellow party."

"His lordship, Mr. Capstick, will personally do himself the great delight of waiting upon you. In the meantime, I, his humble friend, Mr. Tangle, of Red Lion Square—"

Here Capstick, looking dead in the face of the lawyer, gave a long, loud whistle. He then said in a low voice of suppressed astonishment,—“And so it is! Bless my soul! Well, no doubt, Providence is very good. Still who'd have thought you'd have lasted to this time?”

Here Tangle seized the hand of Capstick, who suffered his palm to lay like a dead fish in the hand of that very fervent man. “Surely—yes, it must be—surely we have met before? Where could it have been?”

“Newgate,” answered Capstick, as though proud of the place. This frankness, however, somewhat puzzled the criminal lawyer. He knew not what the amount of Capstick's obligations might be to him; could not, on the instant recollect, whether the tenant of the Tub, the freeholder of Liquorish, had been a housebreaker, a highwayman, or simple footpad. Mr. Tangle's personal acquaintanceship with so many men, thus variously inclined, had been so great, that it was impossible for him to recollect the benefits, for certain inconsiderable fees, he had from time to time conferred. Thus, in his uncertainty, he merely said, “Bless me! Newgate!” smiling blandly as though he spoke of Araby the Happy, or the Fortunate Isles.

“Certainly, Newgate,” repeated Capstick. “I wonder you should forget the case.”

“Why, the fact is, Mr. Capstick, I have a sort of dim recollection that—but the truth is, when I leave London, I always like to leave Newgate behind me. Whatever our small affair was—”

“Nothing but a little matter of horse stealing,” said Capstick, with an ingenuousness that even astonished Tangle, whilst Mr. Folder and the three inhabitants of Liquorish looked very blank indeed. It was but for a moment, for they sank the horse-stealer, as they deemed Capstick, in the freeholder, and smiled as vigorously as before.

“Now, I recollect very well,” said Tangle; “perfectly well.”

It was a case of conspiracy against you: I remember, Mr. Capstick, the affecting compliment the Judge paid you when you quitted the dock—the cheers that rang through the court—and the very handsome supper we had on the night of your acquittal. It was a black case, sir; a very black case. Nevertheless, it is a sweet satisfaction to recollect that we indicted the witnesses, and that one of 'em, proved guilty of perjury, was nearly killed in the pillory. I felt the case so strongly, that I remember it—ay, as though it were but yesterday—I remember that I gave my clerks a holiday to see the fellow, telling them at the same time what I thought of him."

"Humph!" said Capstick, "you don't keep your memory in quite as good order as the Newgate Calendar. There was no acquittal in the case I talk of: none at all. Sentence was passed, and execution ordered."

Tangle looked silently but intently in the face of Capstick, as though mentally inquiring, "which horse-stealer he could be?"

"Execution ordered,"—repeated Capstick—"but it wasn't to be. Instead of hanging, there was transportation for life."

"And so there was—I recollect perfectly well. I am always glad to welcome back an erring man to the paths of virtue," said Tangle. "Of course you have obtained your pardon?"

"Pardon! Oh, dear no—not at all," said Capstick.

"Why—bless me!"—gasped Mr. Folder—"you don't mean to say, fellow—you hav'n't the effrontery to declare it to the faces of honest men, that you are an escaped transport?"

Capstick made no answer, but smiled resignedly. The inference, however, was too much for Bright Jem, who cried out—"Why, in course not: and as for talking about honest faces, I should think them as couldn't see the honestest that is, here"—and Jem laid his hand affectionately on Capstick's shoulder—"ought to put on their spectacles."

"Be quiet, Jem," said Capstick mildly.

"I can't; it would make that dumb crotur speak if it could," said Jem, pointing to the pet hedgehog. "to hear sich rubbish. You ought to recollect, Mr. Tangle, all about it: for wasn't you well paid for doin' next-door to nothin'? The bright guineas Mr. Capstick give you to take the part o' that poor little child—and after all, didn't you leave him to be hanged like a dog?"

Tangle's face broke into excessive radiance. "Bless my heart—bless my heart!" he cried, and was again about to seize the

hand of Capstick, when the cynic suddenly lifted the hedgehog from the table, giving a marked preference to that object. Mr Tangle was of a too generous nature to be offended by such partiality—he had too much true humility. Therefore, in no way confused, he turned to Mr. Folder, saying—"I think, sir, if there were any doubt of our cause, this would be a good omen for it." Mr. Folder smiled and assented, though in evident ignorance of Tangle's meaning. "To think that the first man we should have canvassed, should have been this good—I will say it, this righteous person! You recollect Mr. Capstick; of course, you recollect Mr. Capstick?"

Mr. Folder, feeling from the lawyer's manner, that he ought to recollect our muffin-maker, shuffled forward, and with all alacrity prepared to take his hand: but the misanthrope, leering at that affable old man, continued to pat his hedgehog.

"You remember the case of that wretched boy," said Tangle, "that born bad thing, young St. Giles, who stole his lordship's pony?" Mr. Folder was immediately impressed—we might say—oppressed with a remembrance of the case. "And of course, you remember the benevolence of this excellent man, who"—

"Tol de rol lol, tol lol lol," sung Capstick, with his best energy.

"But he's a true Christian, and you perceive will hear nothing about it," said Tangle. "I'll say no more sir; you have your reward—there, sir—there"—and Tangle pointed his forefinger towards that part of Capstick's anatomy where in men, as he had heard, resided the heart. "Nevertheless, sir, for that young St. Giles—hallo! my friend," cried Tangle for the first time observing the owner of that name who, agitated by what he had heard, and further terrified by the sudden recognition of Tangle, was pale and trembling—"hallo! what brought you here?"

"Do you know the young man?" asked Capstick.

"Know him, sir! I should think I did. He's one of our men, hired to shout for us," said Tangle.

"To fight for us, too," added Mr. Folder, "if need be, in defence of our blessed constitution."

"Well, friend," said Capstick to St. Giles, "your clothes are dry, and I hope your belly's full. That way to the right leads to the Rose."

Capstick's manner told St. Giles to be gone. It was no time for explanation; therefore, determined to return in the evening to the hermitage, and make himself known to his benefactor, St.

Giles moved towards the door. "God bless you, sir," he said, "for all the good you've done to me." With these words he crossed the threshold, and was in a moment out of sight.

"What," cried Tangle, struck by the blessing of St. Giles upon Capstick, "what, sir, at your kindness again."

"There was no kindness at all in the matter," said Jem; "he was spilt in a pond, and come here with a wet skin."

"Oh, I see! The accident that happened to the band. Poor devils!" cried Tangle, "'Twas a mercy none of them were drowned, for the time's getting close, and, Mr. Capstick, you who know life, know that an election without music, why it's like a contest without"—

"Money," added Capstick, with a grim smile.

"Exactly so. But I perceive in the hospitality you have vouchsafed to his lordship's servant, your devotion to his cause. Ha, sir! England has need of such men, now. A few such as he would put us to rights, sir, in no time; for all the times want, sir, is the strong arm—nothing like the strong arm. However, to the immediate purpose of our visit, as I say, his lordship will himself call upon you; in the meantime"—and Tangle's face looked like old parchment in the sun—"in the meantime, I trust we may count upon your vote and interest?"

Capstick cast his eyes upon the ground, then upwards, as though suddenly rapt by calculation. He then asked, "Is his lordship fond of hedgehogs?"

"I had the happiness and the honour," said Folder, "of opening his youthful mind; and knowing, as I do, how attentively he was wont to listen to my exhortations of not only considering the wants of the lower orders, but of especially feeling consideration towards the lower animal kingdom, I think I can confidently say—though I never heard his lordship declare his preference—that he is decidedly fond of hedgehogs."

"I am very happy to hear it," said Capstick, "'tis a great thing to know."

"You don't feel disposed—should his lordship take a fancy to the creature—to sell that hedgehog?" asked Tangle.

"How could I refuse his lordship anything?" answered Capstick. "It's an odd thing: but you've heard of what they call the transmigration of souls?"

"Of course!" answered the scholar, Folder.

"Well, then, it's droll enough; and I never thought it. But

until the election is over, I feel that my soul is in this hedgehog."

Tangle put his forefinger to his nose, and said—"Good! I understand you. A man of the world, Mr. Capstick—a man who knows life." Whereupon, Tangle, ere Capstick was aware of it, caught him by the hand, squeezing it until its knuckles cracked again. "God bless you! We may depend upon all your interest? Good bye."

The canvassing party then quitted the cottage. Mr. Tangle walked on with Mr. Folder; and was no sooner in the lane that led to the main road, where they had left their chaise, than he indulged his pent-up wrath with the freest explosion. "Now, sir, that's one of the scoundrels that make the world what it is!"

"Shocking!" said Mr. Folder.

"That's one of the men who pollute the pure source of parliamentary representation."

"It's dreadful," remarked Folder.

"Without such vagabonds, a seat in the house would be cheap enough. But isn't it dreadful to think what a gentleman must disburse to buy such scum!"

"Notwithstanding," urged Mr. Folder, "we must protect our blessed constitution. And if the other party will offer money for the commodity, we mustn't stop at any price to outbid 'em."

"I know that, Mr. Folder; I know what is due to our true interests. And the noble house of St. James has not forgotten that. The box of gold at the Olive Branch will testify to the patriotism of that house. Nevertheless, as a Christian it shocks me; nevertheless, I say—but here's the coach. Fellow, drive back to the Olive Branch;" whereupon the canvassing party returned to their head-quarters of the pure and independent borough.

## THE LAST WORDS OF A RESPECTABLE MAN.

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*"Such were the last words of one, universally respected, whose memory will ever be cherished by his inconsolable relations."*

A RICH man dying call'd his son,  
To hear his last advice :  
Whispering he spake—his sight was gone—  
His feet were cold as ice !

"Beware of evil spendthrift ways,  
And wasteful company ;  
Be wise and frugal all your days,  
If you would virtuous be.

"Opinions current in the world  
Adopt with deep respect,  
New-fangled thoughts and things, at once,  
My prudent son, reject.

"O'er word and deed keep constant guard,  
Your bright side let men see ;  
Society lays down certain rules  
For all morality.

"Be your attendance at your church  
Constant ; your prayer-book, new ;  
Dress well, and do not fail to choose,  
A handsome central pew.

"In friendship have a wakeful eye ;  
Avoid a needy friend :  
He's *not* your friend—something he wants.  
Borrow not—neither lend.

"All men in troubled waters, shun,  
And all things out of joint ;  
Good tables seek—and dinners give,  
As your best interests point.

"If any woman you have wrong'd—  
Vice causes sad expense—  
Have fortitude—oh, fly from vice—  
Leave her to Providence.



"For marriage in my will you 'll find  
A safe directing voice,  
Where birth and competence combined,  
Will bless your father's choice.

"Something I had to say on truth ;  
Something on honesty ;—  
My memory fails—but stick to both,  
When the best policy.

"Gather my bills up—pay my debts,  
And call my credits in ;  
With all men I would die at peace,  
And all good memories win.

"One debtor—he is very poor—  
A carpenter by trade—  
He 'll never pay ;—so by this man  
You 'll get my coffin made."

R. H. H.

#### THE ENGLISHMAN IN PRUSSIA.—No. IV.

##### "PRUSSIA UNMASKED."

WHEN English readers hear of the description of an author's person being lodged with the police in order to effect his discovery and arrest, as though he had committed a murder, when the poor man has only committed "a book"—such a proceeding must be equal to a volume of comments on the despotism of a government, and especially on the enslaved condition of its press. A *steckbrief* has been issued against Karl Heinzen for the publication of his book on the Prussian Bureaucracy (discussed in the previous Number) ; this *steckbrief* being a description of his person, &c., with a view to his identification and arrest. But mark the consequences to a government which of all others most desires secrecy, and is the most tender-skinned as to all investigations and exposures, because the most vulnerable and perfidious. Heinzen being safe beyond its reach, publishes a *steckbrief* of his own, in reply—i. e., a description of the person of the Prussian government.\* The

\* *Ein Steckbrief von Karl Heinzen. Schaeferbeck. Selbstverlag des Verfassers. 1845.*

portrait is more curious than pleasing, more unsparing than flattering. It is worded as a sort of parody on the *steckbrief* issued against himself.

“The Prussian Policy, accused of having scorned the laws of morality and of eternal justice by a shameful breach of promise, and, indirectly, of high treason against the Majesty of the People, as well as of conspiracy against the free spirit of humanity—has withdrawn herself from the scrutiny instituted against her, shielded by public and private instructions to the censorship, and by secret legal proceedings.

“While publishing here her characteristics, I request all honest people to watch her; and in case of there being no other fit tribunal, to *bring her before me*. In doing this, I reckon upon truthfulness and conscientiousness; and I especially expect the communication of facts, as it is not my intention (nor is it necessary) to augment the crimes of the Culprit by untruth and calumny.

“CHARACTERISTICS.

“*Size.* None at all.

“*Age.* As she uses rouge she is generally believed to be rather young, and is thought to have been born on the 22nd of May, 1815. She is, however, much older, and was in reality born in the last century. But the foundation of her character was laid in 1815.”

This date refers to the publication of the late king's solemn promise to give his people a constitution. (See the previous Number of this journal, p. 338.) A promise which he broke, and which the present king, his son, having repeated, has never yet fulfilled.

“*Native Place.* Some believe that she was born in Vienna; others, at Petersburg. She is, however, a genuine Berliner; and it is only her godfather and cousin that live in Vienna and Petersburg.

“*Religion.* This is the worst of all—namely, Protestant-Jesuitism. This Jesuitism adds to the principle of Catholic Jesuitism (which is, that the means are sanctified by the end,) this other stroke of art, that the end is sanctified by the means. It does not profess to serve God with the help of the devil; but does in reality serve the devil with the help of God. Being bent upon preserving appearances (appearances are in fact one-and-all with her) she is capable of catching the blood from beneath the executioner's axe, even with the sacred chalice.

“*External Appearance.* She generally appears as an *evangelical parson in the uniform of a soldier*. She is in the habit of carrying a corporal's cane, which has some similitude to the knout; just as the church key which she carries is at the same time the key of a dungeon.”  
—*Ein Steckbrief* von Karl Heinzen, pp. 33—35.

After this comes a long list of “various distinguishing marks,”

all of them of a very uncomplimentary kind, a few of which may "come in gracefully" before we conclude the present paper.

It is now time, by way of some corroboration of what has already been adduced, to introduce an equally curious and courageous book which has just appeared. It is entitled, "*Das enthüllte Preussen*," or *Prussia Unmasked*.\*

This extraordinary and truly *German* production (for in no other country would any one ever dream of a political work in such a form) commences with a ballad, called "The Life of Poor Michael ; a German Heroic Epic, in six Lamentations." It should be understood that "Poor Michael" stands in the same relation to the German nation as "John Bull" to the English. This biography is said to be "newly set to verse and rhymes, and placed as a patriotic sacrifice upon the altar of the fatherland." A sufficient idea may be formed of it by our readers when they are told that it is the whole history of Germany from the earliest period, given in a clever comic doggrel biography of Poor Michael.

After this biography comes a series of Letters. The first of them is a Philosophical Introduction on the Social State of Europe at the present time.

The second Letter contains very necessary and salutary exhortations to the German nation. It declaims vigorously against the continual waste of the people's time and mental energies by a host of talkers, and writers, and speculators, whose principal object is to alarm the imagination against the advance of liberal principles. The author then speaks of the means he would wish to see employed, and gives counsel accordingly. He argues that the governments of the most enlightened of the small states should be made to see that the two most powerful members of the Confederacy have inspired them with terrors, as malicious as unfounded, of a constitution and liberal tendencies ; and for no other purpose than to implicate these small states in their own measures, and weave them into the meshes of their own nets, thus making them the mere tools of their schemes. The small states must be told distinctly that of the two most powerful of the Confederates (Austria and Prussia), their most dangerous enemy is *Prussia*. The energetic attitude and high position taken by the national representatives, and their steady eye towards a *definite object*, are

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\* Published in Winterthur, 1845, vom Verfasser der Schrift, "Würtemberg im Jahre 1844."

also of paramount importance. The third division of the argument of this Letter is devoted to the subject of national education. And here let us a moment pause to see what two of our own countrymen have already discovered and declared upon this important subject. Education in Prussia is continually quoted among us as something like perfection. But we must not forget this—it is the *system* only that is really meant (the methods of communicating instruction); but as to the application and utility of this government education, these are quite different matters, which nearly everybody overlooks.

“The plan commenced in Austria, was speedily adopted in Prussia, and carried out with the regular systematising spirit of the Prussian Government, into the most complete practical scheme imaginable; and thence it not only became instituted and diffused all over the rest of Germany, but through the medium of Cousin’s account of it, excited the most lively attention in England. The feeling which had long been existent in the public mind, and of late years had rapidly developed itself, that a more general extension of education was requisite amongst our working classes, took from this flattering account of what was doing in Prussia a wonderful excitement. \* \* \* \* Our government began the grand attempt of shaping out of the Prussian clay brought over, a model for the national instruction of the English people.

“Now, thanks to Providence and the true English spirit, every model that the plastic hands of Lord John Russell or Sir James Graham, or any other political artist, could fashion, was knocked all to atoms by public indignation the moment it was seen. It was then found that we were *English* and not *Prussians*, from whom they had to work and model. That we had our sturdy opinions, political and religious, our jealousies and antipathies, our pugnacious dislike to anything like being squeezed into one government mould and shape; and still more of putting our children to school under the bigotry and tenacity of the state clergy, who had never taken any pains to conceal their contempt for us, or their notions that every dissenter was an enemy and a thief to the good motherly establishment.

“This was seen, and a wonderful illumination and revulsion of feeling was the consequence. The *Factory Education Bill* of last year did infinite service to the cause of sound sense and reason on the subject of a Government Education. The fate of the question is decided for ever. \* \* \* \* It may be taken for granted that *Government* will never again be asked to educate the people. The *people* will educate the *people*.”—*Howitt’s “German Experiences.”*

It will thus be understood that a government education and a national education are two very different things; that the former is

in full operation in Prussia, with all its despotic contingencies and withering consequences; but that it will not do for England.

"Truly," says Mr. Laing, "much bumbag has been put on the literary men—unwittingly, no doubt, for they themselves were dupes—upon the pious and benevolent feelings of the English people with regard to the excellence of the Prussian educational system. They have only looked at the obvious, almost mechanical, means of instruction. In their admiration of the wheels and machinery of the literary men have forgotten to look under the table, and see what has been all this was producing. Who could suppose, while we saw pamphlets, reviews, and literary articles out of number on national education, and on the beautiful system, means, and arrangements adopted in Prussia for educating the people, and while lost in admiration in the educational labyrinth of country schools and town schools, common schools and high schools, real schools and classical schools, gymnasia, polytechnics, normal schools, seminaries, universities—who could suppose that with all this education no use of education is allowed that while reading and writing are enforced upon all, thinking, and communication of thought, are prevented by an arbitrary censorship; the press . . . The system of Prussian policy 'is the government of bureaucracy (bureaucracy) and despotism united, endeavouring to perpetuate itself by turning the education of the people, and the means of living of a great body of civil functionaries placed over them, into a monopoly for its own support.'—*Laing's 'Notes of a Traveller.'*"

The two English writers just quoted have clearly seen the truth of the position of Prussian politics (Mr. Howitt, indeed, has discovered and made public in England more truths on these points than any other writer hitherto), and they have here been chiefly quoted to show that the German authors, now under examination, though they may often use extreme expressions and sometimes indulge in figurative extravagances, are thoroughly borne out by at least two intellectual and well informed men of our own country, and that they have all good grounds for their assertions, strong facts wherefrom to draw their conclusions, and a basis of reality for their graphic fantasies and allegories.

On the subject of government education, the author of "Prussia Unveiled" says the same as these English writers. The people learn to read in their youth; but they read little afterwards. Would it not then be possible, he asks, to give our youth of thirteen or fourteen years of age, that *political knowledge* which would teach them their duties and make them useful citizens? The people would appreciate such a benefit; it would save a man in humble life much waste of time and many needless vexations



and troubles, in the way of useless walks, expenses, and the insults of tyrannical men in office, who take advantage of his want of knowledge to make him feel the "greatness" of their place and office.

The third Letter of "Prussia Unmasked" (together with the eight following) is devoted to explaining why Prussia is so hated by all Germans, and also develops the internal and external organization of the kingdom. But the third Letter contains matter, of some part of which we must give a brief abstract, translating occasionally the author's own words as literally as possible. He is afraid, he says, that he may be thought one-sided and prejudiced in his hatred, as he is always speaking of Prussia, and expects it will be considered that he ought at least to lay the worst at the door of Austria, the greatest of the German States. Austria has undoubtedly put forth the same terroristic language, has signed the same decrees, oppressed Germany, and opposed the diffusion of liberal ideas. But after all, "Austria is only the bear, while Prussia is the tiger." What could liberal ideas—what could constitutional spirit, ever expect from Austria? What could the cause of freedom expect from this fixed power (*dieser stabilen stets rückwärts gewandten Macht?*), which is ever looking backwards? To speak honestly, nothing at all. But the case is quite different with Prussia. Here we find broken promises, shameless ingratitude—with heartless cruelty added, instead of displaying some sense of shame. Here we find hypocrisy and falsehood in the place of an honest fulfilment of noble expectations. Prussia was the first that placed itself at the head of liberal ideas—that proclaimed the emancipation of mind, and the elevation of the people from mental and corporeal bondage—that took all possible advantage of the enthusiasm thus created—and then disgracefully betrayed the future hopes of the German nation into the hands of despotism. "Prussia, at this very moment, makes use of liberal ideas, in order to ride them to death in its despotic service. In one word, Prussia murdered its mother (popular enthusiasm for liberty) to fatten and strengthen tyranny with her blood. All the sufferings of Germany I ascribe to Prussian falsehood, though I might say enough of Austrian brutality." Thus stands the parallel, according to the author of the work before us—"Austria sins against mankind in general; Prussia against Germany." This may be strong language, but not more so than the statements



of unbiassed English authors can justify, and have already done much to corroborate.

The sixth Letter, among other things, asserts that Prussia is not properly a State. It is a medley of things, with a king in uniform, stuck on the top! The Rhine province is Catholic, with the upper classes much enlightened; Westphalia is Catholic, and behind-hand in the march of intelligence; Brandenburg and Old Prussia are Protestant; Silesia is Catholic; Posen is Catholic, and Polish, &c. There is no unity, there are no mutual understandings, no reciprocities,—all, more or less, at variance.

The seventh Letter contains a list of the prevarications, falsehoods, rapacities, and perfidies of which Prussia has been guilty; by which she has governed the country; and by which she has assumed the outward appearance of a great power.

The eighth Letter continues the list, and shows that, as the necessary consequence, Prussia cannot rely upon any other state, with the exception of Russia. The weakness from without is thus made manifest.

The ninth Letter displays the weakness of Prussia from within. This is chiefly apparent in the various nationalities and religions. The author concludes that the capital city and Old Prussia are the only portions of the whole kingdom that feel any attachment to the king or the government.

The tenth Letter is about the most extraordinary composition by way of a Letter that was ever penned, inasmuch as it embodies a prose Comedy, under the title of “a Fairy Tale; an Interlude.” We subjoin the *dramatis personæ* as in the original (with a translation), lest the English reader should be tempted to imagine that some literary joke was in the wind, not authorised by the original.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DER KAISER VON CHINA	THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.
GERMANIA, verwittwete Kaiserin von Deutschland	GERMANIA, Dowager Empress of Germany.
GLORIA, ihre Tochter, aus verschiedenen Ehebünden	GLORIA, her daughter, the fruit of several marriages.
WÜSTLEIN, Med. Dr., kaiserlich chinesischer Leibmedicus	DR. WÜSTLEIN, Imperial Chinese Physician.
Der Polizeiminister	The Minister of Police.
Der Kriegsminister	The Minister at War.
Ein Eichhörnchen	A Squirrel.
SKLAVIONY, Staatsrechtslehrer	SKLAVIONY, State-lawyer.
STUTENTHAL, Staatstheolog.	STUTENTHAL, State-theologian.

JANUS, Staatspublicist . . . .	JANUS, State-politician.
Gebrüder Altdeutsch, Staatspa- trioten. . . . .	The two brothers Old-German, State-patriots.
BONAVENTURA, Staatsphilosoph .	BONAVENTURA, State-philosopher.
PHANTASUS, Hofrath und Staats- dramaturg . . . . .	PHANTASUS, Aulic-counsellor and State-critic of the Drama.
HARIRI, Staatsreimlexikon . . .	HARIRI, State-rhyming-dictionary.
KLETTERSTANGE, Professor und Staats-turner . . . . .	CLIMBING-POLE, Professor of State- gymnastics.
CHEVALIER GEORGE . . . . .	Id.
DON FERNANDO . . . . .	Id.
DON EMANUEL . . . . .	Id.
Ein unpolitischer Professor . .	An unpolitical Professor.
Ein cosmopolitischer Nachtwächter	A Cosmopolitan Watchman.
Ein Kind . . . . .	A Child.
Zwei Geisterstimmen . . . .	Two Ghost-voices.
Eine Gespensterstimme . . .	A Hobgoblin-voice.
Eine Depesche . . . . .	A Despatch.
Eckensteher Nante . . . . .	Nante, a Corner-stander.
Chor der Höflinge und Manda- rinen . . . . .	Chorus of Courtiers and Mandarins.

"PLACE OF ACTION.—The Imperial Chinese Court at Peking.

"TIME.—Cannot rightly be ascertained, as Chinese chronology is known to be a very confused thing."

To this extraordinary and double-meaning Dramatis Personæ the author does not give his readers any *key*; fortunately, however, we happen to know pretty certainly nearly every party intended to be thus put in action, and shall accordingly proceed at once to attach the right names to the various characters.

#### KEY TO THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA . . . .	{ Frederick William IV., King of Prussia. .
GERMANIA, Dowager Empress of Germany . . . . .	{ The German Nation.
GLORIA, her daughter; the fruit of several marriages . . . .	{ National Fame.
DR. WÜSTLEIN, Imperial Chi- nese Physician . . . . .	{ This must be the celebrated Dr. Schönlein, who is a sort of court wit, besides being the King's Physician.
A Squirrel . . . . .	{ This is the Minister of Public In- struction. His real name is Squirrel (Eichhorn).

SKLAVIGNY, State-lawyer	{ Is evidently meant for the great lawyer, Savigny.
STUTENTHAL, State-theologian	{ This must be Hengstenberg, a mystic theologian and hypocrite.
JANUS, State-politician	{ This is Mons. Huber, author of a work on the English Universities, the system of which he strongly recommends to be substituted for the free Universities of Germany. He edits a periodical called "Janus," with a motto, to the effect that it is his serious object to point out the right path to the Paradise of Despotism!
The two brothers OLD-GERMAN, State-patriots	{ The well-known brothers Grimm, who left Göttingen in a quarrel with the late King of Hanover, refusing to submit to his despotism. They are famous for researches in the early German literature and language.
BONAVENTURA, State-philosopher	{ Schelling, of course.
PHANTASUS, Aulic-counsellor and State-critic of the Drama	{ Ludwig Tieck. One of his novels is entitled "Phantasmus."
The CHEVALIER GEORGE.	{ George Herwegh, a Swiss poet and liberal—exiled.
DON FERNANDO	{ Ferdinand Freiligrath, the celebrated lyric poet and liberal—exiled.
DON EMANUEL	{ Emanuel Geibel, a theological state-poet and hypocrite.
A Child	{ Bettina Brentano, the well-known correspondent of Goethe.

The rest—and it will be observed that they are not very material—we do not feel sure about; in some cases each may be several, as they "fit" several.

The plot of this political Comedy is slight enough. Germania introduces her daughter Gloria to the imperial court of Peking.

(Berlin), with a view to a matrimonial alliance with his Celestial Majesty. The young lady desires to be made acquainted with all the principal officers and others who may become her subjects. Philosophers, statesmen, poets, lawyers, theologians, and others are accordingly presented to her. (This gives the author opportunity of levelling some of his hardest blows at certain heads.) After a long conversation with the state-philosopher, Bonaventura, Gloria observes, that all she has really understood is the fact that the speaker, whom she had at first mistook for a philosopher, is a poor old woman! His Majesty expressing himself displeased with Don Fernando, the lyric poet, the Minister of Public Instruction, Squirrel, displays the greatest anxiety to bring him a better poet, and accordingly presents to him "John Stinkwits!" (This, of course, must be a hit at Johannes Minckwitz, who is rather a translator than a poet, and chiefly of Greek dramas into German.) By these means—the least artist-like, it must be allowed—the author contrives to bring in his heterogeneous heap of *dramatis personæ*. The catastrophe of the whole Comedy, however, is simply brought about by the discovery, made by Gloria, of the hypocrisy, meanness, weakness, scheming, cruelty, and falsehood, which lurks in every corner of his Celestial Majesty's court; and she accordingly rejects his hand, and leaves him for ever. This, as a political catastrophe, is strong and effective enough. The Comedy is, of course, not to be judged by the laws of the acting drama. Nevertheless, there are a few instances where a little more skill in construction might have been used with advantage. Should it be asked by the English dramatist, or lover of the acted drama, as a mere matter of curiosity, *how* the author contrives to "work" certain of his *dramatis personæ*, such as the Two Ghost-voices, the Cosmopolitan Watchman, the Despatch, &c., he may be assured that it is accomplished in the very freest and easiest manner, and as a German would always do in similar cases of difficulty; for he never brings them upon the scene at all. He did not know what to do with them, and therefore very properly did not allow them to appear. Still, he permitted them to remain among his *dramatis personæ*, because they had produced in that position a certain effect upon the imagination of his readers. *Was wollten sie haben!*

What the foregoing Comedy intimates of Frederick William IV., under the guise of the Emperor of China, the "Steckbrief" of Karl Heinzen distinctly says of his Government. "The Culprit," writes he, "promises nothing without a secret reservation; she

does nothing without the meanest calculation ; and she gives nothing without a handle to pull it back again. If any one would speak uncourtously concerning her, then one must say—she constantly lies. She prays, and—lies ; she protests, and—lies ; she promises, and—lies ; she boasts, and—lies ; she threatens, and—lies ; she makes a speech, and—lies ; she believes, and—lies ; she confides, and—lies ; she ‘ comes forward,’ and—lies ; she is ‘ liberal,’ and—lies ; she is ‘ humane,’ and—lies ; she even weeps, and—lies ! Only when she displays cowardice, and when she, in an unguarded moment, betrays her despotic feeling, then she does *not* lie. When she cannot in any way controvert the truth, she then endeavours to unite truth and falsehood. In short, whenever a person wishes to know if the Culprit be in his presence, let anybody only speak one word of truth, and you will immediately know her by her convulsions. She and her two sisters in Petersburg and Vienna are the only creatures abroad who persecute the truth. They are the three Parcæ of the truth ; and the shears of these fatal Sisters—oh, shame for Europe !—govern the Continent.” The writer says much more even than this ; but we have given our readers enough for the present.

The question now is, how far is all this exposure and denunciation founded on facts ? From all he could see, and hear, and learn, and read, and witness in any way, the “ Englishman in Prussia ” declares his own conviction to be, that it is all founded on facts—and facts of common occurrence. The general statement and summary of the case is this :—Everything in Prussia is done to please Russia, which thus ruins Prussia ; and Prussia, in its turn, destroys all the smaller German States, such as Wurtemberg, Bavaria, Hanover, the Duchy of Nassau, Oldenburg, Saxe-weimar, &c. Bad as Austria is, she is better than Prussia. There is in Austria, if not more system in evil doing, at least an *open* system. There, despotism is a recognised thing : there, you know what they are about. Men are aware in Austria of what hangs over their heads upon all occasions of freedom, whether in act, word, or with the pen. In Prussia, nobody can be sure of anything—except a spy, and a falsehood. The Presidents of provinces tell falsehoods—so do the ministers ; a false face is put upon things, and one authority lies to the other. The spy-system is regularly organised in Prussia. Even the professors of the universities are watched and controlled by secret orders, of which they are themselves ignorant. Secret books are kept of the conduct and opinions of everybody of ~~any consequence~~—bureaucrats,

soldiers, professors, leading men in towns, &c. ; and one bureaucrat spies over another ; so that sometimes their accounts cross, and by an accidental contingency, two “ authorities ” suddenly discover what each reports of the other ! The climax of all these secrets is the code of Secret Laws between the Three Despots of the Continent, for the maintenance of slavery among the people.

While our own countryman, Lieut.-Colonel Mitchell, is vainly endeavouring, in his one-sided accounts of Napoleon, to revive the faded notions of all “ fine old English gentlewomen ” about the man whose greatest blunder was in his belief that these three legitimate despots could ever be inspired with any particle of good faith and sincere amity ; let all readers who love fair dealing now make their comparisons. The sons of the three despots are no better than their fathers were.

Meantime, the public feeling throughout Prussia is, for the most part, dissatisfied, and will, sooner or later, and not at a distant period, display itself efficiently throughout the whole of Rhenish Prussia. The outbreak will most probably begin in Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle, simultaneously. The Germans are dreamers, undoubtedly ; and let all wise, practical men, who so much benefit by many of their dreams, respect their visions and noble abstractions ; but the Germans *can* awake. They *will* have the long-promised Constitution and popular representation ; and if Frederick William the Fourth cannot shortly make up his mind to give it to the people—the people will assuredly take the business out of the king's hands.

Karl Heinzen took refuge at first in Belgium. A subscription has been made in Cologne for his wife and family. Ferdinand Freiligrath, the patriotic poet, was recently in possession of a pension from the king ; but some ill-natured expressions having been uttered in public, intimating that his liberal opinions were changing to the fruits of court favour, he instantly published his recent volume of poems, entitled “ Ein Glaubens Bekenntnis ( “ A Profession of Faith ” ), and resigned his pension. This volume, however, contained things which rendered him unable to remain in Prussia, and he accordingly took flight, and engaged himself for his support in a merchant's counting-house—we believe in Hamburgh. He has since been joined by Karl Heinzen, and they are gone together to Switzerland, under straitened circumstances, as may be supposed. The name of the author of “ Prussia Unmasked,” as he himself conceals it, we do not, of course, think it right to mention.



## THE BLIND AND LAME.

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“How warm the sun!” cries blind old John;  
 “How bright he shines!” says poor lame Will;  
 “How pleasant, neighbour, to have gone,  
 On such a day, to Greenwich Hill!

“The Easter folk are crowding there,  
 ’Tis hard that we must prisoners be.”  
 “Ay, true,” sighs John, “I liked the fair,  
 When Bessy lived, and I could see.

“But she is dead, and I am blind,  
 And thou, old comrade, art as bad;  
 So we must sit, with mournful mind,  
 And dream the joys that once we had.”

“Not so,” says Will, “we two as one,  
 Will see the fun, and climb the hill.”  
 “I’ll be to you as feet!” cries John,  
 “And I to you as eyes!” cries Will.

Away they trudge—no happier pair—  
 The hill they reach, with friendly chat,  
 And while Will’s eyes roam o’er the fair,  
 Well pleased, John hears of this and that.

On sunny bank, with daisies spread,  
 Now rests the lame; the blind stands by,  
 Strong as a tree, with high-raised head,  
 And eyelids twinkling merrily.

Poor souls! to see them kindly smile,  
 And hear them talk,—’twas worth a pound!  
 How meekly they their griefs beguile;  
 What wise conclusions they have found!

“Thus all the blind, and all the lame,  
 (“That’s all the world,” suggested Will),  
 Should just,” said John, “go do the same,  
 And learn of us to *climb the hill*.”

MARY BENNETT.

## THE COUNTRYMAN AT ST. PAUL'S.

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FORTUNATE among Londoners is he who can enjoy the country, and is able to quit Town for it when he pleases. Especially fortunate is he, if, young, healthy, and fond of field-sports, he has permission to shoot over a well-stocked manor. This may be not the less gracious when accompanied by an invitation to the manor-house : but the sportsman will often find sufficiently good quarters in that of another landlord. Gently fatigued by the day's exertions, in stretching his legs by the fire of a clean, comfortable, old-fashioned village public-house, he will experience the perfection of taking his ease in his inn. The retrospect of a good day's shooting has something in it akin to an approving conscience. We speak of fair sport,—the instinctive pursuit of Man as a hunting animal,—and not of the murderous *battue* ; wherein the pillows of all who have been implicated deserve to be more spectre-haunted than a RICHARD'S. We include, too, among the sportsman's reminiscences, those of sunlight and shadow, moss, lichen, and fern ;—the æsthetics of the field and cover :—for if insensible to these, he is a mere slaughterman, and no better than the son of a gun. Nor do we disconnect from his felicity eggs and bacon, and the further accessories of home-brewed ale, and, perchance, a pipe. Another attraction is incidental to the village ale-house. Generally, in the company frequenting it, it affords no little entertainment, over and above that which it promises to man and horse.

Comfortably, according to the above sketch of comfort, sat a young brother of the ramrod, temporarily established at "The Three Horseshoes." This was the sole hostelry of a retired village in Hampshire. The grey shadows of an October evening were closing in over the bit of garden ground, visible from its one sitting-room. A wood fire exhaled the sweet savour of the country. From an old plum-tree outside the little bay-window, the yellow leaves were falling noiselessly ; whilst a robin-redbreast was hopping about on an adjacent faggot-pile, perking his tail, and alternating, with his peculiarly reiterated "click," the snatches of his autumnal song. All else was silent save the ticking of a quaint

old clock in a corner, and a distant sound of frying. From a roughly-carved oak beam that went across the ceiling depended divers hams, wrapped in brown paper. These, and the ancient tables, and benches, and Windsor chairs, which comprised the primitive furniture, glimmered with a dark-red light emitted from the glowing embers ; and the place looked, no less than felt, warm and snug in the extreme.

With his hands in the pockets of his velveteen shooting-jacket, and his feet, resting on the heels, extended towards the front of the fire, the occupant of the apartment had been for some time sitting alone. At length, a stout man entered, rusty black to the waist, and dingy drab to the feet, in a broad-brimmed beaver hat.

"Good evenun' to 'ee, zur," said the stout man. The sportsman returned his salutation.

"Bring us a jug o' zixpenny,—woot, maaid ?" requested the new-comer of a red-armed rosy-cheeked servant girl, who answered the thump of his crabstick : "and a vresh pipe and a bit o' backy, there's a good lass."

"Had good spoort, zur ?" he inquired of his fellow-guest, who answered, "Pretty good."

Another individual of large bodily proportions, but which were enveloped in fustian, now came in. "How bist, naighbour ?" he said to his fellow-countryman, and greeted the stranger with—"Zarvant, sur."

"The days be a draw'n in," observed the gentleman in black and drab.

"'Ees they be," assented his friend in fustian. He then went to the door, and vociferated through it an order similar to his compatriot's, after which he sat down opposite to that personage ; and the wherewithal having been furnished, they both began to smoke and sip their liquor.

Other arrivals, similar to the foregoing, having taken place, the room began to be tolerably full ; and by this time the candles were lighted. The illustrated Christmas carols on the wall over the fire now appeared to advantage, as did an amateur drawing in red ochre, apparently meant to represent a man and a horse.

The terrible times, the dreadful weather, and the failure of the potato crop, were the principal topics of conversation, which by no means proceeded at the pace of those new-fangled railways, in whose deprecation it also in part consisted. Grey heads were slowly shaken, and gloomy predictions delivered, at long intervals,

with respect to the future prospects of the nation; and malisons, not very loud but remarkably deep, were pronounced on the heads of ministers. The wind, which now began to moan without, mingled, not discordantly, with the grumbings of the agriculturists within.

Animation had hitherto certainly not been the characteristic of the assembly; but now occurred an event that imparted to it something like excitement. This was the addition, apparently unexpected, to it of another member, in the person of a robust, middle-aged man with a broad, red face; in a blue coat with metal buttons, black waistcoat, leather breeches, and top-boots, all nearly new, although it was Saturday evening, and not Sunday. His hat, extensive and capacious, was bound with black crape.

"Hallo!" cried several gruff voices at once; "What, Will Forder!"

"Ees," answered the unlooked-for visiter; "here I be."

"Well and how bist thee, Willum? Thee look'st peart," said an individual of the society.

"Why I be smartish," answered Mr. Forder; "but I shall be the better for a drap of beer and a whiff." And he desired Betsy that those wants should be supplied.

"Well, and hast thee bin all this here while in Lumun?" inquired his friend.

"Ah!—ees I have," was the answer.

"What'st bin about, then, Bill?" asked another.

"Why about that little matter o' properdy as my old 'ooman come into tother day—wait'n to get it zettled: 'twur all along o' they lawyers. Darn'd if they dont crawl on in their bis'nus like cra'avishes."

"Happy," observed a rustic moralist, "is them as keeps out o' their cla'as."

"Well," said another of Mr. Forder's neighbours, "thee'dst bin up so long, mun, we begun to think thee wust never com'n down."

"Ah!" ejaculated the farmer, for such was William Forder; "I tdthink thee 'oodst, if thee'dst sin where I was t'other day."

"Why where wast, then, mate?"

"Up top 'o Saint Paul's," answered Mr. Forder, plugging his pipe.

"Top o' Saint Paul's! Why, that are's higher nor Cattum Hill, baint ut?"

"Cattarn Hill!" echoed the respondent, scornfully. "A precious zight higher nor that, or any other hill as ever you zee."

"Well, and what didst zee, Willum?" demanded the other.

"Come now," said a second, "tell us all about ut, wool."

"There's a good chap," added a third; and the meeting generally joined in the request.

"Fust, here 's to 'ee," cried Farmer Forder, nodding first to the right and then to the left, and then taking a pull at his liquor. After that, he cleared his throat, next expectorated, and then commenced the account of his adventure.

"'Fore I gooes any vurder," he began, "I 'll tell 'ee how 'twas I zeed Saint Paul's as zoon as I did, 'caws as how I meant to keep he for the last. I'd zin the Zoho Logical Gardens and the 'Dustrious Vleas, and all that ere, and now I says, I 'll goo and zee the Collozeum. That come into my head while I was a goo'n' down Vleet Street. I didn't know how to git to 'un, zo, hear'n that when a feller wanted to ax his way in Lunnun, his best plan was to step into a shop, I pops into one the right hand zide goo'n' down, wi' a gurt pictur' in the winder, and a image wi' a hunch a top of his back in vront on 't. There was some fellers inside behind the counter, and one afore it; and this chap was a read'n a zort of pee'a'aper, wi' queer heads dra'ad upon 'un, droo eye-glasses. I sez, Plaze, gen'l'men, can you tell me the way to Collozeum? Whereupon the chap wi' the glasses cocks 'em up and look'n' droo 'em at me, 'a sez, Are you vrom Hampshur, vriend? Eees, zur, I sez, I be. Well, a sez, what med your countrymen vetch in Zmiffield Markut? As much agin as ha'af, zur, I sez; and I tdthinks as how I had 'un there."

"That thee hads't. Well done, Willum!" exclaimed several of his audience: whilst the sportsman laughed outrageously.

"Thinks I," continued Mr. Forder, "I be a match for you Lunnun za'as my buck! Well, I sez, but how about the Collozeum? I 'll tell 'ee, sez eye-glasses. Come here:—and 'a takes me to the door. There, 'a sez, point'n down to the right, you goo stra'aight a head; that takes ye to Ludgut Hill; goo up the hill; and there you 'll zee a gurt big build'n afore ye wi' a round ball a top of 'un and a gilt cross a top o' that. That 's the Collozeum. Thankee zur, I zays. I zee one o' the t'other chap clap his hand afore his mouth, and when my back was turned I tdthought I heer'd 'un laugh'n. But talk'n 's dry work. Here 's to 'ee agin, mates."

Having refreshed himself; "I gooes," resumed Mr. Forder, "down Vleet Street and up Ludgut Hill, and there, sure enough, I vound the big build'n. Zo, this here 's the Collozeum! I sez to myself. Well; I've heard 'un called the gi-gantic Collozeum: and gi-gantic 'a be sure-ly. Loramassy, what a monster 'a looked! So high 'a was, that the gilt thing a top of 'un zeem'd to be a poken into the clouds; and big 'a was in propotion. You knows 'Squire Collins's turmut vield. Darn'd if a didn't cover as much ground as that:—a matter of at laste two yeacres."

"Lo-o-o-r!" ejaculated the hearers, simultaneously.

"Pillars upon pillars 'a had," pursued the farmer, "and winders upon winders, and a gurt round thing in the middle of 'un that looked like the top of a huge pepper-box, but big enough to cover our church up yander as aisy as this here hat would that are mug. 'A was all over black and zut, like a vlicht of ~~biha~~ 'acon stuck up chimney. There was a high iron ra'ail'n round 'un, and I walks round that to take a squint at the outzide on 'un. Along the top o' the roof on 'un, like, there was a lot o' statchies. Tdthinks I, now, I s'pose they be stuck up to 'tice the people in, like the jackanyeaps as they brings outzide o' wild beast show. And now I sez to myself, which is the way in?"

"Did you see nothing around this building, Mr. Forder," inquired the sporting stranger, "which struck you as being like a churchyard."

"Naw I didn't, zur," answered that gentleman. "I should, though, I s'pose, if I hadn't bin a Mozus. Well presently I comes to a gate, lead'n to a vlight o' stone steps as took me up to a 'ooden door under a lot o' high pillars. I wallops at the door wi' my stick. A 'ooman open'd 'un; and in I walks. Tuppence, sur, if you plaze, she sez. Oh! very well, sez I, and out I lugs my pus and pays the money. Come I tdthinks to myzself, this aint so unrasoonable, nather,—tuppence to zee Collozeum."

"You pays," remarked an auditor, "moor nor tuppence to zee the hossmanship and the 'Randry at the fair."

"I beg your pardon—the what?" inquired the sportsman.

"Mr. Noakes manes the Merry Andry," explained Farmer Forder. "Have'n paid the tuppence. Now, I sez, mum, where be I to goo? You med walk about anywhere down here, sez she. Room enough too! I tdthinks to myzself. And what a height, massy me! Inzide the pepper-box thing up aloft 'twur such a way up, and zo dark, that darn'd if 'twarnt out o' zight. There



was a scaffold'n in a gallery over head : where they was a mend'n the wall. At every rap o' the hammer the place rolled and echoed like tdthunder. Loor, I tdthinks, only s'pose, now, 'twas all to tumble down ! ”

“ There'd ha' bin an end o' thee, Willum,” sagaciously concluded one of his friends.

“ There 'ood, indeed,” said the agriculturist. “ Well, then all around there was tremenjus gurt pillars, zome on 'em, I 'll ventur' to zay, vorty feet wide, and tall accord'nly. They, and the airches over 'em, airches a top o' airches like, was all carved wi' leaves and vlowers, and tdthings, and stuck all over wi' winged babbies' heads, like the what-d'ye-call-'ems—cherrybums, aint 't?—on tombstwoans : only the heads was as big as young bullocks'. Whilst I was ga'ap'n and starun' about at all this here, a feller in a dark surplus comes up to me, and axes whether I 'oodn't like to goo over the Cathedral ? Cathedral ! I sez : why aint this here the Collozeum ? Collozeum ! 'a zays, what d'ye mane ? Mane ! I zays, why, Collozeum. I paid tuppunce at the door to zee 'un. No, zur ! sez the chap, seem'nly in a huff ; this here 's St. Paul's Cathedral. Look there,—doestn't see the organ ? Well, now, sez I, only think ! Drat that feller in Vleet-street, for makun' a vool o' me. Just let me come athert 'un agin—that 's all ! ”

Here the assembly indulged in a gruff cachinnation ; and a member of it remarked—“ Zo, thee wast done, then, Willum, arter all ; wast ? ”

“ Done ! ” repeated the latter. “ Ah ! I bliv'ee I was ; and wus done afore I was done wi'. But who ever heer'd o' pay'n tuppunce to goo into church ? 'Sides, there was a lot o' marble statchies up agin the pillars. I'd bin told there was sitch things in the Collozeum,—and I took 'em vor the Glypter Theeker, or whatever they calls it. They was mostly sojers, and officers and sitch like, and zome on 'em looked like haythen idols. There was fellers a charg'n baggonets up agin the walls. Well, then, warn't it nateral to vancy I was in Collozeum and not in Church ? ”

“ Ees.”—“ Zart'nly.”—“ To be zshure.”—“ There 's rason in that,” responded the gentlemen appealed to.

“ Now,” continued Mr. Forder, “ I was in St. Paul's, though no matter how, I tdthought I med as well zee the whole on 'un. The charge is vour shill'ns, sed the man in the zurplus. Vour shill'ns ! I sed, why, sure I be in the Collozeum arter all. I only gie one to zee the Zoho Logical Gardens. Come, I sez, old

feller, castn't knock off zixpunce? Not by no means, 'a sez. Well, I tdthinks, in for a penny in for a pound. Here goes! Then 'a told me I was to pay half-a-crown there, and the rest up stairs. I gin he the money and he gie'd me a ticket, and then 'a show'd me a stair-case, as 'a said as how I was to goo up, in a place I tdthinks 'a call'd the Zouth Tranzept. Up I went, round and round, till I come to a long, wide passage, wi' a man and 'ooman wait'n at a table by the door. Fust thing they said was, Eighteen-pence! I out wi't. Zold agin and got the money! as the cheap Jacks sez at the fairs.—Dan'l Brook, my pipe wunt dra'a; woo'st lend us thy knife to huck 'un wi'?"

"The 'ooman," resumed Mr. Forder, having completed this operation, "took me down the passage into a room on the right, full o' gurt books: the library, she call 'un. Then she show'd me one old vollum stuck on a stand, all over red and black letters, and rum irygliffix. She zed as how 'twur an old Zalter; but it didn't look to me like the Zalter or Za'ams o' Dhtha'avid."

"Pinted," added a man in black, who appeared to be the parish clerk, "as they be to be zed or zung in churches."

"Then," pursued the narrator, "she 'gun to tell me about the height and breadth and length o' the room; and how the vloor on 'un was made o' bits o' differ'nt-coloured oak, joined together without peg or na'ail. But p'raps, zur, she zed, you'd like a book o' the Cathedral? Zixpunce, zur, plaze. Oh, very well, I sez; zo I bought 'un, and here 'a be." With this, he produced the volume from his pocket and handed it about for inspection, availing himself of the opportunity to take some more beer.

"She told me," he proceeded, "as how I should find all the rest as she'd got to tell me in that are book. Oh! that's how you dooes it, eh? tdthinks I. Next, she took me vurder on, to zee the Gee Ho Metrical Staircase—that was the neam on't. Zeventy voot deep 'a was, and twenty broad, if 'a was an inch: curl'd round and round like a sna'ail-shell, and noth'n to s'port 'un as I could zee. 'Twur like look'n down a 'normus well, only awfuller. Arter that she led me into another place, wi' flags all about 'un, took vrom the Vrench. She called he the moddle and trawfy room. There was a gurt thing in 'un, as big as a wa'ater-butt: That are, she zed, was the lantern as was lighted up at Nelson's vuneral. There was some likenesses, too, cut out in 'ood, of Saint Paul's as 'a was to ha' bin, if the feller as built 'un could ha' had his way. And now, zur, she sez, the next thing to zee is

the clock ; but we han't got noth'n to do wi' that, and that'll tuppunee moor."

"Now that," observed one of the assembly, "'s what I cee bleed'n a feller by driblets."

"Ah!" answered Mr. Forder. "Ees. For fear 'a should fa outright by hav'n of 't done all at once I s'pose. Well; Take the way to the clock, she sez, pint'n to a narry staircase. Up goes. I couldn't zee an inch afore my nose, 'cept here and there where the light come droo zlits in the wall, and I was forced to feel every step afore me wi' my stick, for fear I should break my staps agin the stairs. Tuppunee, plaze zur, was the fust thing agin when I got up to the clock."

"Stand and deliver, agin, eh?" said the individual who had made a remark just before.

"That was the word," replied Farmer Forder. "Hav'n pocketed the tuppunee, the chap as show'd off the clock opened the case, and let me zee the works of 'un, and wonderful works they was: wheels within wheels, and all sorts o' crinkum crankums, like a gurt puzzle. You should ha' heer'd 'un tick when the hand went—snap! snap! like the cock of a hoss-pistol. Ah! and you should ha' sin the pondl'm;—vourteen foot long, and dree times as tdthick and as heavy as a crow-bar. Ees, and you should ha' poked your head, like I did, outsize, and sin the hand o' the clock. 'A looked, for all the wordle, like a tremenjuz zword, such as you could vancy Go-lhar o' Gath wi'; and darn'd if the pleace didn't look altogether like the ca'sle o' zome old giant. I zee the gurt bell, too, and I was told the heft on 'un; but I've forgot it. Hows'ever 'tis all down in that are book."

"Its pre-zent wa'aight," spelt a neighbouring agriculturist from the guide book, "is e-lev-en thou-sand, vour hun-dred and zev-en-ty four pounds."

"Waunderful!" "Loramassy!" "Only tdthink!" exclaimed several voices.

"I bliv' 'ee!" added Mr. Forder. "Hav'n zin the clock. I went down agin to where I come vrom, and axed what I was to zee next. Next thing, they zed, was the Whisper'n Gallery. How d'ye get to 'un? I sez. They shows me; and up I scrambles. Well, by 'm by, I gits to 'un. A whisper'n gallery they calls 'un. Zome tdthings goos by the rule o' con-trairy, I calls 'un a beller'n gallery. Only zay, Bo! to a goose, in 'un, and blest if 'a doant roar like a bull. They'd got a showman in he, too, and this

feller told me to goo and zit oppo-zite, and he 'd whisper to show me the powers on 'un. 'Whish!' 'a said. Darn'd if it didn't zound like a gurt gust o' wind. Then 'a put his mouth to the wall and went on to tell me when the church was begun, and when 'a was finished, and how high 'a was, and how broad 'a was, and how long 'a was, all in a whisper, and yet I heerd 'un as plain as you hears me, thof 'a was uppards of aight-and-vorty yards off."

"Did'st now, raly?" cried the listeners in chorus, with eyes and mouths largely dilated.

"Ees!" answered Mr. Forder, invoking Jingo to attest his veracity. "One hundred and vorty-five steps—I counted 'un—it took me to walk round that gallery, as I'm a liv'n zinner. Loramassy, what a way 'twas to look up into the Doom as they calls 't!—and doom grand it were I can tell 'ee: all goold and picturs. And then the depth to look down. Loor! if 't didn't make my head spin wus than two ga'ans o' strong beer. 'Goo up any higher, zur?' sez the man. 'Ees, sez I, my buck. Right up. Tip top. Who 's afeard?'"

"I wonder theo wastn't afeard'd though, Willum," said more than one of the rustic party.

"Up," continued the yeoman, "I clomb and clomb, the way I was d'rected, till I come out on another gallery as went round the church outzide: then in agin and up, up, higher and higher still. Now I sart'nly did begin to feel quecrish. I had to clamber up 'ooden steps, in and out among poastes, and jistes, and beams, as looked like the skeleton o' the pleace, and all the while in next kin to darkness."

"Wastn't afeard o' ghonstis?" demanded a neighbour.

"I was afeard," returned Mr. Forder, "o' break'n my neck. Thinks I, now I be come to the top sure-ly! Naw; I got out on a gallery agin—such a height. Darn'd if I didn't sim outzide a mountain. To tdthink that such a pleace should be the work o' little wake craitchers like we be! Below I zee the tops o' the houses, and the people a walk'n about, and around I could look all over Lunnun, and miles beyond. I come up here wi' two other fellers: one on 'em was afeard to ventur' out, and to tell 'ee the truth I didn't much like look'n over the raail'ns myself. Hows'ever I 'd made up my mind to goo as high as I could, and a man as come up arter us opened a door, as led up, he zed, to the ball. I went up ladder arter ladder, like zo many steps gown' up to a hay-loft, and try'n work I vound it! It made me puff and

blow like a old hoss, or a fat zow druv to market. At last come to steps bolt upright, where I had to climb up hold'n on a a rhoop—purty much like a bear up a poocast. This took me to close under the ball, where the light come in. I just got enough to poke my head droo 't, and that was all. I couldn't get no higher 'cept I'd bin a cat or a monkey. Zo arter bid a bit to take breath, down I come again, precious glad that I'd got off wi' whole bwocans."

"Thee didst n't meet, then, wi' ne'er a accident?" inquired a country gentleman.

"Naw," responded Mr. Forder, "'cept one. I broke my g-luses: that wur all. I wonder I didn't come wus off, see'n the narry places as I had to scrunge droo. Tell 'ee what, mates—I'm bound none o' they Lunnun Aldermen ever gits to the top o' Saint Paul's. There was zome passages as was scearer wate enough for my own corpora'aishun. I'm sure you couldn't drive a fat hog droo 'em. Loor! I vancy I zees the rector o' our parish try'n to git up top o' Saint Paul's Cathedral."

"Well, Willum, and was this all thee'st zee?" inquired one of the other countrymen.

"Not quite," he replied. "When I come down I zee the rest o' the monneyments. There was Lord Nelson's, wi' his arm on, and Britannier a pint'n of 'un out to two sa'ailor boys, as much as to zay, 'There, now, you goo, and take pattern vrom he.' T'd think I, that med be all very fine; but I, for my part, 'ood rayther keep a pair of arms if Britannier aint got no objection. I zee several other sailors and sojers; mostly beun' shot and tumble down dead. Volks calls this here Glory. Yaa! Last of all, I went down to where Nelson was buried, underneath the Church, and zee the tomb on 'un, where they zed 'a was lower'd down to droo the vloer. A lot moor o' gurt volks, the clerk told me, was buried there too; and a show'd me where. Awful dull it was down in they underground vaults, poke'n about among old mouldy pillars, wi' a lantern. I warn't zorry when I'd got up out on 'em, and round myzelf zafe and znuag at the Hampsheer Hog, wi' two pound o' beef-steak and best part of a ga'an o' beer inzide o' me. Blest if I hadn't need on 't arter what I'd bin droo. By the time I'd come down vrom the ball, I was a'most melted; wus than if I'd bin a whole day at plough. Gooun' over Saint Paul's every day 'ood be tolerabish tra'ain' n vor one of they jockey chaps. Well, there, now I've zin 'un at la'ast; and thof it did



cost me your shill'ns and yourpunce, I be glad to be yeable to zay as how I have."

"Your shill'ns and yourpunce is a zmartish zum, though, vor a poor man in these times," observed one of Mr. Forder's brotherhood.

"Why ees," said the farmer. "Not that I bebridges the money. . I shouldn't mind gee'n the guides and people a shill'n or zo for their trouble—that is if zo be as how they took any ; which they doant. They med as well ha' afforded a feller wi' a light to goo up afore me, consider'n I pa'aid your shill'ns and yourpunce. But dang it, if the pa'asons at Saint Paul's must keep a show, why not let 'em be as rasonable as other show-volk ? At laste, if I was they, I should be above ax'n a poor man tuppunce only to let 'un into their Church at all."

"When I get back to Town, Mr. Forder," said the sportsman, "I may have an opportunity of making them aware of your opinion."

"I wish you 'ood, zur," returned Farmer Forder. "Well, here's reforma'aishun to 'em, mates, and at the zame time all your very good healths !" With this toast he concluded his reflections, and drank the remainder of his beer.

P. L.

## THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE.

Oh glorious sunshine ! through the heavens far spreading,  
And on the earth with radiant footsteps treading,  
How lovely, how divine a beam art thou ;  
Lighting up beauty with more beauteous light,  
Shedding the splendour of thy presence bright,  
Where all was gloom and darkness until now.

Behold with what surpassing lustre shining,  
The everlasting hills and vales reclining,  
Are bathed in floods of golden streaming rays ;  
And in man's home, where patient labour toils,  
Sickness lifts up its languid head and smiles  
Beneath the influence of thy cheering blaze.

Such is fair virtue—o'er the wide earth beaming,  
Her sacred light of love for ever streaming,  
From land to land the heavenly spirit flies,  
Bids grace and beauty shine with deeper glow,  
And o'er the common paths of life below  
Sheds down a hallowed glory from the skies.



## A "RIGHTE GOODE FELLOWE."

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PASSING the other day through one of those numerous old churchyards which abound in the vicinity of London, I observed upon a very ancient flat tombstone, the following inscription :—

"Here lyeth y<sup>e</sup> Mortall Remaynes of Thomas Hurst, Yeoman : A Righte Goode Fellowe in his Lifetime, and a faithfull Servaunt of his God and his Queene : Obit, y<sup>e</sup> 27th of July, Anno. 1566 : Ætat. 70."

There was nothing remarkable in this epitaph ; but, after I had left the churchyard, being without any companion except my own thoughts, I fell into a long meditation upon what kind of person a "righte goode fellowe" of the reign of Queen Elizabeth was, and on the means by which he gained that honourable title ; and, at last, I fully convinced myself, as I hope to convince the reader, that he gained it, not by any of the noble qualities of a large mind, or the still nobler qualities of a large soul, but by a mean, crouching, and degrading submission to any species of absurdity, no matter how repugnant to common sense, so long as it had Power on its side ; by sending to eternal perdition any one who attempted to lift him from the slough of ignorance in which he wallowed, obstinately asserting that its mud and slime was the river of pure philosophy ; by being a supporter of arbitrary power in all its monstrous and Protean shapes ; and by quietly submitting to anything put upon him by the high people. Such were the general and prominent features of his character, which we will now examine a little more minutely. The reader must observe, however, that I speak of him not as an individual, but as the representative of a class.

In the first place, then, he had the most profound, nay, the most idolatrous, reverence for the monarch. A king or a queen, in his eyes, was a being above the common race of men and women ; a favoured mortal, if a mortal at all. He had a devout belief in their "divine right ;" and conceived that anybody who professed the slightest doubt upon that subject was equal in wickedness to an atheist himself. Moreover—in direct opposition to a million facts from the earliest to the latest times—he held it to be an utter impossibility for the monarch either to do or conceive any wrongful

act ; and it would have been vain to attempt to upset this theory by quoting the deeds of such monarchs as the early Norman kings, John, Richard III., Henry VIII., and a dozen others : facts, were they never so incontrovertible, made not the slightest impression upon the stubborn, bull-dog obstinacy with which a "righte goode fellowe" of three centuries ago, clung to his prejudices. Facts with him were one thing, and opinions another ; and he could not (or would not) for the life of him conceive what relationship could possibly exist between them.

Next to the king, the bishop held the highest place in the worship of the "righte goode fellowe," he conceiving that that reverend personage was invariably the perfection of everything holy, religious, and benevolent—in short, a complete earthly representative of the Deity ; though, Heaven knows, there have been many instances to the contrary. He would resolutely assert, and offer to maintain the fact by the strength of his quarter-staff (for your "righte goode fellowes," sensible of their weakness in argument, were fond of settling questions by hard blows, in which kind of contests of course he who was physically the strongest was allowed to be in the right), that a bishop never did anything that was not intended for the benefit of his flock, even though it might appear to the contrary ; and if any one had observed, in opposition to this assertion, that it is useless for the bishops' acts to be *intended* for our benefit if they so strongly turn out to our disadvantage, the "righte goode fellowe" would take refuge in the fact of his schoolmaster, and his father and mother, and in short the whole Christian world for centuries and centuries, having advocated the same principles, and of its being *therefore* impossible that they should be wrong. Your "righte goode fellowe" of the reign of Elizabeth, or thereabouts, never thought for himself. Had he done so, he would have been a villain, a heretic, a double-dyed and monstrous sinner, fit only for the eternal wrath of God ; for to profess free opinions three hundred years ago, was a crime next door to high-treason.

After the bishop, in the reverence of the "righte goode fellowe," came the nobility, whom he looked upon as a kind of minor deities, subservient to the two great powers just mentioned. And here ended his hierarchy of earthly angels.

Our "righte goode fellowe" was a stanch opposer of all alterations in Church, State, and Society. The very notion of abolishing old laws and institutions, or introducing new, jarred his whole

moral being. Could he be revived now, he would go literally mad at the sight of the substantial revolutions which are taking place in the world; for any custom which had received the sanction of time was to him a sacred and hallowed thing—almost as much so as a king or a bishop. Advancement and improvement were unknown, or rather unrecognised, principles to him. His mind was one which could only exist stationary and stagnant: move it one peg forward, and it tumbled to pieces—became a mere wreck. He had no notion of the world being a child as yet, and of its getting wiser and better, like the human child, as it grows older.\* His political principles, in short, were exactly those which Cotton has given to his contented anglers:—

"——Both princes and states  
May, for all our quaint baits,  
Rule themselves and their people in quiet.

*"We scratch not our pates,  
Nor repine at the rates  
Our superiors impose on our living;  
But do frankly submit,  
Knowing they have more wit  
In demanding, than we have in giving.*

"While quiet we sit,  
We conclude ALL THINGS fit,  
Acquiescing with HEARTY submission:  
For, though simple, we know  
That soft murmurs will grow,  
At the last, unto downright sedition."

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Such devotion we bring  
To our God and our King,  
That from either no offers can win us.

"While we sit and fish,  
We pray, as we wish,  
For long life to our king, James the Second."

And so his most sacred majesty, taking advantage of these easy gentlemen (who were perfectly satisfied so long as they could put a few thousand unoffending fish into torture), attempts to saddle his people with a domineering religion (the worst of all tyrannies), and would have reduced them to a state bordering upon

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\* This truly wise and philosophical speculation was, I believe, first propounded by Leigh Hunt.

slavery, had not a few public-spirited men, in direct opposition to Mr. Charles Cotton and his contented anglers, not only concluded that things were very *un-fit*, but boldly asserted the fact, and thus brought about a better state of society.

But to return to our "righte goode fellowe" of the sixteenth, and carly part of the seventeenth, century. He was a great believer in witchcraft; and thought that the best mode of serving God, and carrying out the divine principles of the Christian religion, was to burn every helpless old woman who had the misfortune of an ill-favoured countenance. He used to talk a good deal about the love, charity, and universal benevolence of the Founder of his Faith; but at the very same time he would doom one of his fellow-creatures to an excruciating death in this world for a mere accident of nature, and another to eternal fire in the world to come for denouncing the act as irrational and cruel. Torture, oppression, blood, and the shrieks of mortal agony, were the grim offerings with which he sought to please his Maker. Talk of the sacrifices of the Heathens and Pagans! they were not half so savage—not half so sanguinary—as those made every day in "Christian" England, three hundred years ago! If a man went regularly to church and read his Bible, your "righte goode fellowe" conceived that he had done all that was necessary. Faith with him was everything: acts were nothing.

In short, his character may be summed up in a few sentences.—Any absurdity invented by the clergy, either of preceding times or his own—no matter how palpable the nonsense might be upon its very surface—was reverently cherished and adored by him as something sacred and divine. Every atrocity, however flagrant, if it was the law of the land, was just and honest. Every custom, however vile, monstrous, and soul-degrading, if it was old and had originated among the high people, became to his bleared sight a gift from Heaven; ay, although he smarted under it himself. He was a mere tool of the clergy and nobility: a football to be kicked about at their pleasure; and instead of being ashamed of his disgrace, he gloried in it. He was not allowed to have any will or opinion of his own; nor did he wish for any: but if he conducted himself like a respectable citizen, and didn't question the acts of his superiors, and put up with anything that was done to him, and fawned, dastard-like, upon the feet that trampled him,—he had a precarious chance of not dying by the hands of the hangman, and of being honoured, after death, with the title of "A RIGHTE GOODE FELLOWE."

And this is the state of society that "Young England" wishes to see revived! These are the kind of men it would fain set up before the present race of bold inquirers and free-thinkers! What! shall we, after having groped our way, toilsomely, but steadfastly, through the darkness of folly, ignorance, and brutality, turn blindly back just at the moment when we behold—a mere speck in the distance, certainly, but increasing day by day—signs of light, and the clear atmosphere of reason? Shall the man become a child again? The whole wide universe of Nature cries—No. A few disciples of the "righte goode fellowe" school of thinking yet remain; but ere half a century elapse, the ever-increasing tide of knowledge and good sense will have swept them away into the sea of things that were.

D. R.

## GOOD COUNSEL OF CHAUCER.

"Written on his death-bed, lying in his anguish."

(MODERNISED BY R. H. H.)

FLY from the crowd and dwell with Truthfulness;  
 Make what thou hast suffice, though it be small,  
 For hoard brings hate, and climbing, doubts distress;  
 Struggle breeds envy, good grows blind o'er all.  
 Taste thou no more than to thy fair share fall:  
 Read well thyself who others read'st so clear,  
 And Truth shall thee deliver, there's no fear.

Vex not thy heart each failure to redress,  
 In trust of\* her who turneth like a ball;  
 Great rest doth stand in little business;  
 See that thou dost not spurn against a nail;†  
 Strive not as doth a pitcher with a wall;  
 Judge well thyself who others judgest clear,  
 And Truth shall thee deliver, there's no fear.

What Heaven sends, take thou in obedience;  
 The wrestling of this world includes a fall:  
 Here is no home; here is but wilderness:  
 Pilgrim, go forth!—forth beast out of thy stall!  
 Look up on high and thank the God of all!  
 Leave base desires, and let thy soul thee steer,  
 And Truth shall thee deliver, there's no fear.

\* Meaning—But trust to, &c.

† Nail—a nail.

## THE MAN AND HIS AGE.

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WHEN Rousseau introduced his *Héloïse* with the statement, "I have understood my age, and have written this book," he made use of the most tremendous announcement of which man is capable.

There are few men who know their age; and the privilege of belonging to this select band is of very doubtful value, considered with reference to the happiness of the chosen one.

Those men who have their fixed party, their fixed sect, who can regard the good and evil fortunes of their immediate circle, as all-important events,—in a word, the majority of a community, live in their age, are influenced by their age, act upon their age,—but they know nothing of it. They have an instinct that their state of mind is the right state, and all without is an eccentricity with which they have nought to do.

"Brown is a Swedenborgian,—how very odd of Brown!" exclaims Jones, though he has no notion of the reasons of Brown's preference for such a faith, and is ignorant whether the tenets of Emanuel Swedenborg be monotheistic—polytheistic—pantheistic. The oddness of Brown consists in being what Jones is not. And Jones goeth his ways, rejoicing exceedingly that he is not such as Brown. If he be a good-humoured man he is satisfied with his own great felicity. If he have a little gall in his composition, he occasionally regrets that the civil magistrate has not some power to check Brown from indulging in the monstrous theories whereof he, Jones, knows nothing.

Europeans are taught to laugh at the Chinese, because they make the Celestial Empire occupy the largest portion of the world, and indicate the other nations by little insignificant dots. There are moral regions in Europe, where moral Chinese are to be found in great abundance,—yes, even to the imitation of the cracked plate, if ancestral wisdom have made the precious flaw.

They are happy people in their way, are these moral Chinese,—and those who have enlarged their moral geography may often envy them their Camberwell pagodas,—their Twickenham junks. But may not the moral Cook and Anson have their junk and



Pagoda too? True; but to them, the Junk and Pagoda look so abominably small. Depend upon it, when the real Emperor of China discovers that he is not even a first-rate power (perhaps he *has* discovered it), the great wall will be grievously reduced in its dimensions.

The man who knows his age, cannot see an isolated domain. He sees the land, wherein many are settled so pleasantly,—but he sees too the border of that land, and what a narrow boundary it is; and moreover, he sees those who dwell beyond that boundary.

What a spectacle of collision presents itself—of faiths undermining faiths,—of interests warring against interests! What resting upon rotten foundations,—what repose upon stolid ignorance! And between this and the standard of excellence which he may have raised in his own mind, what an impassable gulf!

With certain temperaments there cannot be a greater misery than that of knowing one's age. The tendencies that are swaying millions cross and oppose each other in one weak bosom. It is as if the battle-field were itself endowed with life, and felt the torture of the contest, whichever party gained the victory. Then come the bitter curses of affection being opposed to affection,—head being opposed to heart,—and we need not wonder if the unhappy seer is sometimes maddened by the visions which his over-discernment has raised.

Rousseau always stands before us as a martyr of this class. That inordinate sentimentality, with that rigid understanding—that hankering after the pleasures and vanities of an artificial age, with that deep longing after uneducated simplicity—that sighing after an unattainable faith—that falseness of position which penetrated into the very being of the man. Do they not tell us, that all the tendencies of a time became incarnate in an individual?

When a man like this says, "I have understood my age," we hear him with respect, not unmixed with awe. It is as if some one said in our presence, "I know what is the rack—what is the sensation of red-hot pincers." We are firmly convinced that the horrid drama that was visibly acted on a grand scale in the French Revolution was invisibly acted some years before in the heart of that one unhappy man.

The voice of the "man that knows his age" may often be widely different from that of the age itself. The discontent that lies scattered about in different hearts may be without expression; it may not have gathered intensity enough to find a voice; and all

that speak utter a sort of vapid contentment. But at last, perchance, that man lifts up his voice, and he utters the wail that startles far and near: yea, many are strangely moved at the sound, for the utterance is so much in accordance with their own feelings, that they almost doubt whether themselves are not the utterers. The man who thus speaks, as multitudes have dimly thought, is the poet of his age; but there are many by whom the sorrows of knowledge are felt, and to whom the power of expression has not been granted. To them is the revelation made obscurely, as through the dark responses of an oracle; they are silent, but they doubt and are restless. These will be foremost among the poet's auditors.

Does not Byron, and the almost fanatical enthusiasm which he created, furnish us with a striking instance of this position?

That is a higher wisdom, which can detect the subtle harmony of the discord,—to which the jarring elements combine into a most delicious music. He belongs to the blest of his species, who can know all and sorrow not—who is capable of that true tolerance, that can recognise the positive side of all differences; not that spurious tolerance, which treats all with equal contempt, and is but a quiet bigotry. Be it spoken to the honour of this age, that such a character, even if not attained, is constantly assumed as possible—is admitted as a high goal for humanity.

But those who have reached this moral Elysium have, we believe, passed through that fearful state, in which so many have fallen. There is a repose, it is true, that may be the concomitant of mere wealth, good digestion, and ignorance; but the world has not progressed so far, that the higher repose can be attained without many a struggle—not the less agonising because it does not quiver the lip, nor call forth a solitary murmur.

AN OPTIMIST.

## A PLEA FOR BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

It is not well for deathless souls to cling  
*Only* to that whose end must be—to die!  
 Th' immortal spirit, borne on Faith's broad wing,  
 Should soar, and seek its first, best love on high.

Yet must we therefore teach our hearts to deem  
 The will of earth's Creator best obeyed  
 By those who speak of beauty as a dream,  
 And scorn all earthly things—because they fade ?

Not so ! not so ! for beauty, even on earth,  
 By love and pow'r Divine alone was given ;  
 It is the seal of a celestial birth,  
 The glorious signet of the King of heaven.

"Love not the world !"—the precept is divine ;  
 "Love not the world !" its pomps, its idle toys,  
 For these with but deceitful lustre shine,  
 And cheat the heart with their unreal joys.

But, oh ! prize all that still is truly bright,  
 The love of what is lovely is its due ;  
 'Tis the soul's prophecy of realms of light,  
 Where all things beautiful are pure and true !

False is the cold philosophy which paints  
 This God-created world as but a tomb ;  
 Though fallen man upon his journey faints,  
 Still hath his path some of its early bloom.

Were it not worse than vain to close our eyes  
 Unto the azure sky and golden light,  
 Because the tempest-cloud doth sometimes rise,  
 And glorious day must darken into night ?

Think ye 'twas meant that man should find no spell  
 Of joy and beauty in the song-bird's lay ?  
 Oh ! were the bright flow'rs only made to tell  
 A warning tale of bloom—that must decay ?

Not such the lesson the Great Teacher drew  
 From flow'rs, the living jewels of the sod ;  
 For men he taught, with wisdom deep and true,  
 To read in them the mercy of our God.

The wondrous bow, which seems the heav'ns to span,  
 What is more transient ? yet by God 'tis made—  
 Sign of a changeless covenant with man ;  
 And shall we still scorn *all* things that do fade ?

Wiser and better with a thankful mind  
 To bless our God for ev'ry glory giv'n,  
 And with a gentle heart to seek and find  
 In things on earth a type of things in heav'n.

FANNY FARMER

## THE PRICE OF A GARTER AND THE PRICE OF A LIFE.



AMID the chaos of printed rubbish, the piles of undigested evidence, the marshalled columns of unapproachable statistics, which every prorogued parliament patriotically prepares for the buttermen and trunkmakers of its country, may be found those records of our yearly national expenditure, that gigantic family account-book, that dismal edition of "that's the way the money goes ;" in fine, the long series of volumes called the "miscellaneous estimates and civil contingencies." Chance, not choice, led us the other day to glance at the items noted last session. We were mechanically running our eye along page after page, and column after column, detailing the mass of matters upon which our taxation is expended, when suddenly we came upon the two following items placed almost side by side, as though wooing observation and criticism. And they shall have both. First, however, read them :—

	£	s.	d.
The amount issued to pay rewards to the crews of the boats "Earl Grey," "Po," "Sparrow," "Duke of York," and Caroline," for saving the lives of the crew of the "Shepherdess," wrecked on the Goodwin Sands - - - - -	53	0	0
Fees paid to the officers of the Order of the Garter, upon the Installation of his Majesty the King of the French as Knight Companion - - - - -	439	3	4

And now, English reader, do you not feel inclined, as we did, to start with indignant astonishment from your seat,—to fling away as a filthy thing, this parliamentary-sanctioned document,—to protest with every energy of your soul, against the system which sanctions such moral monstrosities, which rates so high the consequence of an unmerited bauble, and which passes almost with, so to speak, a monetary sneer—a pounds-shillings-and-pence scoff—over an exploit in which precious human life was adventured—by which precious human life was saved.

With no record of the fourteenth century have we to do ; with no musty account of the gaudy glories of an ancient tourney, of

a Field of Cloth of Gold ; with no memento of the empty show of the old pageantry of knight-errantry ; with no antiquarian-saved morsel of the cost of that spirit of chivalry, sceptred by a two-handed sword, which revelled in the *droit du seigneur*, and amused itself with the extraction of Jewish teeth ; in fine, with no item of the national expenses, paid in the days when the curfew toll extinguished fire and candle, and the thick-walled holds of robber nobles, blotted the desert of England : with no record of those Young England-loved ages have we to deal, but with items of our own times—expenses noted by a parliament we ourselves are constitutionally feigned to have elected. Yes, it is this age of utility, of humanity—this age made the glorious thing it is, by the abounding, extending, ennobling spirit of commerce—thus age which appreciates the blessings of our sailors and our ships ; it is this country which toasts its wooden walls, sings about them, goes into raptures about them, proclaims that it owes its all to them, which lavishes its hundreds in presenting a glittering trinket to a foreign monarch, and grudges its tens of pounds to the dauntless preservers of the most valuable lives our island rears.

People of England, why should you pay Louis-Philippe's garter expenses ? What interest have you in those solemn chapters, those gilded mummeries in which this said garter is distributed to the accidents of accidents ; the reward of rank, never the guerdon of merit ; the trapping of mindless nobles, never the badge of glorious thinkers or doers ? Why should you give the fruits of toilsome days and exhausting nights over to defray expenses which can never benefit you ? Workmen at the forge and at the loom—were one of you to speak as Demosthenes spoke, to think as Socrates thought, to write as Shakspeare wrote—think you that for him would be reserved, to him would be offered, that order so highly prized by its donors ; that strip of ribbon for which hereditary legislators break their pledges ; and by means of which, corrupt and corrupting ministers distribute their bribes ? We know the man of mind would spurn the badge of the man of rank ; but we do not think the silly dukes, the mindless marquesses, who, for the sake of that same order, wheel from one bench to another in parliament ; leap and cringe, and bow and bend before a sneering minister's will. People of England ! the Order of the Garter is not for you, your champions, your heroes. It is reserved for rank, for those who do what they like with their own, who would bring their black footmen into your chamber of legislature, who launch



the thunder of their sneers upon you the "unwashed, swinish multitude."

But yet they graciously condescend to take your money for the defrayal of the puerile mummary of their investiture. There is no vulgarity in hard cash—that is an affront which can always be pocketed. Here you see, for fees exacted upon one of the grave occasions in question—paid probably to some worthless flutterer of the court—for some such service as writing a name in a register, or holding a sword or a mace in a childish ceremony—the sum of £439. Not that the amount is of the slightest consequence ; but the principle is. It is all-important. The people's money paid for what the people have no interest in, for what profits them not, for what concerns them not—this is the principle, and to it we call attention.

And now look to the other picture. Look to the infinitesimal sum paid for the inestimable service. Yet have we not interest in it—profit in it—concern in it ? We are a seafaring people. Close by our greatest commercial river lies perhaps the most dangerous and the most fatal shoal in the world. Within its shifting sands thousands of gallant ships lie buried ; they are the bottomless grave of hundreds of thousands of gallant hearts, which met their fate as they bounded with gladness to see the dear white cliffs again ; or, with a sterner joy, beheld them fading across the water as all hopefully they ploughed their way towards a southern world.

And on the coast, by these sad Goodwin Sands, live a hardy race, whose lives are passed in saving life—whose eyes are never off the tortuous channels and mazy world of sandbanks—and whose boats are never on the beach when a distressed ship is on the reef.

Let us not be met for a moment by the canting cry of "mercenary considerations ;" let us not be told that the Deal and Ramsgate boatmen have an eye to salvage as well as to saving life. Well do we know that were not one penny to be made of the hazardous trip, a single sailor would never drown amid the surf of the Goodwin Sands without the lives of dozens being adventured if possible to save him. But we grant in a moment that the Deal boatmen live principally by the profits they derive from their salvage expeditions to the Goodwins. Will any man grudge it?—"The labourer is worthy of his hire ;" and if his life be risked any time he labours, is he not worthy of a greater hire. This whole world labours in some shape or other for hire ? Lawyers, parsons,



doctors, authors, all have their fees of one kind or another. As a rule, the medical man does not step in to arrest disease and prolong life without being paid for it ; the minister does not expound the heavenward duties of his flock without his due in tithe pigs. This is all as it ought to be. All must live ; none can live without submitting in some sort to that great law which keeps the social fabric together—the law which rewards fairly services performed duly.

The boatmen, then, who pass their lives in their galleys and luggers, battling with the stormy seas of the channel ; ever on the look-out for distressed vessels ; ever risking their lives to save those of others ; it may be those of hapless foreigners—is there, can there be, any class of our maritime population more valuable and more worthy ; not merely of that empty admiration which fills no belly and covers no back, but of those substantial marks of our national gratitude which would make their homes more comfortable, their boats more sea-worthy, their wives and orphans something better than mere paupers ; when the sea had swallowed, as too often it does, those who had up to that hour won the family bread ; and won it by a life of toil, watching, and danger ?

We grudge our taxation often ; but sure are we that not a voice would be raised against the increased expense—were thousands, instead of tens of pounds, to be voted by parliament to those brave fellows who from time to time, in the midst of dangers unknown by those who live on shore, dash to sea in the driving storm of a winter's night to save a drowning crew.

Ah ! ye gentlemen of England, whose notion of the English channel is founded upon the experience of a two hours' run on a sunny summer's afternoon from Dover to Calais, how little do you know of the same strait in the times of winter's wrath. We have seen the channel in all its phases ; we have seen it in its fury, when the elements raved and roared about us ; we have seen an ill-fated ship dashed upon the dread Goodwins ; we have seen the noble fellows of Deal plunge their boats through the boiling surf, and dash out amid the wildest fury of the tempest ; we have seen all this ; we have seen from afar despairing crews succoured by their brave deliverers ; and we ask the reader to follow us in a brief sketch of such a scene :—

The time is night ; a wild winter's night ; we are standing on the shingly beach of Deal. Behind us extends a long dark mass, here and there enlivened by a sparkling light ; it is the line of

ments which extends along the sea-shore. The wind is blowing right in from the sea; a furious shrieking gale; listen to it; screaming round roofs and chimneys; swinging projecting signs, with a dull wheezy creak; rustling and swaying wildly the topmost branches of the groaning bending trees. A fearful night it is in the channel. Hark again to that long-drawn whistle almost as sharp and deafening as the shriek of escaping steam. It is the gust driving through the half-struck rigging of the beached boat, under whose lee we are crouching. How it sings in the blocks, and seizes the untied ends of ropes, and blows them out as straight as wires. You can feel the stout staves of the lugger tremble upon the shingle as the full fury of the squall falls like a driving sheet of iron upon its broadside. But these sounds are only fitfully heard; one continuous roar, dull, heavy, yet ever and anon waxing awful in its deep diapason power, and again occasionally broken, by a rattling *shaleing* noise, makes up the prevailing music of the storm. It is the thunder of the surf; now for a moment it waxes comparatively faint; and you hear the sound as it were wandering along the beach, as the long extending ridges of foaming water dash their bursting forms on shore, running, so to speak, along the line of coast, clothing it all with a dread barrier of frothing, tumbling water. The lull endures but for a moment; the ocean is gathering strength for another onset; you almost feel it coming; and then, crash! on rushes the mighty wave, towering and mounting, and curling as it approaches, and then pitching its whole weight of green and white water upon the beach, dashing up the sloping shingle in an avalanche of foam, white as creaming milk; swallowing the dull grey expanse of pebbles in its phosphorescent brightness; and then having exhausted its power and its volume, rushing back in a broad torrent down the beach, sweeping to sea tons of rattling, scraping shingle, to be thrown onward again by the succeeding wave.

Look forth,—ba! that was a gust, a fearful one. Is this rain? No, no. You feel it salt on your lips, smarting in your eyes; it is the spray caught up by the tempest, and dashed ashore in blinding showers. All is dark—dark; the broad belt of surf shines before you with a cold brightness, beyond it all is dim and troubled, but here and there you catch white blotches speckling the dark surface of the ocean. These are the combing waves curling and breaking in the Downs. And mark—you catch it at intervals, now tossed high, now disappearing in the sea—a light.

It is the Gull light ship, tossing and struggling in the tempest, but steady to her moorings, and guiding by her warning lantern, running ships through the principal passage in the sands.

And now breaks out the moon. Her light comes pale and fitfully through the jagged, torn edges of driving clouds. You see the seud flying rapidly athwart the sky—dim, grey, watery clouds—through the fast opening and closing fissures of which the moonlight comes half obscured down. It shows you the white frothing sea, the broad gleaming mass of foam which the rolling surf shoots over the beach, and the array of heavy boats, drawn up beyond its influence on shore. Looking seawardly, we distinguish the bursting crests of long ridges of waves, and far off, where the cloud on the horizon has lifted apparently an inch or two, you can observe the irregular, peaked, and jagged outline of the agitated sea.

A group of sturdy seafaring men, muffled up in pea-jackets, and with their glazed hats stuck firmly on their heads, are our companions; most of them have long night-glasses to their eyes, and leaning across the gunwales of the boats, their scrutiny of the ocean hardly ceases for a moment—their talk is little; in broken sentences, and confined to the noting of the shifting of the wind half a point, or an inquiry as to whether “that schooner, her that carried away both topmasts off the Foreland, had passed the Gull afore sunset.” Now and then a woman muffled in her shawl steals down from the town to exchange a word with her husband, or brother, or father, and to hope to God he will not go to sea to-night. And then the shrinking creature departs, and the watch is renewed. Our friends are Deal boatmen on the look-out.

And now the moon is obscured again. A heavy darkness settles down around; the gale which had lulled for a moment, bursts out again, and a tremendous sea pours its water up to the keel of the boat where we are stationed.

“Hillo, there goes! look out, mates!”

A general movement and exclamation, as, far to sea, what seems a tiny speck of light, suddenly glimmers forth, and then shoots rapidly into the air. A rocket!—watch again.—See, another! There is a ship in distress! An instant, and after a flash comes a smothered boom—there go her minute guns. Another signal yet. A bright-gleaming lurid light breaks forth, it shows a dark shapeless mass, tossing spars and riven sails and white foam around—out in a moment.

“A brig on the Knock—that last sea went over him and put out his blue light—now, then, my lads look alive!”

It is the captain of the boat who speaks. The instant which the portfire burned had enabled him to ascertain—bearings, distances,—all he wanted. In two hours, at most, he will be alongside.

All is bustle—people pour down as if by magic from the town—the wives of the boatmen are all tremblingly on the beach, bringing huge oil-cloth wrappers and well-greased sea boots. A dozen sailors are in the boat making all snug. A rag of a fore-sail and spanker, both close-reefed, are hoisted; the furious wind strains and flaps the heavy wet canvass as though it were ladies' curl-paper; the blocks rattle and the greased ropes cheep creakingly. A group has collected round the boat, rollers are beneath her keel; her crew six or eight stout fellows, all oilskin and boots, are on board; the skipper already mechanically grasping the tiller with one hand, and, with the other arm twined round the staying of the mizenmast, steadying himself, as he anxiously watches the proper moment for the grand push across the surf. An old seaman stands beside him, and they talk almost as much by signs as by words to a third “ancient mariner,” close by on the beach.

Twice have the captain's lips moved to give the decisive order, and twice has he paused. At length he sees his game. A huge sea has broken; half floating the boat, and scattering the group which stood beside it. The back water rushes into the sea, and there is a momentary lull.

“Now then my hearties, clap on, out with her!” The words come on the ear like pistol shots. There is a shout, and in a moment the warp of a kedge anchor, lying far beyond the surf, is seized by the crew. The boatmen on shore clap shoulder manfully to the starting boat. A steady drag on the warp, and she moves along her rollers—a moment, and she is fairly in the water. “Now, my men, haul!—through the surf with her while the lull holds.” The black mass heaves and pitches in the tumbling spray—on—on, out to sea! Heavens! look there;—a curling sea bursts in thunder; the heavy boat is tossed landward like a feather; a cloud of sparkling spray is over her; the sea rushes and tumbles like a cataract! Is she ashore? Not a bit of it. The surge roars up the beach. She is beyond it. Ha! again and again she has to buffet with a meeting sea, plunging head-down into them, and then rising all buoyantly, shaking her feathers, the crew baling

cheerfully, the sails already dripping, but bellying and struggling as though they would tear the stout masts up by the step. Hurrah! fairly beyond the surf, and tearing madly along, close to the wind; not a gull, not a duck rides the sea more lightly; shooting three-fourths of her keel out of the sea, plunging into it with a roaring leap as though she flew to her yawning grave; in an instant again, feather-like, skimming the crest of the next surge, avoiding its fury by a dexterous twist of the tiller; the crew clinging sternly to the weather-rigging; the steersman, with compressed lips and firm resolute eyes, cool and fearless as though in his own distant home ashore, glancing warily from the struggling canvass to the run of the fast-following seas:—so does the gallant Deal lugger work her wild way, threading the mazes of the dangerous shoals, glancing by fields of foam which would engulph her in a moment, coolly calculating her distances and bearings, and fearlessly approaching the stranded ship.

We need not fully follow up the narrative of scenes which every winter sees enacted among the Goodwins; suffice it to say, that, in many instances, after braving a sea which—we speak advisedly—not a seaman of any nation but our own would dare to face, after working their way through the terrible channels of the Goodwins, our Deal boatmen dash alongside the yielding ship, shelter themselves as much as possible under her lee, drag the despairing passengers and crew through the foaming water to their own plunging, dancing boat, and bear them off safely and triumphantly ashore.

And the records of such exploits, as left in our national official accounts of rewards and payments for national services, are such items as we have already quoted.

For idle court ceremony we disburse hundreds; for life freely perilled and dauntlessly saved we give units. A man dresses himself like a jack-pudding, enacts the part of a solemn puppet in a raree-show—is Gold Stick, or Silver Stick, or stick of some sort or other—and for the mighty national service he receives hundreds of pounds!

Another leaves his home, his family, the safe dry ground, for a stormy sea, on a stormy night—braving the most fearful sands and surf known to mariners—and saving the lives of helpless drowning men at the imminent risk of his own, and lo! the national purse-strings are untied, and one golden sovereign dealt bountifully out to him!

In each of the five boats above cited there was a crew of probably eight men, say that the sailors of the *Shepherdess*—we do not know her tonnage—numbered a dozen, this would make in all fifty-two lives adventured and saved. Government straightway comes forward with the munificent amount of fifty-three pounds!

It costs the country £439 to put a silly gewgaw on Louis-Philippe's leg. Never mind; we economise in another item of expenditure. We owe all to our brave sailors, and we reckon their lives as worth just one pound a piece.

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## A PARABLE.

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THE untoward circumstances of the poor man's life were very wretched. When he rose early from his bed, it was to spend hours of weary, unelevating, ill-requited toil. His meals were unsavoury, and barely sufficient to support the exertion he was forced to undergo. He returned at night to a bleak, miserable hut, where a scanty fire rather tantalised him with its glimmering than warmed him with its heat. The wind, with cheerless sound, shook his broken windows. Yet did the poor man not seek the ale-house parlour, with its crackling hearth and its loose companions, but remained in his dreary home, as though it had been a paradise, and the thought of returning to it cheered him through the hours of labour. What was the charm of this lonely—yes, it *was* lonely—and miserable dwelling?

A friend of the poor man had given him a talisman, made by a great magician, and this talisman gives the answer to our question. Truly a wondrous talisman, that could be set in force every evening. By its virtue, the dilapidated room assumed all sorts of beautiful forms. Sometimes it would change to a princely hall, and the holes in the walls would enlarge, and arch themselves into Gothic windows, through which the light cast gorgeous colours upon the mosaic floor. Then this would vanish, and the poor man would find himself in a fine country, through which streams flowed sparkling in the sun, while his view was bounded by tall hills, verdant with grass, and distinctly marked with wild flowers; or melting away, pale with distance, into the clear blue of the sky. Nor was the virtue of the talisman confined to exhibi-



tions that might be found in actual life. Now the owner of it would seem to sink below the surface of the sea, where sea-nymphs would exhibit their wondrous treasures ; now he would penetrate into the bowels of the mountain, and perceive the gnomes at their fantastic labours ; now the hand of Time would for him be turned back, and he would converse with the sages and warriors of antiquity ; and a song would swell upon his ears, such as might have been sung in old Hellas. What marvel was it that the poor man loved the dwelling in which such wonder and delight were revealed ?

Thinkest thou, reader, that what we have written is a phantasy—a short fairy tale ? Not at all : we have been narrating a fact of frequent occurrence. The talisman was a book—what is commonly called a “ book of fiction,” nothing more ; and the imagination of the poor man, when he read it, was so stimulated, that a number of gorgeous creations concealed the miseries of actual life.

Ye who inveigh against “ fiction,” think ye that the world is so beautiful to all its inhabitants that the imagination must be chained and tied down, lest it adorn and beautify it more ? Think you that the thing ye call “ fact ” is so holy that it ought to engross all the faculties of man, and that he may not dream of aught beyond ? Truly, it is but to a few that the real beauty of the world is revealed ; and even they speak of these revelations either in what you call “ fiction,” or they are philosophers, such as you style dreamers.

A large class are these dreamers. To feel that one has a power within that can free itself from the power without—to stretch the pinions of the soul, and to shake off the earthy dust that cleaves to them—to assert one’s right to be a denizen of a fair country, that the tyrant cannot encircle with walls, nor the bigot defile with hatred ;—this it is to be a dreamer.

We may mourn, now and then, that some of us are awake.

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## THE DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

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THE English mind is a strong digester. It has an amazing power of assimilating science to the national wants. It might have fed the national taste with an equal pabulum of art, had it been left to its own wholesome functions, and not been dosed with

the quackeries of aristocratic *Lady Bountifuls*, who regard the patient only as a plaything for their own nostrums. But this English mind, healthy as it is in the main, always requires a certain portion of cant by way of seasoning ; and the Drama, one, as it should appear, of its supernumerary and useless organs, is almost dead of this unwholesome spicing. The "Decline of the Drama" has been the text of every unwashed enemy of the English Grammar, who calls himself a critic on the strength of being allowed to notice the Thespian Saloon in the "Weekly Halfpenny Universal Gazette." With but few most honourable exceptions, of which the "Times" and the "Examiner" are among the principal, the Drama has indeed been treated by the Press rather as if it were defunct than declining, since it has been delivered over to criticism only fit to bury it. In France those who presume to sit in judgment on Dramatic Art make at least some study of their calling. They are venal to an extent of impudence that would hardly be credited among us ; they sell their advocacy for hard cash in its most undisguised shape, and proportion their praise by a very accurate tariff ; but they are not ignorant or incapable ; and as, by the success of merit, they are generally fee'd on the right side, they often write articles which may be read for information as for amusement. They have a value for their calling, if it be only in the price it fetches them ; and something even of reverence for an art upon which their parasitical existence depends. They may ill-treat individuals, but they never abuse the Drama, or help to murder it by declaring that it is expiring. They are not the gentlemen who "do" a great many odds and ends in the newspaper beside, and the public into the bargain.

The rewards of those who make the Drama have declined, and with them, in this land of money-valuation, the consideration of the makers. Other pursuits, other branches of literature itself, have proved more profitable, and above all have been exercised with what an author always covets most—with certainty and with independence. But let any one take up the list of those who have tried and succeeded in the Drama within the last quarter of a century ; let these men and their works be examined, from Sheil and Knowles to the last worthy aspirant, the unproclaimed author of "The Florentines" at Sadler's Wells. We say, the men, for many who have chosen this path for the display of their genius have been driven from it by the misrule of the stage ; and, having proved their fitness for this great art, have abandoned it in disgust, and brought their mature strength to bear upon other less ingrate-

ful pursuits. The barren misgovernment of the theatre has turned many of its highest ornaments into essayists and politicians, and its dearth of encouragement has driven out colonies to create periodicals which supply the place of the Drama in the popular mind; furnishing the very kind of instruction and delight which the Stage used to afford. But take the list of what has been done, in despite of wrong and of the warning of those who have experienced it, by those young in the art, who have just felt their way with a play or two, and have never been allowed to ripen into practised authors. Put that list, especially if we may add to it the works of such men as Knowles, who, acting up to the instinct of a dramatic nature, or bound by the habit of dramatic thought, could not abandon the calling for which they were designed: put that against the list of baby-babblings which the burlesque called Tragic Drama of the previous century will present. Take the number and the quality of the readable plays of the quarter of an age against those of the previous full hundred years. You will have to make one brilliant exception—Sheridan—in one peculiar style of artificial Comedy; but for the rest, the wit, wisdom, thought and eloquence, the delineation of human nature as a portrait, not as a caricature,—our discouraged candidates, are giants to rickety pigmies. Our unacted Drama, with its somewhat inflated pretensions, but very worthy ambition, would be most shamefully libelled were any kind of comparison instituted between it and the acted, praised, successful, well-paid Tragedies of the Hall Herts-sons, the “Countess of Salisburys,” and other monsters admired in the age gone by. These “unacted” do not always apply their strength ably to dramatic purposes, but they give evidence of it even in its misapplication. The muscle is in the arm, though the blow does not always fall in the right place. They are often misled, for instance, by the great power of single phrases in their predecessors,—gems set in all the brilliant display of great situations,—and they put their faith in the word without the act. But this is not the place to enlarge upon their errors. It is something that they can be consistently criticised; no such operation can be performed upon the great bulk of their predecessors.

Many of the higher intellects have been so soon driven from the production of Dramas as a calling, that they have felt no interest in answering detractors; and by a very natural spleen, some of the wickedest jeerers at “the Decline of the Drama” have been found among the abler dramatists themselves.

If then, while we declare that the Drama has not declined in its

highest branch—that of original authorship ; if we maintain that it has greatly and nobly advanced under discouragement, we are equally bound to declare that its position might and would have been much worthier but for its discouragements : the purpose of this paper is to show what these discouragements really are. We have said a word of the half effete, half blustering criticism,—a make-weight among other minor outlays, with the majority of our journals, as authorship itself was classed along with coals and such sundries by the management of Covent Garden theatre, when it explained its accounts to the committee of the House of Commons. Let us turn to the habits of the people.

We become daily more sensitive and effeminate. Our pleasures must come to us at home : we cannot endure the trouble, the exposure to change of atmosphere, which would be incurred in seeking them abroad. Our easy-chairs, our evening's quiet, the digestion of a late dinner, are matters of more concern. Shakespeare's plays were acted in his own age not at night, but in the afternoon : the mid-day repast never interfered with the half-holiday. Where are half-holidays now ? Business—the steam-engine rack of employment—the work that must be done to live, and the vanity that makes it an equal necessity that we should live like our richer neighbours—take the day for hard, unremitting toil, and force us to steal recreation from the night. Whoever reads a Continental Tour, from the note-book of a walking journey, to the history of a royal progress, that does not wonder at the happy leisure that runs through the story ? Our over-work has changed the class of our popular Dramas. The very weary need excitement. Those who have been long severely employed require mere humour—fun, as coarse as it may be ; but palpable, effective fun, exacting no thought to enjoy it. Such a taste, called forth by so strong a necessity, is an unconquerable enemy. Intellect may have its tens, but mere mirth will have its thousands. And this hard work has fallen hardest upon those who are, by long prescription, the best judges and patrons of the stage—the lawyers. Their profession is among the most toilsome, and the eminent among them almost always add the ambition of further occupation by a seat in Parliament. They do their law-expounding by day and their law-making by night ; reminding one of Mrs. Gamp, who does not wear out the whole twenty-four hours in one place, but refreshes herself by adjourning from a day job to a night one. It is almost a just retribution that they should be the foremost

victims of their own system ; for the lateness of parliamentary hours, occasioned principally to suit their opportunities, has certainly been the means of cursing the community at large with an unwholesome plague. As to its effect on the Drama, it is that, though the Stage may have occasional audiences for great occasions, it utterly prevents our being a dramatic people.

The taste for novels and romances, which, from Sir Walter Scott's time to these days of Dickens, has been counted among the antagonists of the Stage, has, in reality, been rather created by home habits which our hours, occupations, and variable conditions impose upon us, than creative of them. And the way in which theatres have exhibited disjointed scraps, rather than entire portions of such works, and competed with each other in producing *tableaux vivans*, selected from works whose real power is in the sentiments ; the audiences which have been constantly drawn to this very lowest class of exhibitions—this Plumptre perversion of the uses of the Stage—show that the direction of the Drama has been a weaker thing, clinging for support to whatever has no vitality, however it must force its own growth to catch at its prey. The "Christmas Carol," "The Climes," "The Caudle Lecture" are wrenched and wrested from their original purpose, and are to be applied to uses for which they are utterly unfit. The spirit is alive whose spirit breathes in these works, and who clothe it directly in the dramatic form ; but directors of the British Stage consider it cheaper to steal what is shapeless, and to wear it out unfashionably, than to pay for what is just and appropriate. They love penny speculations and cheap makeshifts ; and if they had to build St. Peter's, would try hard to do it with old cane and wicker-work.

Again, the Drama has to contend with the aristocratic, exclusive spirit. The theatres were, till lately, afflicted with a monopoly management, conducted by this class. This *dilettanti* model has done mischief which it will require years of exertion to repair. Arts are perhaps in one sense the handmaidens of pleasure, and they are so far the subjects of caprice ; but if these will be but toys when complete, they demand serious application and well-educated skill in the workmanship. Their fitting fashioning cannot be done by whim and guess-work, or even the poorest baubles will fail of their humble purpose. And besides these amateur masters are for making all their efforts in the shape of worthless playthings ; they come into the trade with the

absolute contempt for it, and they take excellent care, as far as they are concerned, that it shall deserve nothing better. The great Shakspearean commonwealth could not have existed under the right honourable and honourable committee of Drury Lane, although this latter illustrious body might have called in all the extraneous attractions of a saloon to add to its emoluments ; or under the more commercial proprietary of Covent Garden, with all its riches of nautical and legal knowledge. And accordingly, when the Drama is freed, it leaves of itself these privileged resorts, and repairs in preference, as the deserted *dilettanti* pathetically complain, "to the Eagle Tavern and the Yorkshire Stingo." This emigration the hapless committee complain of as the work of a cruel and unthinking parliament, forgetting the treatment they have been subjecting their slaves to at home, and the natural desire of escape even to any banishment.

If we wanted a proof of the exclusive spirit in amusements, we should point to the private concerts. The great artists who travel through civilised Europe as vocalists, look to the public for their fame and their support everywhere but in England. Here they are not merely confined to the most exclusive theatre, but even this is not limited enough. Their airs, duets, and trios composed, studied for dramatic effect, are taken out of their places and transplanted to the drawing-room, to serve as excuse for assembling, a cover for conversation, or an apology for the want of it. Even the Italian lyric Drama is neither relished nor understood. Something lighter and more congenial is resorted to. The ballet is the real attraction of Her Majesty's Theatre ; and when the nobility of England wish to compliment the director who caters for their own peculiar and chosen stage, they present him with a piece of plate, commemorating in its group the immense achievement of inducing four ladies to dance in one *pas*. This great feat of diplomacy is the climax of British theatrical management for the year 1845.

The love of music is but an affectation in this class of patrons. If this were doubted, let the sceptic be referred to the Royal Academy of Music, which they patronise and affect to conduct,—a place where a pupil of genius may possibly educate himself, but where the teaching, especially of the art of vocalisation, is an utter and ridiculous pretence. Whatever the Drama may have done, there has been some decline at least, since the Elizabethan age, in the race that stands in the shoes of the Southamptons.



When we reflect upon such causes of what we are told to call "the Decline of the Drama," it is almost with pity rather than reproach, that, passing over a few concurrent adversaries, we come to those who, naturally placed as servants in the Temple, have usurped its high-priesthood. The actors, like all other Jew and Paria castes, being denied rights, have very naturally taken to wrongs for compensation. Absurdly mismanaged, tyrannously governed, and impudently cheated by every adventurer who could make himself agreeable or serviceable to the lords and gentlemen who had purchased the sole right of employing actors, it is no wonder that they should set up quite exclusively on their own account, and regard their own living before the interests of the art of which they are an inferior portion. As there was no choice between being the master or the slave of Mr. A. or Mr. B., the lessee for the time being of the monopoly of performance, where they could have the option, it is easy to hit upon the preference. To make themselves independent, they did not want plays but parts. To take great pains to make themselves portions of a great combined effect, was an evident absurdity, when the manager himself had most likely an utter disdain of the greater artist who could build up such a framework. When the director of a national theatre could seriously propose as an attraction, that a public favourite "would make a great fool of himself" by attempting to sing a song, and draw upon the ridicule, to which the actor would blindly expose himself to assist his treasury, the power of individual effects as opposed to artistic arrangements, may be fairly considered to have reached its point of absurdity. The author might be almost dispensed with. If he could hit upon a new monstrosity that would make the actor he condescended to measure, and who much more truly condescended to be fitted by him, the lion of the night, and would take care that every creature that might be brought into contact or comparison with that lion, should "roar as gently as any sucking dove," he might, in a dearth of foreign material, be tolerated. But foreign material, the French especially, would be infinitely preferable. It had but one disadvantage—that everybody was snatching at it together—and that therefore it got damaged by being hastily and inconsiderately handled. Actors have lamented such irreverence to *their* Drama—they thought it a pity that each theatre should not be confined to its class of plunder, so that the French pieces should not be hurried out and produced imperfectly, in the agonising fear of being forestalled. In all else, how superior!

The effects had all been tried, and more than that ; if he could find time and money to go to Paris, or the original should visit the French theatre here, the actor might be quite sure how those effects were produced. Second-hand Bouffes, and Lemaîtres were more easily made than Keans and Kembles. Out of the French *répertoire* fame might be filched ready-made. The actor himself, with a decent dictionary, could produce his own piece, or a pound or two would buy a literal translation ; and the approving manager, secure in the popularity of the original, ventured at once, and, generally speaking, realised something under his expenses, paid the principal actor while he could, and let the others fare as they might. This was the system,—the approved and often-tried system. There was but one relief from the course of plagiarism and bankruptcy, which it required sense to see and courage to grasp ; and these qualities were not at hand. There was a constant cowardly choice of insolvency, sure to come, but held off as long as the patience of creditors would permit.

Now this has really caused the utter decline of the inferior part of the dramatic art—the province of acting. What is more : this branch of the family will never revive but in conjunction with its elder brother, and under his command. The present race of actors, deploring the degeneracy of the times, and most impudently fixing that degeneracy everywhere except on themselves, these artists, deteriorated in all respects except in the pay they receive, may pocket their pelf very comfortably, especially if they can contrive to persuade the public that the “ Decline of the Drama ” is not with them. It is not imputed to them as a fault, that there is scarcely an exception from the utter deficiency of genius. They are not answerable for not producing the tenderness and fire of a Kean ; the imagination and majesty of a Kemble ; the pathos of an O'Neill ; the union of all these in a Siddons ; the humour of a Liston or a Munden, a Bannister, or a Fawcett ; but what they are accountable for is the diligence, the patience, the work, the artist-like humility and teachableness of their calling. With the exception only of Rachel, where is the genius on the French stage ? It is absurd to attribute this quality to Bouffe, whose powers are essentially those of observation, ordinary passion, strict imitation, and are not allied to any creative or poetical faculty. Lemaître, deficient in taste, has more of self-evolved power ; and Samson and Arnal are humourists of a higher class. But all,—Lafont and Ravel, Mademoiselle Plessy and Beauvallet,—the entire list of every theatre placarded in Paris, know what is their work, and to the utmost of

their ability reverently do it. They are happy in being the expounders of their authors: they do not affect to be their tutors. Still less do they exact the sacrifice of general effect to particular popularities. Nor would a French public permit them to refuse their assistance where it might be valuable, or to slight their task when once undertaken. For their text they have a veneration. The custom of being followed audibly, word by word, by the prompter, would alone force them to this act of decency. The author's work is the subject they have to illustrate, not to alter hap-hazard. They have no substitutors of extemporaneous nonsense for premeditated plan among them. They have too much regard for their own elocution to disfigure it by the stammerings of imperfect memory. And they even have time to accomplish their task, because they draw upon resources not likely to be cut off; they trust the invention, not the transcription of their authors. Industry, reverence for their calling, and a place under a management that encourages such qualities, give this value to the efforts of French actors. They are not alone. Had we only witnessed Staudigl among the Germans, with his honest enthusiasm, with his power of fixing attention on his strong individualisation, of remaining strictly in his place in the picture, yet always employing the eye of the spectator by his intense reality; we should know that the German Stage has all the industry of art as well as its higher qualities.

The actor's study exalts itself exactly in proportion as it aims at the thorough appreciation of his author—as it seeks to know his will and resigns itself to it. It is easy to prove this from two examples, the highest in their kind within our memory: the *Macbeth* of Kemble and the *Othello* of Kean. These were masterpieces, the examination of which would teach other artists the process of their art.

In both cases, of course, the text was so perfectly habitual to the speakers as to be an utterly unconscious exercise of the memory; of course, the greater task of imagining the passions which call forth the language was so entirely accomplished that the words had become the expression and relief of the feelings, rather than a form of eloquence to be used instead of them. But—a higher effort still—each actor had thoroughly imbued himself with the individual character, the habit of thought and feeling, the nature and education of the man. Each had the advantage of congenial organisation, which enabled him to achieve this greatest triumph—the full apprehension of his author, by a sympathy with his creation. Thus, above all else, the outline and de-

sign, the subject of the composition, were there. It was anything but reading with mere verbal accuracy, and finding the trivialities which might or might not be equally natural to all under the circumstances of the scene. There was no literal, no stagey commonplace, to stop the main current of feeling by such bare reminiscences of mere nature as serve only to remind that all the rest is false. The conception and execution were those of high art. And the means by which this was accomplished was by the actor's "plucking out the heart of the mystery;" investing himself, his tones, and gesture, inspiring himself with the living soul and affections of the character, drawing it, at the author's suggestion indeed, but renewing the vision as the author had first pictured it, before he put it forth in words. Thus, to the absorption of all other qualities, Kemble's *Macbeth* was imaginative and heroic; the germ of the subject, the possessed man, to whom "nothing is but what is not," daring all physical terrors, and afraid only of the might of his own fancies, was the portrait constantly and consistently presented. The face, the figure, even the peculiar voice, were fine exponents, but the great idea shone through them all and gave them their value. This stamped *the Macbeth* upon the mind of the spectator, which he would never wish to have obliterated or disturbed. As peculiar and as great was Kean's *Othello*. The unostentatious habit of command, the self-possession, ease, and grace of one accustomed to be obeyed; the unaffected simplicity of the great warrior, which had an affinity with our notions of Napoleon; the effortless sternness of his interposition in contentions, showed as in a glass the education and habits of *Othello*. His affections were still more beautifully depicted. His trust in Iago, his friendship for Cassio, were so true and unassumed; his love for Desdemona was so engrossing, so full of enthusiasm, so devoted. Then his sensitiveness, so opposed to irritability, that it made his wrath the expression of his torture not of his will, kept the generosity of his jealousy and the sacrificial heroism of his revenge, which are the very essences that distinguish the Moor from all other jealous and revengeful beings;—these made his *Othello* Shakspeare's. It would be impossible to show how, by any other means than this perfect study, this self-absorbing sympathy with the poet, such results could be achieved. This is the actor's path, if he is to render any assistance in stopping or reversing the "Decline of the Drama." It is right to warn him which is the way. It is by this skill that such an actress as Siddons pierced through the veil of Rowe's language, and arrived at the

original idea of his heroines ; not going, as some have supposed, beyond his conceptions, but understanding and realising them with a more powerful and natural execution. This is the task for the ambition of actors : to despise it is only to fall short of it.

These observations would, in ordinary times, be perhaps a mere waste of words ; but if the Drama be worth preserving in the country which is so honoured by what it has produced in this art ; if we are alive to the appreciation we have hardly and lately won in Europe for our greatest masters ; then we may remember that the fate of this art is in its very crisis, and we may be pardoned for seeking to bring that crisis to a happy issue. The old monopoly of sheer incompetency is cast down. We must not despair if it should take years to restore what that has destroyed. We have almost to create true taste anew. Look to the past, and we shall find the stage itself honoured, when a Shakspeare, a Molière, a Voltaire, were its masters. Actors may illustrate what is past ; but if the Drama—that is, the story of the feelings of the age put in that vivid form—be to be perpetuated, that must be done by the creative faculty of the author. It is the architect who must furnish the plan. The mason, and even the sculptor, must follow it. The government may lend no aid, the public may take no interest, the Stage may have closed its glories among us. So let it be. But do not let those taunt authors with the “Decline of the Drama,” where it is not, whose own faults and negligences show plainly enough where it is.

## SONNET.

WHEN on the quiet of my lonely hours,  
 Some softly whispering inspiration steals ;  
 Am I less blest than he whose spirit feels  
 The deepest movings of the Muse's powers ?  
 Nay. For the sunlight that gilds up the towers  
 Of princes—in the sheltered lane reveals  
 The beauty of the primrose,—and unseals  
 Phials of fragrance in the violet's bowers.  
 For Poetry can glad, illumine, sustain,  
 And dignify the humblest heart she sways :  
 And though the world the trifles may disdain,  
 Still dear unto the Poet are his lays.  
 And whoso seeketh shall not seek in vain,  
 For joys abundant in her pleasant ways.

H. F. L.



## THE EGOTISM OF ARISTOCRACY.

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IN all old plays—turning upon the fate of empires, and the rise and fall of monarchs—glittering with the gorgeousness of courts, and thrones and sceptres—taking no heed but of royal griefs and joys—imperial in all their changing features and fortunes—in such plays you will, in almost every page, come upon the stage direction, “Flourish of trumpets.—Enter (or exit) the king.” And we have heard the flourish as well as read it. Who has not listened to the time-honoured fanfaronnade; the clang of ringing brazen horns, which, just as the prompter’s whistle is silent, and the new scene—the canvass battlements, or the pasteboard Gothic hall, unfolds its scenic glories to the audience,—resounds from the orchestra, the warning note that the monarch, the hero of the play, or the monarch’s wife, the heroine, with all his or her courtiers, and pages, and waiting ladies, gold sticks and silver sticks, and sticks of all descriptions, are about to defile majestically upon the stage, a blaze of crowns, and stars, and spangles!

Well do we recollect our boyish notion of the dignity of kings; our persuasion, gleaned probably from the stage custom that monarchs, princes, and emperors, never moved from one room to another in their glorious palaces—never sat down on their thrones, or indeed, for all we knew, their easy chairs, without a ringing trumpet blast, proclaiming the mighty fact to a listening world. Ordinary men, of course, might come into the world, do great things in it, nobly and heroically leave it better than they found it; but there was no trumpet blown for them. They might suffer or achieve in silence; but a king—Lord help us—it would be unpardonable were he to be allowed to pass from his dining-room to his drawing-room, or his drawing-room to his bed-room, without musical honours to record the exploit.

And we were not so far wrong after all in our notions of the manners and customs of kings. The trumpet is still blown in mock courts; but loud as may be its brazen voice, it is but a whisper to the trumpet which is day by day sounded in real ones. The veritable old tube might ring through corridor and hall, and room of state, prating of royal whereabouts from fosse to battle-



ment of kingly castle ; but now there is blown an instrument which scatters over cities and kingdoms the vast news with which it is charged ; which flings its echoes into far-off lands ; which crosses mountains and oceans, and makes the civilised world musical with its tale.

The Court Circular is the trumpet, and the press is the trumpeter.

The news which the instructed ear might gather from the horn's tantarara is now to be gleaned from the courtly missive scattered so profusely over the land. The great fact of a monarch having walked in a garden, or a prince having mounted a horse, is now chronicled in black and white ; certainly an improvement over the more vague announcement which music could make of the mighty occurrence ; and as the message is more sure of being rightly interpreted, so it is of being more widely diffused. The trumpet was once very puissant. Its echoes rung far. The press is more puissant still ; its influence extends further. Pity that the press should take to itself the mission of the trumpet.

Now, in the name of common sense, what has the great world to do with how royalty eats its dinner, or adjusts its night-cap ? Kings and queens are no doubt great people, but they are not so mighty and so sacred ; not such extraordinary rarities, that we must know as important pieces of intelligence, whether they walk before luncheon or ride after dinner. But it seems they do not think so. The days when they did great things are gone by—they do not attempt to immortalise themselves now-a-days by despoiling their subjects or converting personal piques with each other into national wars. The ages when they did and could do all this have passed away ; the greatest of their doings now-a-days is to migrate from one palace to another—to preside one day at a concert—to dance another at a ball. But still all the fussy importance, nay, much more than the fussy importance of the days when their motions were really of importance, is to be kept up. Once upon a time, the progress of a monarch was a very interesting matter to many of his dutiful subjects. It might involve considerations connected, for example, with Jewish teeth. A Court Circular in the time of Richard the Second would have been of some advantage to the Israelites, as it might have afforded them valuable hints when to get out of the way. But now, really Isaac of York, did he live, would not have the slightest cause to dread a royal progress through the northern portions of the

monarch's dominions. Court Circulars then not having been published when they would have been useful, are by that peculiar sense of the fitness of things which generally characterises a court, immediately set on foot when they tell nothing that the world cares to know.

The hour at which royalty rose, the time at which royalty walked, the precise moment when royalty dined, the room in which the awful event took place, the pieces of music which celebrated the occasion, the names of the great who had the honour of eating French dishes and drinking Rhenish wine with royalty ; do our masses wish to know aught of these ? Are such the items of information which we can look complacently upon among intimations of the rise of new, or the fall of old kingdoms ; the changes of government, the great social shiftings of the world ?

We are perhaps in error. It is possible that though the royal bill of fare might be passed unread, the bill of the company might be glanced at. Royalty no doubt would think it a great honour conferred upon literary and scientific men, were they admitted to the august table. In this we humbly differ from royalty ; but at the same time we could understand, and we could appreciate that, with such feelings, there would be grace and propriety in distinguished men being bid to palace dinners. But even if no honour was thereby conferred upon them, there would at least be the will to make up for the deed. But do names deathless in the history of our literature, our arts, and our science, ever flourish in Court Circulars ? Do poets and romancists, engineers and chemists, historians and dramatists, actors or artists, jostle with dukes and earls, and viscounts and baronets ? Wade through the Court Circular for months, and you will find that the only recognised title to *quasi* distinction is that born with a man, not won by him ; that the "illustrious circle" is made up of English aristocrats, some with broad acres and narrow minds, and German princes with names and titles, which fill up paragraphs of hard words, and kingdoms, and principalities, about as big as so many Hyde-parks. The only historian which the court favours, is the modern Herodotus who records its doings. But even he may be penning lessons he wits not of. "History," said an eloquent man, "is philosophy teaching by example." Heaven knows that we have many an example of the folly of keeping up courts, in the history of their doings. Perhaps one day the lesson will be learned, and when learned acted upon ?

But royalty is not the only monster egotist of the day. Beneath the Court Circular in our newspapers are to be found a great many West-end circulars—emanating from divers subject-held courts in May-fair and other similarly favoured regions. Each of our aristocrats blows a mimic trumpet. True—we have not reached the acme of degradation, in having the intelligence crammed down our throats, that the Duke of Sillyton walked yesterday in Kensington-gardens, or that the Marchioness of Humdrumderry took an airing in an open barouche and four. The actual detail of the every-day movements of the aristocracy is not yet foisted upon us through the newspapers ; but do they step a moment aside of their beaten track of life—do they give a fête—a ball—a rout—a dinner—a *matinée musicale* or a *soirée dansante* (the fashionable rather than the French for a morning concert, and an evening dancing party) ; do any of these events take place ?—some minor Court Circular man—some butler's pantry historian—rushes into print, that not a crumb of the mighty intelligence may be lost to the open-mouthed world, which must of course be so eager to devour it. The Court Circular is the grand leviathan of West-end literature : the fashionable paragraph, the lighter, the more occasional contribution to the valuable library.

Dinners and balls in fashionable squares and streets, are no doubt deemed by their givers matters as important for the world to have right information upon, as are the ordinary parties at the palace. It is obvious that in the event of a “marriage in high life,” a description of the *trousseau* of the “lovely and accomplished bride” (it being the peculiarity of all women in high life to be lovely and accomplished, at least by their own historians' accounts) must be duly published for the edification of both hemispheres. Who so dull and low-lived as to be uninterested in the grand point, of whether a haughty dame wore diamonds in her hair, or ostrich feathers—rustled in satins, or bestowed additional attraction upon point-lace ? Must we not know what plate stood upon the table ; in which chamber of state, the blue or the yellow, the banquet was served ? Again, in our recollections of the theatre, does it not give new piquancy to the wit we still feel sparkling in the atmosphere, when we find, from the next morning's paper, that three dukes and an earl shared it with us over-night ? It is a great privilege to hear Shakspeare—but to hear Shakspeare in such company—is it not overpowering ? And think of the dramatist too. When he elaborated his scenes ; when, happy and triumphant, he poured forth page after page of wit and wis-

dom ; revelling in his mental treasures, glorious in his pride of power ; in such moments would it not have made his cup of intellectual enjoyment quite run over, had he anticipated the possibility of earls and dukes the porcelain of this world's clay—actually listening, it may be applauding, his thoughts, and taking good care to tell the world next morning of their condescension ? Happy dramatist ! meek, humble lord ! Sometimes, too, we cross the channel ; we voyage in steamers ; we enjoy the trip ; oh how much more we should have delighted in it, had we known at the moment what in a few days the newspaper will apprise us of, that “on Tuesday last Lord Verisopht with suite sailed from Dover *en route* for Paris and Vienna.” We do not know our own blessings time enough, fully to revel in their intensity. Why may not this be reformed ? Instead of the world being told, after the event, that the Marquess of Muttonhead on such an evening visited the Haymarket, or that Lord Verisopht on such a morning embarked in the Undine ; why might not the audience in the one case—the passengers in the other—be immediately informed of the arrival of the great men, so that they might not only have the pleasure of the play or the trip, but the far higher one—of enjoying it along with earls and lords ? We suggest, then, that an official might be appointed, connected with the theatre or the passage-boat, to announce in trumpet tones to all whom it may concern, that his lordship has just ascended to his private box, or descended to his private cabin. What a blessing this would be to poor plebeians !

We often hear of a vulgar love of notoriety. If notoriety be vulgar, the aristocracy are the greatest lovers of vulgarity of our whole population. Nobody more fond than they of rushing into print. Sometimes we have books of tolerable grammar and unexceptionable spelling emanating from lords and ladies, who think that rank is quite a sufficient qualification for authorship, and that the world will be but too happy to read their notions of foreign lands and strange people. But it is to the columns of the newspaper, rather than to the pages of the book, that our aristocracy betake themselves for the purpose of publishing their names, their ranks, their wealth, their generosity, before the eyes of the vulgar. They are very excellent masters of the art of puffing. Few advertising tradesmen know better how the paragraph is to be turned. It is often amusing enough to compare the announcements of the peer and the shopkeeper ; the great difference being that the latter puffs his wares,—the former, himself.

In the next column to the "alarming sacrifice" of the tradesman we find the still more alarming sacrifice of the peer.

"We understand that Lord Thomas Noddy has, with his usual generosity, returned 25 per cent. of the rents of his numerous tenantry. Would that his lordship's example were generally followed!"

Now, a great many innocent souls read this and similar advertisements of landlord generosity, without the slightest idea that the returned 25 per cent. means the 25 per cent. which it was found utterly impracticable to screw out of an impoverished, rack-rented tenantry. The "tremendous sacrifice" of Lord Tom Noddy and Lord Tom Noddy's tailor mean precisely the same thing. But anything for an opportunity of pushing themselves before the public, vaunting their generosity as tailors and lords!

We read every now and then of some unlucky wight being marched off to prison for cutting his name upon a seat in the park; or scribbling it in pencil upon some equally sacred *local*. We should like to hear of some punishment for the similar offence of obtruding one's name into newspapers, where it has no more business to be than upon the arm of a garden seat in Hyde Park, or the frame of a picture in the National Gallery. The aspirant who hopes to cut his way into fame upon wood is pulled up, not so much for the sake of the actual damage which the initials of his name inflicts upon the tree or the railing he may have chosen to practise upon, as for the offence of hacking out a memorial of himself, where no memorial ought to appear. The same thing holds good of our self-puffing aristocracy. Let them advertise themselves openly, good and well. Let them fairly take their places with quack doctors, pills, and cheap bedding; but let them not smuggle their names and their doings into those parts of newspapers devoted to the reception of what is worth knowing, under the pains and penalties felt by the vulgar hackers of wood, and scribblers on wainscot. Let them learn a reasonable amount of modesty. The really great men of the age—the thinkers and the doers—blazon not their domestic enjoyments, their goings and comings, to the world; why then should the falsely and the conventionally great do so? Our newspapers, we have been told, are the mirrors of our age. We accept the metaphor; and we add to it, that the puffing aristocracy are the vulgar ambitious who make use of their wealth bought diamonds to scratch their names on the all-reflecting mirror; degrading themselves while they disfigure the glass!

A. B. R.

## A HISTORY FOR YOUNG ENGLAND.\*

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What a pitie is it to see a proper gentleman to have such a crick in his neck that he cannot look backward. Yet no better is he who cannot see behind him the actions which long since were performed. History maketh a young man to be old, without either wrinkles or grey hairs; privileging him with the experience of age, without either the infirmities or inconveniences thereof. Yea, it not onely maketh things past, present; but inableth one to make a rationall conjecture of things to come. For this world affordeth no new accidents, but in the same sense wherein we call it a *new moon*; which is the old one in another shape, and yet no other than what had been formerly. Old actions return again, furbished over with some new and different circumstances.—FULLER.

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### CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

#### HENRY THE SECOND AND THOMAS à BECKET.

1154—1170. What Fortune failed to accomplish for the daughter of Henry the First, had been largely lavished on her son. Henry Plantagenet was already the powerful sovereign of extensive territories, when Stephen's death bequeathed him the sovereignty of England. From his father, Touraine and Anjou had descended to him; from his mother, Normandy and Maine; and by sudden marriage with Eleanor of Poitou (six weeks after her divorce from Louis the Seventh for alleged gallantries at Antioch during the last crusade), he became seised of the Duchy of Aquitaine, comprising the whole western coast of France from the mouth of the Loire to the foot of the Pyrenees. In his nineteenth year he knelt to Louis to do homage for the seven provinces of Poitou, Saintogne, Auvergne, Perigord, Limousin, Angoumois, and Guienne; and rose, a vassal more powerful than his lord. He was twenty-one when he rode with a splendid retinue of foreign barons into Winchester to receive homage for his last and greatest acquisition. Eleanor was crowned by his side on the 19th of December, 1154; and the largest concourse that had ever been assembled in the great abbey and little



straggling village of Westminster, welcomed with rapturous agreement the first English king of the great name of Plantagenet.

The young sovereign was not unfamiliar with the country he was called to govern. While his mother contested her birthright with Stephen, he had been placed in the household of his natural uncle, the great Earl of Gloucester; and here, in accordance with the prevailing custom, he was disciplined in the expert and valourous exercises of the age. He danced, rode, hawked, hunted, tilted, fought: his way to knighthood. His uncle's house was a perfect college of chivalry. From that earl's singular example, too, he acquired knowledge and taste in letters; and from the civil war in progress at the time, derived an early and salutary dread of such scenes of brutalising strife. It was noted as remarkable even in his boyhood that, though famous for his success in exploits of arms, he preferred the hunting to the tilting ground. To this it was added that, in spite of his Norman speech and short Anjou coat for which last he got the name of *Curt Mantle*), there was very plainly visible in his veins his mother's Saxon blood. He had the burly person and majestic strength of the Conqueror, but the light hair and ruddy laugh of the conquered. The romantic brilliancy of temperament, the gay wit, the daring spirit of adventure, the fitful and passionate despotism, which marked the great-grandson of William the Norman, were neighboured by the solid worth, the rough good fellowship, the broad frank humour, and the unheeding love of indulgence and of pleasure, which proclaimed the descendant of Egbert the Saxon. That which kept him the greatest of kings, and that which made him the most unhappy of men, were already visible in him. The first of his two illegitimate sons was born to him two years before his marriage. He was not seventeen when his intrigue with Rosamund de Clifford began (the fruitful theme of fictions that have survived till now); and he was not twenty when he received from Eleanor, his elder by at least ten years of tarnished fame, that bitter, thorn-planted dower, which waits so commonly on marriages of convenience and ambition.

In the first years of his English sovereignty, however, all went well. In the pageantries of the coronation Eleanor bore her part: she had the provençal taste for poetry and song, and took upon herself the direction of a rude dramatic festival. She stood by when the powerful barons swore fealty to her two infant boys, and no shadow from the fortunes of the children of her rival, let

fortunate if not more frail, could yet have fallen between her and her husband.

Henry's first act of state was to confirm to his Norman and Saxon subjects the rights and liberties guaranteed to them in the Charter of Henry the First. He then appointed his great officers; and with how strong a hand he meant to administer justice, was shown in his nomination of the Earl of Leicester for grand justiciary, with ample powers. Confidence was at the same time given to the towns and cities, now struggling into importance by the help of charters and fiscal exemptions carried against the barons, by the issue of a new coinage of standard weight and purity. But there remained a thing to do for the security of the commonwealth, from which the danger and difficulty might have warned off a stouter heart than Henry's. The manner in which he set about it proved his capacity to govern.

He called together a council of the great nobles. As I have before remarked, this council, under our early Norman kings, was only another form of the Saxon Witan. A greater misapprehension of our constitutional history cannot exist, than that which would suppose it but the rude commencement of our modern House of Lords. The idea of an hereditary House of Lords did not at this time exist in England. A barony consisted of so many knights' fees; in other words, of so many estates from which the services of a knight was due; and a baron claimed his summons, not as a lord (even the coronet was not worn till much later), but as a proprietor. The council, in a word, was distinctly representative. Its dignity was territorial, and resulted from the possession of fiefs of land. If these fiefs were forfeited, alienated, or lost, the dignity departed with them. The council assembled, Henry submitted to them an opinion which he had obtained from the most skillful lawyers of his kingdom, to the effect that the ancient demesnes of the crown were of so sacred and inalienable a nature, that no length of time or tenure could give a right of prescription against the claim of succeeding princes. His object was manifest. He had resolved to strengthen the throne, and re-establish its more direct communication with the people, by suppressing the petty tyrannies engendered in the late unnatural strife, and re-opening a way throughout the land for the equal current of justice. It was a proposition the reverse of welcome to many members of the council, but sanction could not be withheld from it. The people called the castles of these feudal tyrants, dens of thieves; and to purge and

cleanse the country of them, Henry's tenants and vassals had already crowded eagerly by thousands round his standard, in answer to his summons.

In this gallant, strenuous labour, the first few years of his reign were wisely passed. Eleven hundred forts and castles, which had for more than twenty years been the terror and bane of the defenceless population, by whose plunder their ferocious lords sustained themselves, he levelled to the ground. From the powerful Earl of Albemarle, who had reigned in Yorkshire as a sovereign, he wrested the castle of Scarborough ; and from Roger Earl of Hereford, he forced the surrender of the castle of Gloucester. Roger's father had received his earldom for services to Matilda ; his patent, the oldest which records for us the advantages then annexed to an earldom, had secured him with his title the castle and moat of Hereford, the services of three knights or barons and of their retainers, three manors from the royal demesnes, a forest, and a right to the third penny of the rents of the city, and the third penny of the sums arising from causes tried in the courts of the county ; and he had to some extent justified his great rewards by remaining true to Matilda to the last. But Henry admitted no exceptions to his policy on the ground of party claims. He dealt out to the partisans of his mother, and to those of Stephen, the same stern measure of equality. The potent and cruel Earl of Nottingham was driven from the kingdom ; Henry of Winchester (who crowned Matilda) not less wisely fled, leaving six strong castles to be razed to the ground ; after obstinate and prolonged resistance, he reduced in person Hugh de Mortimer's castles of Bridgnorth, Cleobury, and Wigmore ; and he forced Malcolm, the king of Scots, to resign possession of the three border counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, and to accept in their place the earldom of Huntingdon, in some sort justly claimed by these Scottish princes in right of a descent from Waltheof.

Great were the dangers and the toils undergone by Henry in the years resolutely given to this kingly work, and twice he owed his life to the devotion of his followers. Of these the most pre-eminent was a churchman, archdeacon of Canterbury, whom the Archbishop Theobald, a trusted old adherent of the Plantagenet family and Henry's first minister and adviser, had recommended to the young king's employment. The archdeaconry of Canterbury was then the richest dignity of the church, after the bishoprics and abbeys. And in that age of episcopal warriors, when the cope

and the coat of mail were worn alternately, and the hand which raised the crucifix on the day of festival wielded the sword in the day of battle, there had been no such daring or brilliant example of the church militant as Archdeacon Thomas à Becket.

He was the son of a Saxon trader, one of the principal of the London citizens. The idea of his low birth, and of the marvellous circumstances that attended it, which do not find place in the popular chronicles (John of Brompton first records them) till two centuries after his death, must be rejected from authentic history. A citizen of London in this reign ranked with a baron in importance ; and Becket's father was able to place him in his childhood under the care of the canons of Merton, and to continue the studies of his boyhood in the best schools of Oxford, of Paris, and of London. No contemptible places of study, if judged by their fruits in the reign to which we have arrived. The son of an obscure English monk now sat in the chair of St. Peter. John of Salisbury's classical accomplishments had obtained him European reputation. Peter of Blois wrote Greek. Latinity began to be so pure that a bishop could not risk his *oportuebat* without the reward of a loud laugh. And when Fitz Stephen says of the metropolitan scholars that they daily 'torquent enthymemata,' the good archdeacon will have us perceive that he has himself turned over the page of *Juvenal*. From these schools Becket had emerged, a lively and lettered youth ; and on his father's death was taken into the house of Archbishop Theobald. With this patronage he travelled abroad ; attended the best foreign lectures of civil and canon law ; and returned to take the place of the primate's most intimate adviser. He had obtained his archdeaconry, and was older than the king by sixteen years, when Theobald named him to Henry.

In the Saxon citizen's son, Plantagenet discovered a spirit closely akin to his own. His tastes, accomplishments, pursuits, and passions, were on the same scale of potency and grandeur. They laughed and feasted, studied, played, and hunted together ; they scaled together many a castle, and had fought their daring way into the keep by each other's side ; nor did any man marvel, or any expectant Norman baron venture to complain, when Becket was named to the Chancellorship of England before Henry had completed his second year of sovereignty. The Chancellor had no authority strictly judicial at this time, nor until a century later ; but he was keeper of the king's seal, signed all grants, had

guardianship of all vacant prelacies and baronies, took his seat in the council without summons, and was in continual attendance on the monarch. Becket had held the office but a few days, when he was also made tutor to the young prince, and received the wardenship of the Tower, the custody of the castle of Berkhamstead, and the honour of Eye with the services of a hundred and fifty knights.

The dignities so lavishly bestowed were taken with as large and free a hand. The house of the Chancellor rivalled in its careless splendour the palace of the sovereign; and men knew not which equipage was noblest, the favourite's or the king's. Knights enrolled themselves his vassals, and offered him spontaneous homage. He took precedence of all the lay barons, and kept open table for whomever pleasure or business attracted to the court. His secretary Fitz Stephen gives us the record of these glories of his master; and stops the mention of his gorgeous vessels of silver and gold, his costly viands, his rare and abundant wines, and his richly habited pages and servitors, to tell us that when the uninvited guests were too numerous to have places at the table, the Chancellor was careful, that they might not soil their dresses when they sate upon the floor, to have the floor daily covered with *fresh* hay or straw. When he travelled to Paris on the business of the state, his grandeur set men marvelling on what could be the grandeur of his master. As the Frenchmen saw, slowly passing, his trains of waggons and sumpter horses, each of the latter ridden by a monkey, while the groom remained behind upon his knees; his countless hounds, hawks, huntsmen, and falconers; his hundreds of richly armed knights and nobles, with their shield-bearing esquires, led chargers, and noble following of gentlemen's sons; himself appearing last, in easy converse with one or two chosen friends;—they could but exclaim in wonder to each other, 'What manner of man must the King of England be, when his Chancellor travels in such state!'

Henry cared little for such things himself, and, taking his chancellor by the ear, would affect to laugh at his finery; but in secret he enjoyed it all. For it was turned to other uses than of mere dazzling show. It played the part in Becket's statesmanship, which in his churchmanship self-denial and mortification played. Henry never had a more able secular minister. Whether as negotiator or warrior, abroad or at home, his power and his genius stand plainly forth in every incident of the first seven years of the reign. This is not the place for such details: but in repres-



sion of baronial tyrannies, and the restoration of internal tranquillity ; in the appointment of skilful judges ; in every great measure to reform, arrange, and encourage trade ; he bore a conspicuous part. And with as much regard for justice, as contempt for toil. He fought hand to hand through the whole of the Toulouse campaign ; tilted victoriously with the most famous French nobles ; and at the head of twelve hundred knights and four thousand cavalry, whom he raised and maintained at his own charge, was foremost in every enterprise. It was at his wise suggestion Henry exchanged the personal services of his vassals in this campaign for pecuniary aid, the first solid blow that mere feudalism had received ; and it was he who counselled the king, in levying the scutage on the respective knights' fees, to exact it in the same proportion from the bishops and abbots as from the lay vassals of the Crown. Where his hand fell heaviest no man knew. They knew only where his service tended ; and that with his king he lived as with a brother. He and Henry were on their way to hunt, when tidings came from the Bishop of Hereford, that in that matter of the scutage a sword had been plunged in the bosom of mother church, and that nothing less than excommunication should be the Chancellor's reward. The chase went only the more merrily for the news. What cared they for an arrogant bishop ? They lived but for each other. They had in all things *cor unum et animam unam*. Their gravest duties, and their highest pleasures, even to those that peradventure should have least befitted a king and an archdeacon chancellor, they shared in common.

The death of primate Theobald, and the vacancy of the Archiepiscopal See, had yet suggested no change in these relations. Henry did not find it inconvenient, on state grounds, to take some few months' revenues of so rich a see into his own exchequer ; nor had Becket found it necessary to remonstrate on grounds ecclesiastical. Thirteen months passed thus. The courtiers had hinted meanwhile what a primate the Chancellor would make ; and the Chancellor had but darkly responded, that he knew four poor priests better qualified for the dignity than himself. But Henry's resolution was taken. What had been done with the pretences and tyrannies of the lay lords, he now determined to attempt with the lords of the church ; and here, in his trusted and beloved minister, the instrument waited to his hand. Both were in France, at the close of 1161, when.



the King told the Chancellor suddenly to prepare for a voyage to England. 'In a few days,' he added, 'you will be Archbishop of Canterbury.' Becket flushed in the face, as with surprise or shame; then smiling, looked at the coat of mail he wore and remarked that he had not much of the appearance of an archbishop. Henry put this laughingly aside; but when the Chancellor spoke again, it was in graver tone, and with an expression in his face as of strong contending emotions. 'I shall have either to lose my king's favour, or to sacrifice to it the service of my God.' The favourite knew his master, if he did not yet quite know himself: the master knew himself only.

Becket was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury on the 3d of June, 1162, in the king's chapel at Westminster, and in presence of all the great nobility of England, who attended to gratify the king. 'A miracle! a miracle!' exclaimed his old enemy the Bishop of Hereford. 'Here is a soldier changed to a priest'—'a layman into an archbishop!' But no man knew as yet how miraculous the change. Henry himself, perhaps, first suspected it when he received from the new archbishop the seals of the chancellorship, with a request that he would provide himself another chancellor, since he was hardly competent to the duties of one office, much less of two. The king suppressed his mortification till he arrived in England, and again stood face to face with his old associate. They met at Southampton.

Henry was little prepared for the change that appalled him. They had been apart only a few brief months; but what now was his stately and magnificent chancellor, his prince and gallant entertainer, his battle and boon companion? There stood before him a rigid and severe ascetic, an humble and squalid penitent. Beneath the gorgeous robes of the archiepiscopal office, close to the skin of their wearer, was to be seen the roughest sackcloth, overrun with vermin. He who had luxuriously fed on the choicest viands, now fed sparingly on the coarsest fare. Wine was no longer his drink, but water made nauseous by bitter herbs. Up to his very neck, where nothing heavier than a king's hat had lain,—nothing less delicate than the jewelled arm of a mistress,—were visible marks of the daily stripes that lacerated his naked back. The daily entertainer of hundreds of high-born nobles, now, as each morning broke on his retired cell, washed upon his bended knees the feet of thirteen miserable beggars, refreshed them with food, and gave to each four pieces of silver.

The King's devoted servant had shifted his allegiance, and was now devoted to another Sovereign.

It is possible that while some such thought passed through the mind of Henry, he saw Becket once again as, until then, he had seen him always ; and nerved himself for a struggle, in which, unsubdued by stripes or sackcloth, that undaunted courage, that fiery temper, that daring spirit, and that haughty heart, would measure themselves fiercely and uncompromisingly against his own. He would believe him unchanged, if he believed him sincere ; and feel that he had but altered his objects of ambition. To a man of Henry's temperament, at once impetuous and decisive, this extreme of mortification and self-denial would seem a not difficult transition from the extremity of riot and self-indulgence. The less danger of relapse was undoubtedly so secured. Nor was it to take a vulgar or unprincely view thus to think his favourite and his foe the same. Henry was not unfamiliar with the attitude taken by Becket. In a less formidable shape it had already threatened his throne. It was to arm himself against it he had given the very power, which was now, in his despite, to be used for its maintenance. Less in doubt of his old chancellor's sincerity, than in open and resolute dislike of pretences that had never been popular in England, the king took his stand. As a matter of state policy he would fight the battle out. And he fought it fairly. He never taunted Becket in its course with what had amused their old hours of confidence. He never reminded him of the days when they counted up the Popes that had been murdered, deposed, or exiled ; when they jested over the Vicars of Christ whom rebel arms or pillaged treasures had raised and supported ; or when they laughed at recital of the many princely courtezans, who had dispensed the power to bind and loose, and had held in their control the succession of St. Peter.

Becket himself thought of such things no more. Before the vast image of Hildebrand, they had faded from his thoughts for ever. There could not but have been something strongly captivating to a mind like his, in the career of that great pontiff. With the primacy on a sudden in his grasp, it was indeed no marvel that such a career had as suddenly taken both his reason and his fancy prisoner ; and it would be difficult not to believe that some thought of the last occupant of the Vatican had also its share of influence, in shaping the destiny so unexpectedly thrown open to him. In the year of Henry's accession, an Englishman of the lowest birth,

Nicholas Breakspeare, had ascended the papal throne with the title of Adrian the Fourth ; and not seventy years had passed since the voice of Hildebrand declared this throne to be but the temporal emblem of a universal spiritual authority, holding absolute feudal jurisdiction over the lesser authority of kings and nobles. Let it be granted that, with the first sudden impulse of his new dignity, Becket at once ascended to that largest contemplation of its scope and objects ; and the personal ambition he mingled with it, need not greatly impair its grandeur. He had undertaken at the least no holiday or idle game. From John of Salisbury, who had carried the congratulations of Englishmen to their countrymen, he had learned with what sorrowful, sad retrospection, even the powerful and fortunate Breakspeare looked back at his humble days. In his cell of St. Rufus, he said, he had tasted happiness ; but in his ascent to greatness he had been harassed at every step with additional cares : beholders might think the Tiara a splendid crown ; he had found it a crown of thorns. But it was even such an iron crown that the greater and sterner spirit of Becket preferred and coveted.

Admitting so much sincerity, then, on both sides, the character of the struggle that followed between opponents so nearly matched, must be discriminated on other than personal grounds. It involved the whole mighty question of the arrangement of human society. Becket stood upon the claim put forth by Hildebrand. Like him he would have made government theocratic, and set the Church at its head, unquestioned and supreme. He would have drawn together under one sole Suzerain authority, the entire territory of Christian Europe ; and made the spiritual tyranny of Rome the centre and metropolis of dominion through the wide and various extent of all civilised nations. To Henry it seemed, on the other hand, that any such centralisation of ecclesiastical power would be fatal to the peace, the happiness, and the liberty of the world. He and his chancellor had laboured hitherto to reduce all autocracies and tyrannies, and alone and unassisted he would continue, against his primate, that good work. Not necessarily was the question implied, whether spiritual interests were or were not of higher importance than temporal interests ; any more than whether a firm belief in Christianity should imply a total subjection of the understanding, of the heart and the will, of the active and the intellectual powers, to ecclesiastical domination. Not so, happily for the people whom he governed, was this resolute prince disposed to renounce his

social and civil duties. By God's eyes he swore that his priests should not be relieved of the restraints of Law, nor his England made subject to a Foreign Power. In events that happened through the contest, he was rude, reckless, and passionate; for much of the work he was called to do could not by more delicate ways be done; but there seldom fails to be visible in him a strong comprehension of the vital truth which was afterwards wrought out with such breadth and potency in England. Asserting the necessary rights of temporal princes, and maintaining the independent vigour of civil government, he maintained and asserted, in effect, Religious Liberty and Equal Laws; for happily the soil was even now not unprepared to receive that wholesome seed. I have shown what influences from yet earlier religious struggles still lingered and had power in England; and that here, even within the direct and frowning shadow of the papacy, the rights of intellect had been claimed, and its duties exercised.

The contest of Henry and Becket lasted more than eight years. But the minutest detail of its course would less avail our present purpose than one or two salient examples of the leading matters in dispute. In a succeeding chapter the result and effect on the subsequent reign of Henry will be shown. The contest seems to me to have been virtually decided, when the swords of Tracy and Fitzurse were so unhappily flung into the scale. Becket's murder superinduced other considerations, of which the Vatican, which had throughout placed its thunders at his service, knew well with deepest art to avail itself. But these considerations do not arise till the later incidents of Henry's rule and policy come to be considered along with them.

The primate must be said to have first flung down the gage, promptly taken up by the king. He commenced proceedings for the recovery of possessions, lands, and castles, which he said had been wrongfully withdrawn from the archiepiscopal see. No grant, he said, no length of possession, no royalty of ownership, could hold against the claims of the church. He demanded from the king himself the castle of Rochester. From the Earl of Clare, who had held the fief since the Conquest, he demanded the castle and barony of Tunbridge. And other vast possessions he in like manner forcibly claimed from their existing lay proprietors. The king met and defeated him on every claim.

He next asserted his right to present to all benefices in the manors of his tenants. William de Eynsford, a military tenant

holding *in capite* of the crown as well as of the archiepiscopal see, forcibly ejected a priest whom Becket had collated to the rectory of his manor, and as lord of the manor claimed disposal of the living. The archbishop met the claim by excommunication of the lord. There was something at once ludicrous and melancholy in this early assertion of the monstrous power which he so lavishly employed in the subsequent progress of the struggle. He played with this dispensation of Interdicts and Curses, which were with one fell breath to reduce to inappreciable vanities, if not to intolerable miseries, all the glories and the comforts of this transitory world, as a wilful child plays and triumphs with some new found toy. In answer to Henry's instant demand, in support of an acknowledged prerogative, for a withdrawal of the sentence on Eynsford, as holding of the Crown, he haughtily answered, that it was not for the Crown to determine who should be excommunicated or who absolved. Notwithstanding, the law was again too clear for his continued resistance, and again Henry triumphed.

It was now the king's turn, indeed it became his duty, to assume the offensive. A priest, Philip de Breis, had debauched the daughter of a respectable man, and afterwards murdered the father that he might not be disturbed in his guilty intercourse. But, since the Conqueror's separation of the ecclesiastical from the civil jurisdiction, the clergy had gradually claimed exemption from secular penalties, and placed themselves within canon law; the canons excluded clergymen from judgments of blood, prescribing only degradation, fine, imprisonment, or flagellation; and there was no civil power to reach enormous crimes, if committed by a priest. Henry had long meditated a change in this. More than a hundred similar homicides had come within his knowledge in the last ten years. For the clerical privileges sheltered all admitted to the tonsure, whether afterwards received or not into holy orders; and the tonsure had become the common resource of the most abandoned criminals. He now demanded that Philip de Brois should be brought before a civil tribunal, and suffer, if convicted, the penalty of his atrocious crime. Becket met the demand by placing Philip out of the king's reach, in custody of his diocesan; and the matter was brought to issue.

Henry summoned the bishops to attend him at Westminster, and Becket answered the summons with the rest. He detailed to them the corruption of their courts, and stigmatised as a vile



practice that commutation of punishment for money, whereby they had often levied from the people in a year more than he had himself taken for the necessities of the state. He said that a clerical offender should be subjected to a penalty all the more severe because he had abused a character so sacred. And he required their consent, for the future, that when ecclesiastical persons should be so far adjudged guilty of any crime by their own bishop and clerical judges, as to have incurred the penalty of degradation, they should be straightway transferred for due and proper punishment to the hands of the civil power. From this not unreasonable proposal it is supposed the bishops would not have withheld their sanction, when the haughty voice of Becket rose suddenly above the others. No clergyman could suffer death, he said, or loss of limb, for any crime whatsoever. No human severity could add to ecclesiastical censures: they were of all punishments the most grievous, because they touched the soul. Overawed by their primate, the bishops, with one exception, gave in the same answer; upon which Henry asked them, one by one, whether they were prepared to disobey or to observe the ancient customs of the realm. Again the voice of Becket answered first. He would obey the customs of the realm, he said, 'saving the privileges of his order:' and again the bishops, with exception of Hilary of Chichester, took up the same response. Whereupon Henry, giving way to incontrollable indignation, burst rudely from the hall. Crowding then round Becket, the less determined prelates suggested the propriety of some concession, and were told with a vehement passion, louder than the king's, that if an Angel were to descend from heaven, and advise him to make the acknowledgment required by Henry without that saving clause, he would anathematise the Angel.

Nevertheless the spirit of Henry once more, at this early stage of the struggle, asserted its superior power; and Becket was induced to seek an interview at Woodstock, wherein, requesting to be informed what the ancient and royal customs of the realm were, he promised to give his word to maintain them, with omission of the obnoxious reservation. This led to the famous meeting of that parliament or council at Clarendon, near Salisbury, where the customs were drawn up in sixteen constitutions, there proposed for adoption, and subsequently, after vigorous debate, signed by the king, the prelates, and thirty seven great barons, and sealed by all but Becket. It would be needless to recount the incidents



that memorable council. The primate set his hand, but refused to affix his seal, to what it was the object of his whole subsequent life to renounce, contradict, and violate. Enough will have been said of the dispute to prepare the reader for its results in the latter years of Henry's reign, when I have placed before him the substance of the declarative enactments, so solemnly assented to, and so suddenly repented of, by the hero and champion of the Church's claims.

They declared and ordered that disputes concerning church advowsons and presentations should be tried and determined in the king's courts; that in the secular courts ecclesiastics should answer for matters cognizant there, and in the spiritual courts only for cases within spiritual jurisdiction. They provided that the king's justiciary should send to the spiritual court on trial of an ecclesiastical offender, and, observing the issue of the cause, should at once have power to withdraw from the further protection of the church, a guilty or convicted clerk. They prevented a prelate or clergyman of the higher class from leaving the realm without the king's license, and gave the king a claim for security, in case of their departure, that they would not procure evil or damage to the country or the monarch. This was of course directed against the papal court. They freed every officer or tenant of the throne from liability to interdict or excommunication, unless the king or his justiciary should first have been apprised of the proceedings. They directed that appeals should proceed regularly from the archdeacon to the bishop, and from the bishop to the archbishop; and if the archbishop failed to do justice, the cause was to be carried before the king; that by his precept the suit might be terminated in the archbishop's court, so as not to proceed farther without the king's consent. If there were any dispute as to whether the holding of any tenement were lay or ecclesiastical, they left the question to be determined before the King's Chief Justice, by the verdict of twelve lawful men, and to be referred with that verdict to its proper court. They conceded that an inhabitant of the king's demesne, refusing to appear when cited by the ecclesiastical authorities, might be put under an interdict; but he was not to be excommunicated until the king's officer of the place should have been required to compel him by course of law to answer; and if the officer failed in this duty, he was to be at the mercy of the king, and the bishop might in that case compel the accused person by ecclesiastical censures. They enacted, finally, that the custody of every vacant archbishopric, bishopric,

abbey, and priory, of royal foundation, should be given with its revenues to the king; and that the election of a new incumbent was to be made in consequence of a writ from the king, by the chief clergy of the church, assembled in the king's chapel, with the king's assent, and with the advice of such prelates as the king might call to his assistance.

Such were the Constitutions of Clarendon: the most famous product of the momentous struggle of Henry the Second and Thomas à Becket.

### New Books.

THE WHITE SLAVE; or, The Russian Peasant Girl. By the Author of "Revelations of Russia." 3 vols. p. 8vo. H. Colburn.

WITH most novels, to notice them six months after publication would be rather to pen an epitaph than an introduction. The present one, however, has a constitution of a more lasting kind.

The Author tells us he aspires not only to amuse or move his reader, but to instruct by the moral which his tale conveys, and to impart such information as the public might be disinclined to receive in a form less attractive. He has well succeeded in this aim, and produced a work, apparently his first, which proves him possessed of the varied talents necessary to the production of the philosophical and political novel. He unites the opposite excellences of soundness of judgment and correctness of observation, and liveliness of imagination and playfulness of fancy, which but few of even our first-rate novelists have done in a greater degree. Whoever he is, we hail him as a new power in that class of writers which is destined to have great effect, at all events in its generation.

A regard to mere form has long been abandoned by genius to pedants; the philosopher, the legislator, the observant man of the world, or whoever has had new truths to give to the world, or old errors to expose, have found fiction now, as in the time of *Æsop*, the most satisfactory and effective vehicle. *Thierry* found the better half of the history of England of the middle age in the novels of *Scott*; and in the pages of various of our living novelists, may be found the history of the present age. Truth if not fact is to be found there, and with a spiritual comment worth whole volumes of dull dissertation or mere actualities. But such works must be watched carefully; for it is the artistic power in them which moulds into a complete form what are in

themselves fragmentary. Like an expert advocate (himself a kind of artist) the principle he desires to inculcate or the impression he seeks to produce, is effected by moulding into a new creation a number of truths. Each may be individually true, but still the whole may be false: false not to itself, but in its relation to the actual existences it proposes to pourtray. It will always, therefore, be a moot point whether such productions are serviceable or not. Undoubtedly a sword may be used for or against one, and it may be better not to put important principles to the arbitrement of so insensible an implement. We are inclined to think, however, that the beneficial effects of this class of literature predominate over the evil. Truths when thus brilliantly set, produce so much more effect. They raise such a lively interest and are such a joyous stimulant to the mind and the heart, that we cannot but look upon them as a great invention, and one tending to advance the age more than any other. They are to us what the old ballad was to the illiterate middle age. They wake us as with a sound of a trumpet, and, embodying all the sentiments of the time, they find an echo universally responsive. "Oliver Twist," "The Sybil," "Ernest Maltravers," and, we may now add, "The White Slave," will set more heads thinking and hearts throbbing—will rouse more attention, create more sympathy, and stimulate more wholesome energy than hours of grave debate in the Parliament, or hundreds of volumes of its blue book reports. The capacity to acquire information, to digest it, and even to sympathise, has but comparatively narrow limits, and it is as important that a man should not be presented with a mass that he cannot by any effort swallow, as that he should have a tincture that may produce a right effect.

The story is founded on an occurrence that has already been frequently employed, namely, the distresses of a noble-minded, highly cultivated man, from being the serf or slave of another. Still though both in dramas and novels this obvious and suggestive situation has been often employed, yet in the hands of the present author it is made to excite undiminished interest, and is rendered the means of developing the horrors, the degradation, and the sufferings slavery must always bring to the enslaving as well as the enslaved. His grand object as already said is not to produce a thrilling story or mere sentimental interest, but to develop character and the effects of laws and governments upon it. He is equally master of his art, as his subject, and on this account it is we place him amongst the highest class of novelists. The merest novel reader cannot forsake his book, and the sternest thinker will find in it valuable knowledge.

He, doubtless, has a political end in view, and we fancy a little bitterness if not malignity may be detected in some of his expositions, though possibly this may only arise from a genuine horror and disgust at the miserable results of a system of society such as exists in all slave-holding countries, and which, when actually witnessed, must leave if not an induration a soreness of mind.

The subject is highly suggestive, and the points for criticism are numerous; and although he is a fine writer, we should in a more lengthened notice have a wrestle with him on some points of art, and some even of principle; for although he exposes many conventional errors, he is inclined to defend others equally injurious. This, however, we cannot do, and therefore must conclude by earnestly recommending the work to the perusal of all who wish to enjoy a fine fiction, pregnant with knowledge of the most valuable description: the knowledge of mankind.

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF T. CAREW, Sewer in Ordinary to Charles the First. 32mo. H. G. Clarke and Co.

A REPRINT of one of the most graceful and brilliant of the poets of elegant Charles's reign. Carew well deserves to be introduced into a modern series of the poets; and, considering how charming his verses are, so light, gay, and exhilarating, treating too of love and all the elegancies of life, it is astonishing they should ever have fallen into obscurity. They are as fresh as at the first moment they were penned, and fragrant with sweet words and images. It is strange that with such models, indefinite and vague verses should have since gained popularity; and been allowed to supplant them in public taste. In comparison with the mawkish love songs of the last century, they are as superior as fresh to faded flowers. The great merit of all the older poets consists in their having a definite idea, and tender feeling round which their fancy twined apt illustration. Vagueness and mawkishness came in with French conceit and affectation, and has been too long allowed to taint our literature. Mr. Clarke is well entitled to thanks for thus reproducing our noble writers.

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STELLA: a Poem of the Day. In three cantos, &c. Fcp. 8vo. Longman and Co.

BAD poetry like bad wine is utterly unendurable, and it is equally wonderful how there can be readers for the one, as drinkers for the other. Still as there is a constant production of both, one must suppose there is some kind of market for the deleterious trash. Every day produces fresh specimens; and it really becomes the duty of those connected with the noticing of books, to endeavour to restrain the evil; that unwary readers may not be lured into throwing away their time, and perhaps their money, although we suspect the booksellers' accounts to these amateur authors would prove that the sale is indeed small, and that a pretty high price is paid for a six weeks' notoriety; but whatever the penalty, it is not sufficiently heavy to prevent new aspirants.

In the present volume of versification there is not a particle of poetry, nor any ideas which expressed in plain prose deserve to be registered in

a lady's album, much less to arrive at the honour of being printed. The knack of versification, without a poetic spirit, is an absolute nuisance, and the mere travestie of the forms of verse and ideas of a celebrated author, is only injurious to the original. Stella, the longest poem in the present volume, is a very weak imitation of a style and sentiment which the genius of Byron alone could render endurable. The occasional pieces are faint echoes of authors who can scarcely bear any imitation, and who at first-hand are only admirable from a certain grace of expression and delicacy of thought. There is but one evidence of good sense in the present collection, and that is the refraining from giving the name of the authoress; and, although she will think us anything but a friend, we cordially advise her never to trust to those really injudicious persons who advised her to publish; and to busy herself with the duties of a wife and mother, which she intimates are sufficient to occupy her time.

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A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON HEALTHY SKIN, &c. By ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S., &c. 1 vol. post 8vo. Churchill.

VERY few of us indeed are at all aware of the nature of the covering of our own bodies. We see a "soft, smooth, and pliant membrane, which invests the whole of the external surface of the body, following all its prominencies;" but we know not till the researches of science, which have reached only a few, inform us that the whole of the interior of the body, all its cavities and bumps, are invested with a similar, or rather the same covering. The skin passes, as at the lips or eyelids, into mucous membrane, and one becomes the other, as it is wholly excluded from or exposed to the free action of the atmosphere. By its surface in the interior and on the exterior are all the functions of nutrition and decay, of health and disease, of appetite and sensation, carried on. Its changing action, according to circumstances, in every climate and temperature, keeps the body at one nearly uniform heat. It is subject to many diseases. Life has been sustained by food imbibed at its exterior pores; the disease which kills and the medicine which cures may both enter by the same openings. It conducts electricity, that mysterious, invisible, and intangible agency, by which we are surrounded, and on the diffusion of which health is dependent, into or out of every part of the frame. It is at once the great enveloping and secretory organ of the whole body, and the immediate means, except as to colour, by which we communicate with the external world. It can become accordingly the substitute for our least glorious, but not the least useful organs, such as the kidneys, and is the means of conveying to us nearly all that we have ever learned of the glorious universe.

Its structure is not less wonderful than its uses. It is composed of two layers; one horny and insensible, the other highly sensitive: the latter being the actual and universal organ of feeling, and the other varying in thickness as it covers an exposed or hidden part, its ever



attendant guard and protection. Each of these layers is of a different, though analogous, structure; and performs different offices. Both are continually renewed, yet each preserves for ever its own distinct properties. The sensitive skin is so full of nerves and blood-vessels, of which the scarf-skin is divested, that it is scarcely possible to insert a needle in any part of the body without causing pain and a flow of blood. Its surface is uneven, to increase its extent and multiply its power. Its papillæ, microscopic in size, by which the enlargement of the surface is provided for, are each composed of a hair-like vessel and a minute nerve, several times bent upon themselves. In every part of it there are perspiratory tubes, with attendant glands, terminating on the surface in a pore. To give one striking example of its extraordinary structure, we may mention that Mr. Wilson has counted 3528 of these pores in a square inch on the palm of the hand; and each tube, of which the pore is an opening, being a quarter of an inch long, it follows that, in a square inch of skin on the palm of the hand, there exists a length of tube equal to 882 inches, or 73 feet. In other parts of the body the pores are not so numerous. "Taking 2800 as a fair average for each square inch, and assuming that the number of square inches of surface in a man of ordinary height is 2500, the number of pores will be 7,000,000 and the length of perspiratory tube 1,750,000 inches, or nearly 28 miles." Well may Mr. Wilson ask, what will be the effect if this drainage be obstructed? Well may every man say that, of this wonderful covering which ignorance and brutality even yet fetter, scourge, and brand, we are wofully ignorant, and science cannot be better employed than in ascertaining its properties, and in teaching us how it may best be preserved. The former has been for several years the great object of Mr. Wilson's assiduous researches; the latter is the immediate object of his present work. He has here methodised his own discoveries and the discoveries of other physiologists and anatomists, and given us a practical treatise on the means of procuring and preserving a healthy skin. When we remember that to this end we erect and preserve dwellings and manufacture clothing—a large proportion of the labours of the community having that for its object; it being in importance second only to supplying us with food (if, in the wonderful economy of nature, any one part can be said to be only secondary)—we conclude, that we can scarcely over-rate the value of such researches as those of Mr. Wilson, and the practical lessons he has successfully deduced from them.

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THE LIFE OF MOZART, including his Correspondence. By EDWARD HOLMES, author of "A Ramble amongst the Musicians of Germany." Post 8vo. Chapman and Hall.

THE biography of a man of genius is one of the most useful as well as entertaining books that can be written. The development of an extraordinary intellect in any art or science, if properly portrayed,



must convey a great deal of actual instruction, and the numerous vicissitudes that ever accompany the manifestation and establishment of any new power keep up a constant and lively interest. Mozart was a genius to the fullest extent of the term, and his equally extraordinary precocity made him a wonder. Dying in his thirty-fifth year, he left a name as universal as the love of music; having gained that indisputable fame which is denied to any but the most powerful spirits. The history of such a man cannot fail to be eagerly inquired into, and it is strange that until the appearance of the present work, there should have been none in England at all equal to the subject. Mr. Holmes has well supplied the deficiency. To trace the genius of Mozart, and inform the reader wherein consisted his great superiority, a competent knowledge of the science of music must be possessed, and this the biographer has: but it is not only in the portrayal of his musical abilities he excels, but in the narration of all the vicissitudes attending a career beset with many impediments, and abounding in numerous adventures. It of course also necessarily embraces a considerable portion of the musical history of the time, and has many entertaining and characteristic anecdotes. He has also judiciously made copious use of Mozart's correspondence, which is lively and graphic, and thus occasionally conveyed to his narrative the charm of an autobiography.

To those who only know of Mozart through his glorious compositions, this biography will afford great gratification. His extraordinary precocity made his life eventful from four years of age, when he could retain in his memory the brilliant solos in the concertos which he heard, and at which age his father began, half in sport, to give him lessons. He had certainly great advantages in the care bestowed upon him by his father, who was a musician of considerable note.

Mr. Holmes considers that Mozart was before his age, and his enduring fame as a musician would seem to establish this fact, as the enthusiasm is increasing towards his productions, which have already existed far longer than the usual period of musical fame, and have outlived the works of many popular composers. His character had all the impulsiveness of genius, and he was of a noble disposition, bearing ingratitude and neglect with a magnanimous equanimity. By his untimely death, the world was deprived of much: but his life, measured by his works, cannot be considered short. His whole existence was one of stupendous energy, and he may be considered as a man from his earliest years, having, in fact, no childhood, in the common acceptance of the term.

The following account of his person may be interesting to the reader:—

Mozart, though born of beautiful parents, possessed beauty himself as a child only; in his later years he retained nothing of his early look but its pleasing expression. His features were marked, and had a strong individuality of character that rendered them as impossible to be mistaken as those of Socrates or Frederick the Great. The outward man of the composer presented no index to his genius. His eyes, which were rather large and

prominent, had more of a languid than a brilliant and animated character; the eye-brows were well arched, and the eye-lashes long and handsome. His sight was on all occasions sharp and strong, notwithstanding his frequent and laborious application in the night. There was wandering and abstraction in his eye, except when seated at the piano, when the whole expression and character of his face seemed altered. His unsteady gaze became then earnest and concentrated, and every muscle of his countenance betrayed the influence of those feelings on himself which he was seeking to awaken in others.

His head was comparatively too large for his body; but the body itself, and the hands and feet, were formed in exact proportion, of which he was rather vain. The easy, natural, and elegant movements of his small hands on the piano, rendered it interesting to overlook him when playing; while the power which he occasionally exhibited raised astonishment. His nose, which had been handsome, became so prominent a feature in the last years of his life, from the emaciation of his countenance, that a scribbler in one of the journals of the day, the *Morgenblatte* of Vienna, honoured him with the epithet "enormous-nosed."

It has been stated that he never attained his natural growth; and the reason assigned for this is—his want of exercise in childhood. But both assertions may be questioned. Mozart's parents were small persons; and the best proof that Leopold Mozart, though he did not permit his children to lose their time, cared sufficiently for their health, may be found in the long life of Madame Sonnenberg, whose youth was passed in the same industrious culture of excellence as her brother's.

The house in which Mozart resided during his last years at Vienna, and in which he died, was called the *Kaiser-Haus* (the imperial house) and was at one time a building belonging to the government.

THE FIRST PART OF AN ENTIRELY NEW PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL INTRODUCTION TO THE FRENCH LANGUAGE. By GEORGE CRANE and GUEIRARD NÉGREL. 12mo. Whittaker and Co.

So many royal roads to the acquirement of languages have been proposed, that it is necessary to be very cautious in adopting the plan of any new candidate. Mr. Crane's is, however, really worthy of attention: for it is the result of a profound study of the nature of language, and of a long course of instruction developing this knowledge. He terms his system (somewhat pedantically) the *Pasiglot* system, as applicable to the development of the principles of all languages. Now although it is certain that the main principles of language are formed and grow out of the intellectual formation of the mind, still there are so many caprices, so much that is arbitrary, and so much that is corrupt in all tongues, that it is impossible to apply one entire set of rules to the innumerable languages that exist. There is nothing in creation, perhaps, that is so various as language; so imperfect, so ill calculated to produce the end it is created for;—a deficiency arising from its being the product of human invention, to a great degree, and the empirical

offspring of a want in the human being, which want is supplied as it arises, without any scientific consideration, and not from any instinct. But although we may think Mr. Crane, like most inventors, overrate his system, still his work is a very admirable one, based on a thorough knowledge of his intricate, not to say profound, subject.

The present Part is divided into a series of lessons, comprising grammatical rules, a vocabulary, and exercises; by which means the system of the language is progressively and fully unfolded. Doubtless this mode requires rigid attention and considerable comprehension on the part of the student; but it is impossible to acquire a language, after childhood, in any other way correctly. There can be no doubt that if pupils can be made to give the strict attention required, and the necessary exercise of intelligence, that Mr. Crane's is an excellent one and not only valuable from the complete and rapid way in which a language can be acquired, but highly serviceable as a training of the faculties to consideration, readiness of apprehension, and constancy of attention. Let any one go through this grammar, and he will not only find that he has acquired a language, but habits of mind far more valuable than the acquirement of any series of facts, however useful they may be to his pursuits.

It must not be considered, from anything we have said, that there is anything empirical in Mr. Crane; on the contrary, he has the modesty and the severity of those accustomed to scientific pursuits; and having educated himself completely in several European languages by the same method, he is engaged in successfully communicating it to others, to his teachers and pupils. He has also published an English Grammar on the same principle, which is well worthy of the attention of all anxious to acquire a correct knowledge of their own tongue, and especially valuable to adults.

EVENINGS AT HADDON HALL. Edited by the BARONESS DE CALABRELLA with Illustrations from designs by George Cattermole. Royal 8vo bound H. Colburn.

This is a very handsome present book, and very well suited to fulfil the intention of its publication. The principal charm and value of the book consist in twenty-four exquisitely engraved vignettes from designs by Mr. Cattermole, whose admirable style in delineating the architecture, manners, and costume of the chivalric ages, is duly appreciated. He undoubtedly is at the head of this class of illustrators, and has the truth of delineation and an absence of theatrical effort, that generally remove this class of painting far from the genuine historical. The engravings are worthy of the designs, and are all by artists of established celebrity—Stocks, Goodyear, C. and H. Rolls, J. C. Bentley, Brandram, Conser, Griffiths, Fisher, Radcliffe, Engleheart, Higham, Allen.

The literature of such a volume is not to be too severely examined.

the principal attraction being the plates. The stories illustrating the plates are, however, rather above the usual average of such tales. They bear the evident marks of being manufactured to suit a market ; and have too much of the phraseology of the historic novel which has become rather stale. However there is occasional power and interest in them. It would seem to be a much better plan to take some celebrated work and illustrate it, than to strain the faculties of a variety of clever, and perhaps even men gifted with genius, to subjects with which they do not sympathise, and to call on them to write at a time when they have no inspiration.

Haddon Hall being the seat of a nobleman, celebrated for a taste for all that is connected with the pomp and sentiments of the middle ages, is taken by the authoress for the scene of the recital of the tales, which are supposed to be *impromptus* uttered as illustrations of a series of drawings. The working out of this slight thread is somewhat wearisome, as has always been the case from Boccaccio downwards. The great fault of this entire class of modern annual literature is, that it is common-place in the extreme, though varnished and burnished by every means that elegant expression can bestow. Its great radical defect is that it is produced to pattern, and has nothing creative or suggestive about it. It deals essentially with past ideas, working up to a standard, suitable to the class it is intended for, and partakes therefore of the inanity and vapidness that condemn those with every apparent means of pleasure in their power to wearisome *ennui* and lifeless tedium. Let any man of real genius penetrate to such a set, and what a delight does his power produce. Generally speaking, however, the barriers are closed against his entrance in the nervous fear there is of the intrusion of ideas not suited to the caste, of which there is as much a horror, as if the tenets were religious.

Taken in its class, "Evenings at Haddon Hall" is very superior to most of its rivals, and if only for the plates alone, is a handsome and valuable present. The paper and the printing are excellent, and the binding durable and elegant.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE AND LEARNING IN ENGLAND, FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST TO THE PRESENT TIME. In three series of two volumes each. By GEO. L. CRAIK, M.A. 18mo. Knight's Weekly Volumes.

To give even an outline of a history of a literature so rich as ours in six small volumes, is a task of no slight difficulty, and Mr. Craik has executed it admirably. Keeping a due proportion, and in a terse yet pregnant style, developing the characteristics of each age and author, from the brief monkish chronicler to the copious writer of the present time, he divides his subject into three portions of two volumes each : From the Norman Conquest to the accession of Elizabeth ;—from the

accession of Elizabeth, to the Revolution of 1688;—and from this last epoch to the present day. Some objection might be reasonably taken to this division as rather depending on political than literary events. The issue of Chaucer's poems undoubtedly formed an era in our literary history, which extended its influence to the appearance of the great army of dramatic poets in the latter end of Elizabeth's reign, whose influence was supreme until the destruction of the monarchy in 1648. On the restoration of Charles II., the French literature became the model that guided our authors, and a very decisive change came over the spirit of our literature, which, arriving at its climax in Addison, undoubtedly gave the model of style which obtains at the present day. The revival of the old school of poetry, and the introduction of German literature at the close of the end of the last century, almost form an epoch which would seem to be leading us to a distinct era. These seem to us the more natural divisions of the subject, but it is a matter of no great moment in a series of "Sketches," like the present, the more especially as Mr. Craik has adopted the plan of giving an analysis of the production of each celebrated author, rather than a history of the progress of literature *en masse*.

The details of the work have been executed with great care and labour, and exhibit a fine critical taste. Such a work must necessarily be derived from numerous previous works of the same kind; but Mr. Craik has by no means taken any literary historian upon trust. His acquaintance with all branches of our literature is very extensive, and must be the result of many years' laborious connexion with it. The conciseness yet fulness of his style deserves the highest praise, and the soundness of his judgment will seldom, we think, be impugned. In the statement of such a number of facts, occasional errors may be discovered by those who have made some particular portion of the subject a special object of study: and, wherever this is the case, the greatest service the discoverer can do is to forward the correction to the painstaking author, who will doubtless feel obliged by the contribution.

In again looking at his critical estimates of our greatest authors, we scarcely think we have done the author justice. He has an intimacy of knowledge and a scholar-like appreciation and discrimination that should place him amongst our highest literary critics; and it is a gratifying sign of the times that so much excellent and original writing should have been put forth in such a simple and comparatively humble form. Had they been published with the honours of octavo size and large type, thirty years ago, they would have been widely discussed; as it is, we confide enough in the good sense of the present age, to believe that mere form will not operate to their disadvantage. And this brings us to the public-spirited projector, Mr. Knight, who is so widely diffusing the noblest products of the mind, and thus cultivating the purest taste and morality.

To particularise a little, we may add, that the contemporary dramatists of Shakspeare are too much undervalued, both as regards their

quality and their reputation, and that a little too much space is given to such writers as Seward and Darwin. The account of our chronicle historians is highly valuable and interesting; and, as an excellent example of criticism of a most valuable kind, we must refer the reader to the analysis of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," and the entire article on Wordsworth,—a great man, who requires introduction to the superficial and hasty reader.

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**THE PHARMACEUTICAL LATIN GRAMMAR;** being an easy introduction to Medical Latin, the London Pharmacopœia, and the personal of Physicians' Prescriptions. By ARNOLD JAMES COOLEY. 18mo. Groombridge.

As the lives of all of us are occasionally at the mercy of "dispensing chemists and druggists and their heedless assistants," and as "the profession" will not condescend to use vulgar English, we may strongly recommend this grammar to be placed on the counter of every dispenser, from him who retails pharmaceutical drugs, with soap, candles, and tressle, to he who intimates his calling by the single red lamp in the wealthiest vicinities. The dreadful effects produced by an ignorance of the proper application of the noun to the verb, even in the English language are well known, from Colman's pathetic poem, on the direction of "before taken to be well shaken;" it may therefore be easily imagined, what terrible results may flow from the blundering interpretation of an ill-written Latin prescription. We do not know how far this grammar can be applied to the Latin of Cicero, and to the Latin of Apothecaries' Hall; but at all events he who studies it may be saved from the horror of manslaughter. The author has chosen to treat the subject very professionally and "gravely," otherwise there would have been many opportunities for mingling a little humorous satire, by the selections of examples, &c. He has taken the old verbs "amo" and "lego," when perhaps "macto" and "occido" would have been deemed more appropriate, especially as he has substituted "scrupulus" and "pulvis" for "gradus" and "opus." We do not find either anywhere amongst the numerous examples, any Latin equivalents for "Windsor soap" and "hair brushes," although we saw them both lately in goodly glass bottles, at one of the largest chemist-shops; and therefore presume they are acknowledged as medicinal by the London Pharmacopœia. Notwithstanding these slight imperfections, the work may be strongly recommended to young practitioners.

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**THE MORAL PHENOMENA OF GERMANY.** By THOMAS CARLYLE, Esq., of the Scottish Bar. Second Edition, enlarged. 18mo. W. E. Painter.

BEFORE entering upon the qualities of this book, it may be necessary to premise to some readers, that the writer, though of the same name



and nation as the author of *Sartor Resartus*, and more generally known as a celebrated writer on German subjects, is a different person, and indeed so to distinguish himself inserts on his title-page, "of the Scottish Bar."

The work deserves perusal, although it is impregnated so strongly with theological sentiments, that it can be viewed only as an exposition of a particular belief and creed. The earlier portion, not being so exclusively theological, contains some curious matter relating to German society, on which subject, as well as on literature, the author seems to be well informed; and his chapters on government, nobility, society, and the learned, may be read with advantage. That on the church will only find favour with those as deeply impregnated as the author with religious enthusiasm, and then it may be doubtful what will be the result, as it seems to be a severe attack on the lukewarmness and backsliding of all classes of religionists. This work is only one of the numerous proofs that daily reach us of the mental ferment manifesting itself in Germany, the results of which baffle the acumen of the profoundest statesmen, and which may be considered as the awakening of that portion of the people of eastern Europe to a sense of the rights of human nature which has already been declared in England and France.

HINTS ON THE NATURE AND MANAGEMENT OF DUNS. By the HONOURABLE —, a Younger Son. With illustrations. Post 8vo. T. C. Newby.

THESE hints by a younger son are not destitute of smartness, and will, we have little doubt, delight those who pursue light reading. The verse and prose flow easily, and as the younger sons form a very large proportion of the reading public, and as the management of Duns is their principal occupation, the work may arrive at a large circulation.

Were we inclined to indulge the Touchstone vein we might "moralise on this straw;" and we think the author was not without his intention of showing the effects of the custom and law of primogeniture. However that may be, the work is worth the half hour it would take to run it through. The illustrations by Hamerton are characteristic and humorous.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S

SHILLING MAGAZINE.

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THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

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CHAPTER XX.

As yet the noble candidate of the house of St. James had not presented himself to the voters of Liquorish. To say the truth, his lordship had not that reverence for those small pegs of the glorious machine of the constitution—the freeholders—that, in his virgin address to his constituency, he deemed it only decent to assume. Perhaps, indeed, he thought the said machine might do all the better without them. But this heresy had been so deeply cut into the bark of his youthful mind, that it grew and enlarged with it. He had been taught to look upon a voter of Liquorish as a sort of two-legged hound, the property of his noble house: no less its goods, because the creature did not wear a collar round his neck. No: fortunately, men are so made, that though seeming free, their souls may now and then be made fast to an owner, who can buy the manacles at the Mint: wonderful chains; invisible to the world; of finer temper than any hammered at fairy smithies. It was this good, wholesome prejudice—as Mr. Folder called it—that imparted to young St. James the serenest sense of security: the voters of Liquorish were the live-stock of his house: their souls stamped, like the Marquess's sheep, with his own noble mark. Hence, our youthful lord had delayed until the latest moment the drudgery of personal canvass. Hence had he postponed the practical waggery of soliciting a vote where no vote

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\* Continued from p. 394.

could be refused. Nevertheless, guided by the patriotic experience of his noble father, he would present himself to the people. The time, the place, had been selected with the happiest sense of propriety. Young St. James, the guest of Doctor Gilead—the humble, zealous college-friend of the Marquess—would meekly exhibit himself in the doctor's pew, at the parish church: the doctor himself, on that eventful occasion, preaching an appropriate discourse. Doubtless, the doctor felt that oracles to be respected must be vocal only at long intervals: hence, he preached but rarely to his simple flock. His youthful curate—a spiritual shepherd boy—was all-sufficient to lead them to the water-courses and the pasture: it was only now and then that the elder pastor would shake before them a mouthful or so of sweet herbs, culled from the dainty garden of his own theology. Doctor Gilead was a learned man; a pious man. Neither his coachman, his butler, or either of his three footmen, doubted his wisdom or his orthodoxy. He was a man, too, of practical patience. Thrice had he expected a bishopric; and thrice had the mitre vanished from the tips of his fingers. Whereupon, he meekly folded his hands, and smiling down the gout that each time with burning nippers seized upon him, he thanked Heaven for his felicitous escape. Excellent man! He could no more hide the humility within him, than he could have disguised the small-pox. It would break out. He had once preached before George the Third: and then from his pulpit, as from the Mountain, did he see the Land of Promise, the House of Lords. Still, the milk and honey were untasted; and still with patient, smiling lips, he praised kind Providence.

Such was the owner of Lazarus Hall, the rectory; an abode especially prepared for the reception of young St. James, who, two nights at least, would bless the roof-tree of his father's humble friend. The house was rich and odorous as nest of phoenix. Yet there was no golden display; no velvet curtains; no flaunting tapestries; but luxury in every shape, took the guise of simplicity, and made every corner of the house a cosy nook for swan-down Christianity. Then everything was so radiantly clean, it seemed no part of this dusty earth, but fresh from some brighter planet. Had Doctor Gilead been arrayed from head to heel in episcopal lawn, there was nought within the Hall of Lazarus to smudge it. The very flies, from habit, would have respected it. Saints and hermits would not have dared to sit upon the chair-covers.

It was Saturday, about five in the afternoon. Doctor Gilead sat in

his library, garnished about with his wife and three daughters. The doctor was black and glossy as a newly-bathed raven. For the ladies, they might have been taken as specimens of Brobdignag china; so creamy and motionless were their faces, so prim and well-defined their flowing gowns. Not a word was said: not a sound was heard, save that the doctor's watch ticked feverishly in his fob, and a big blundering blue fly kept bouncing and battering his head against a window-pane, doubtless puzzled to know why with all so very clear before him, he could not get out. Now the doctor looked reproachfully at the noisy insect; and now subsided to his customary meekness. Once or twice, he strangled a sigh at his very lips. Haply—but who shall sound the depths of man's silent soul?—haply he thought of the turbot macerating in the kettle, haply of the haunch scorching on the spit. Say what we will, it tries the spirit of man, to think serenely of his boiled and roast, and of the late coming guest perilling them both. Doctor Gilead breathed heavily; then, taking his watch from his fob, he said with a smile of ghastly resignation, "It's getting rather late."

And what said the doctor's wife? Why precisely what every married daughter of Eve would say. She, in the naturalest manner possible observed—"I shouldn't wonder if he doesn't come at all." The daughters—meek things!—said nothing; but they looked down and about them at their pretty gowns, and slightly bit their lips, and slightly sighed.

"I don't think, my dear," said Mrs. Gilead, "it's any use waiting for his lordship, now. Hadn't they better serve the dinner?"

Now, had the doctor assented to this, Mrs. Gilead would have been pathetically eloquent on the inhospitality of the measure. She had no such meaning: all she wanted was the discourse of her husband. She talked to make him talk. In the like way that, when a pump is dry, men pour water into it to set it flowing. "The dinner will be totally spoilt, my dear," added Mrs. Gilead, smiling as though she communicated sweetest intelligence. The doctor spoke not, but suffered an abdominal shudder. "In fact, my dear," continued the wife, "now, we ought rather to hope that his lordship will not come. There will be nothing fit to set before him—nothing whatever." It was strange—she did not mean it—yet did Mrs. Gilead talk with a certain gust, as though she talked of a special treat: to have nothing fit for his lordship seemed to

be the very thing desirable. "What did you say, my dear?" asked Mrs. Gilend.

The doctor had not uttered a syllable. However, again he looked at his watch, and then said "it is very late." We can find no other parallel to this heroic calmness save in the life of St. Lawrence; who when turned like a half-done steak upon his gridiron, merely observed to an acquaintance who chanced to be near,—"*it is very warm.*" In both cases, cooking was the source of pain, and the test of resignation: for Doctor Gilend thought of his haunch as if it had been a part of him. And still the doctor sat, looking by degrees fiercely patient, and becoming slightly savage. Mrs. Gilend, the partner of his bosom, knew well what that bosom felt, and therefore in her own feminine way remarked, "Now I certainly give his lordship up."

It was a great pity that Mrs. Gilend had not spoken thus before, or surely the same effects would have followed the syllables. For no sooner had she uttered them than there was a whirl of wheels, and suddenly a carriage in a cloud of dust stopt at Lazarus Hall. Mrs. Gilend jumped; her daughters gave a sharp, short, joyful scream; whilst the doctor himself—but reader, did you ever in broad day mark the night lamp of man-midwife? It is dully, darkly red. The sun sinks, night comes; and that dark glass burns like a ruby, liquid with glowing light. Such was Doctor Gilend's countenance; such the change: now, sulky coloured, and now flaming with joy. A moment, and he was at the carriage-door; another, and young St. James—the son of his patron and friend—stood, with both hands seized by the grasping, throbbing palms of the affectionate doctor. The doctor was in spasms of delight: Mrs. Gilend, full of smiles, opened and folded her face like a fan: and the young ladies, before so statue-like, that had they sat in the open air, the birds would have perched upon them, swam about and arched their necks like cygnets, taking a May-morning bath. The ancient painter—a very cunning fellow, that, at a difficulty—painted a veil, where the intensity of sorrow was such, that not to attempt to describe it was to do a very fine thing. Some of these days, we think of writing a tragedy in five long acts upon the same high principle of doing nothing: we shall give blank leaves. In the meantime we might here treat the reader with a white page, requesting him to look upon that page as a type and representative—not always unapt ones even at the best places—of what

passed at Doctor Gilead's dinner table. We will not do so ; but printing close, will nevertheless jump the conversation—cracking and brilliant as it was—as a mountebank jumps through fireworks, and shift the scene. Stay. We must not quit the young ladies so. It was the first time they had ever sat at the same table with a live lord. They were in a state of terrible delight. We have read in old Doctor Moffatt's cookery book, a recipe to make beef tender : it is to show to the living ox a living lion. The weaker creature is taken with a sort of dismay—its bones are melted in its great fear—it is made a jelly of ere it is aware—or, in a word, it is made, according to the doctor's word, tender. It is sometimes thus with woman and a lion lord—and it was especially thus with the heart of each Miss Gilead, when shown the young lord St. James, the lion of the west ! At length all separated. Night came, and then—and then—though not one of the sisters said a word of the matter to the other—then did Cupids, fluttering up and down the staircase, deliver imaginary letters to each. Letters, made precious as gems, by St. James's arms upon the seal ; letters that conjured up a vision of a London church—and all the bravery of a London marriage. And then, there was presentation at court, with the hard cut smile of Queen Charlotte,—and all the triumphs of an unequal match, when low-born woman wears her high-born lord with the self-same glory that the huntress wears her happy conquest,—the leonine skin. Each sister thought this : and each to the other said—speaking casually by the way, of St. James—she thought nothing of him : she was wholly disappointed. And so leave we the whole household to their dreams. Let Doctor Gilead think himself a bishop ; let him in his slumbers rehearse his first parliamentary speech—let his wife dream of her gown for court—let each of the young ladies see and feel herself a blushing, stammering bride at church—let St. James dream,—he cannot help it,—of poor Clarissa. It is Saturday night. Labour has flung down his working tools, and sleeps a deep and happy sleep ; for the next day is a holy breathing-time—a day of rest—Sunday.

It may be remembered by the reader that the band and minor mercenaries of St. James were posted at the Rose, a hostelry of modest character compared to the dignified pretensions of the Olive Branch, made still more important by the judgment of Mr. Tangle, who had selected the tavern as the head-quarters of the noble candidate. The Rose, in the agent's own words, did very well for the



rabble always necessary on such occasions ; but for himself, he could not at all feel himself a gentleman in any meaner place of resort than the Olive Branch. Indeed, now and then he was compelled to remember the national and patriotic importance of the cause in which he was engaged, to reconcile him heartily to the inconvenience of his usual abiding-place. " There was no real life off the stones of London ; but then the condition of the country demanded some sacrifice of every man : why, then, should he complain ? No : he would stick to the constitution whilst a plank of it held together. If the ship—he meant the constitution—was doomed to go down, why, he would give three cheers, and go down with it."

Such is a sample of the many patriotic sentiments which Mr. Tangle breathed at intervals between tea and toast, and eggs, and fowl, and all the potable and edible varieties that compose a sufficient country breakfast. As again and again he attacked the cold sirloin he became quite eloquent, even pathetic on the danger of the constitution, as though he filled himself at once with beef and inspiration. Mr. Folder was a pleased, though for some time, a silent listener. It was impossible that any man could be a more passionate lover of the glorious British constitution than himself ; indeed, he could not help thinking that it was he who had inoculated Tangle ; nevertheless, with all his admiration, he was prudent with his fondness, and never talked of the object of his passion at any of the four or five meals that make tolerable the live-long day to sinful man.

It was Sunday morning, and the two patriots—full of meat and drink and the good of their country—sank back in their chairs, and looked serenely in each other's face. " We shall have a fine congregation to-day," at length observed Mr. Folder, for it was well known throughout the borough that the casket, Lazarus Hall, contained the jewel of a lord—" all the fashion and respectability of the neighbourhood, no doubt ?"

" They can't do less," remarked Mr. Tangle, "'twill be only a proper compliment to his lordship."

" Nevertheless," observed the ancient tutor, speaking slowly, gravely, " I am a little disappointed. I did think that on his lordship's arrival, they would at least have rung the church bells. Nor was there even a bonfire."

" Pardon me ; I have my scruples : all men have, or should have. Touching the church bells, I must confess I do not think

they ought ever to be employed in any uses that are secular. I have my prejudices," continued Tangle, with the air of a man very proud of the commodity, "and church bells are one. Bonfires are altogether another matter."

"And fireworks," added Folder.

"And fireworks," consented Tangle. "Though I said nothing at the time, I must own with you, that the absence of so small a mark of respect as a bonfire on the arrival of his lordship, speaks very many volumes against the people. A few years ago, and there 'd been a blaze on every hill. Not a schoolboy but what would have had his cap and pockets stuffed with fireworks. Now, painful as it is to a man who loves the constitution, still the truth cannot be disguised, there was not a single squib—not a single squib," and Tangle repeated the words with pathetic emphasis.

"I heard none," said Mr. Folder, with the air of a man who, nevertheless, forlornly hopes that he may be mistaken.

"Oh no! We must not deceive ourselves. We must look the truth full in the face, ugly as the truth may be; it's the only way to brow-beat it. I learnt that maxim, Mr. Folder, from practice in the courts of law. There, it only wants a brassy look and a big voice, to make an ugly-looking truth seem a shameful impostor. Nothing, sir, like learning to boldly face truth, if you want to get the best of it. And so, sir, though the omission of the bonfires and the fire-works did pain me—how was it to be otherwise?—nevertheless, I feel all the stronger in our cause for knowing the revolutionary principles that, as I have more than once observed, are beginning to be arrayed against all that is great and titled in this country."

"Don't you think, Mr. Tangle," said Folder, "that we had better visit our toilets to be ready for church? We will then walk gently over the fields."

"Walk!" echoed Tangle, looking glumly.

"Certainly. On the present occasion, it will look better to the people; more condescending; more like themselves. His lordship, depend upon it, will not ride to-day. No: I think my principles will bear a little better fruit;" and Folder smiled securely.

"Of course not: I had forgotten: to be sure not;" answered Tangle. "Undoubtedly, we walk—undoubtedly."

This point resolved, the gentlemen retired to their separate chambers—they joined, by the way—to attire themselves for their devotions. The village church—on a high hill, its base girted

with magnificent trees—was seen from either window ; a simple, rustic, snow-white building shining in the sun, and standing clearly, purely out from the deep blue summer heaven. “A charming view, this,” said Tangle as, having arrayed himself, he was about to quit the room, when his companion appeared in the passage.

“A beautiful landscape !” said Folder, entering the chamber. “I was thinking so, as I looked from my own window. How very nicely the church there shows itself upon the hill !”

“Quite right—notling but proper ;” observed Tangle with a sudden touch of solemnity. “I’d have every church upon a hill ; I would, indeed, sir. And for this reason ; when upon a hill, everybody can see it. When upon a hill, it seems to stand like a monitor, an adviser to every body. It preaches, as I may say, from a high pulpit to the world below ; and so, you will perceive, it’s apt to make men pause in their sinful, shabby courses. Many a time—I don’t mind confessing so much to you, Mr. Folder—but many a time, that is, sometimes, when I’ve felt my soul a little slack, for the best of us can’t always be braced up like drums—well, when, as I say, I’ve been a little slack, the very sight of a church has pulled me up again, and made me think of virtue just as I did before.”

“Nobody can dispute it,” remarked Mr. Folder. “A church, as somebody has observed, is sermons in stones.”

“My opinion to a letter,” observed Tangle ; “though it’s odd that anybody should have thought the same as myself. Come along. Stay. When I come here, I always look once to see if all be right.” Whereupon Mr. Tangle approached a closet, unlocked the door, and pointing to an iron-bound box, observed—“All’s safe. All new, Mr. Folder, all sparkling and burning from the Mint. What a beautiful substance gold is only to look at,” cried Tangle with enthusiasm ; at the same moment, unlocking the box and lifting the lid. “There’s a blaze !” he cried, with a voluptuous smacking of the mouth. “How they twinkle !” he added ; whereupon the parliamentary agent clutched a handful of bright guineas, and poured them from hand to hand, his eye catching yellow lustre from the golden shower. And thus for some brief minute or two did Tangle play with minted gold.

We are told that the snake-charmers of the East are wont to ensnare the reptiles with dulcet music. The snake-Apollo plays a melody upon some magic pipe ; whereupon torpid snakes coiled in holes and crannies gradually untwist themselves, and feel their





Blood quicken, and their scales rustle, and they glide and undulate towards the sound,—readily as school-girls run to a ball. Great is the voice of gold! What a range, too, it has! Now, breathing the profoundest notes of persuasion—deep and earnest as a hermit's homily—and now, carrying away the heart and senses with its light and laughing trills,—delicious, fascinating as the voice of bacchante. Gold, too, is the earth's great ventriloquist; speaking from and to the belly of immortal man, and enslaving and juggling him with its many voices.

And gold worked its vocal wonders in Tangle's bed-chamber. For no sooner did it sound, than like the pipe of the charmer, it drew forth a little human reptile—a gutter snake—a noxious creature, hatched to sting the world in a London lane. Aye, it was even so. No sooner we say did Tangle rattle the gold, than a little ragged head was thrust from beneath the bed's foot; a head, with eyes bright and snake-like; sparkling the more, the more the metal chinked. That little head—what a world of wicked knowledge was packed within it—was the property of St. Giles's half-brother, and it was said, of Tom Blast's whole son,—young Jingo; the hero of the pocket-handkerchief; the petted genius of Hog-Lane. How that adroit youngling had gained the eminence of Tangle's bedchamber, we will not pause to explain. Of that in due season.

Our whole business is for the present with Tangle and his companion. As the old war-horse pricks his ears at the murderous music of the trumpet—as some retired and erewhile sharp attorney, reading some successful juggle juggled in the name of justice, feels his heart trickle as it ran red ink, and dreams himself again in court—so did the sound of the gold, as it fell from hand to hand, awaken in the soul of Tangle all its Plutean strength. Nay, his soul for a moment left him, and ducked and dived and took its fill of liquid pleasure in that golden river—that Pactolus embanked in a box—like a triton wallowing in the foamy sea! He felt he was in his true element; and eloquence flowed from his lips, free as a silver thread of rivulet from some old granite-hearted rock.

“Wonderful invention, gold coin, sir! Wonderful thing! If there's anything, sir, that shows man to be the creature that he is,—it's this. Scholars, when they want to raise man above the monkey—Heaven forgive the atheists—call him a laughing animal, a tool-making animal, a cooking animal. Sir, they've all missed the true meaning; they should call him a coining animal. I've



thought of the matter much, Mr. Folder; and this"—and Tangle rattled the coin—"this is the true weapon against the atheists, sir—and nearly all scholars are every bit the same as atheists—just as toadstools are often taken for mushrooms. No, sir, do they may call men what they like,—but I see proofs of the immortality of the soul in this, sir. No unbelief—I'm sure of it, Mr. Folder—no unbelief can stand against this," and Tangle again laid his hand upon the gold.

"The theory is ingenious—perhaps true," said Folder.

"A glorious invention, coining, sir," again cried Tangle, expanding with his subject. "Now, look here; these guineas are I may say, nothing more than the representatives of the voters of Liquorish. Here we have 'em! Here I take 'em up with my hand, any number of 'em, body and soul." Whereupon, Tangle scooped up the guineas in his palm and poured them down again, young Jingo still looking from beneath the bed, and grinning, and twitching his lips as the music continued. "Here they are—men, women, and children—all packed close; all snug. Sir a man who carries these, carries heaps of his fellow-creatures with him. A tremendous art, sir, coining. They talk about the invention of printing: why, what was coining but printing.—that is, the better part of printing; the soul, I may say of it, without its wickedness? There's no dangerous notions in these, sir; no false ideas; no stuff to dizzy the heads of fools; making them think themselves as good as their betters; no treason, sir; but all plain and above board—plain and above board." And again, Tangle took up the coin, and dropt it—and took it up, and dropt it again, his heart-strings vibrating to the music.

And the church bell rang out its summons to the world. And for some moments, the eloquent man heard it not; he only listened to his church bells—the ringing that sounded of his heaven. Still, he plays with the gold; still the church-bell sounds.

*Toll—toll—chink—chink—toll—chink—toll—chink!*

How often do many think these notes sound in unison! What beautiful harmony to mere ears of clay! What grating discord to diviner sense!

"Is not that the church bell?" at length asked Mr. Folder.

"Bless me! so it is. I'd forgotten—nothing secular to day;" and Tangle closed the box; locked it; closed the closet-door; locked it too. "Stop a minute," he observed. He then went to his trunk, and took therefrom a large prayer-book, bound in

morocco, scarlet as blood, and daubed about with gold. "Never travel, Mr. Folder, without this," said Tangle, dropping his eyelids, and tenderly pressing the book with his fingers,—“never, sir. Now, if you please.” Folder stept from the room, and Tangle vigorously locked the door : tried it once, twice, and putting the key in his pocket, descended the stairs.

It was a lovely day ; there seemed a Sabbath peace on all things. The drudged horse stood meek and passive in the field, patiently eyeing the passer-by, as though it felt secure of one day's holiday : the cows, with their large, kind looks, lay unmoved upon the grass ; all things seemed taking rest beneath the brooding wings of heaven.

We have climbed the hill—have gained the churchyard ; the dust of the living dust of generations. The bell is swinging still ; and turning on every side, from distant hamlets we see men, women, and children—age with its staff, and babyhood warm at the breast—all coming upward—upward—to the church. Still they climb, and still from twenty opposite paths they come, to strengthen and rejoice their souls in one common centre. By bigotry's good leave, a fore-shadowing of that tremendous Sabbath of the universe, when all men from all paths shall meet in Paradise.

Long ere the bell had ceased to summon the congregation, the church was filled. There were, however, two causes for this Christian alacrity ; although, it is our belief that few even to themselves acknowledged either. Nevertheless, it was plain from the eager, half-anxious looks of the people, that they expected something beyond the usual Sabbath comforting : that they had come to see some interesting novelty, as well as to hear the customary promise of good tidings. Suddenly the rustic beadle—he has but little external glory to mark his function—gives a short, significant cough, and hurries towards the door. All heads turn with him, and in a few moments, there is a low murmur, a hushing sound of surprise and satisfaction, as the handsome candidate, the young lord St. James, with Mrs. Gilead and her two daughters, enter the church, and ushered by the beadle, glide to the family pew.

The church, we say, was thronged. A beautiful sight, doubtless, to behold in that small village temple, men of all conditions gathered together, to confess their common infirmities, to supplicate for common blessings ; to appear for a time, as in the vestibule of eternity, in common adoration of the Eternal ; all distinctions and

disguises of earth cast aside, and all in nakedness of soul bending before God. A beautiful sight! And yet, the devil pride will follow some folks to church, to play unsightly pranks even before the altar. He will not be left at the church door, even for a poor two hours; but with hypocritical demureness moves up the aisle, and enters a pew, all the better to mutter deep devotion. Look down the middle aisle. It is filled with the common people—with God's commonest earth: farming men, labourers, artizans; the drudges of the world, who are nevertheless told by the good man in the pulpit that they have—every one—within them, an immortal angel. They are assured that all wealth is vanity; they are passionately desired to look upon pride and arrogance as deadly sins; and with these lovely precepts touching their heart-strings, they look on each side and see ladies and gentlemen—called by the clergyman their fellow-creatures—shut up in pews, set apart in closets; as, though in the presence of their Maker, and whilst denouncing themselves miserable sinners, they would vindicate their right of money, and buy of heaven itself the privilege of first consideration. Poverty and humbleness of station may sit upon the middle benches: but wealth and what is mouthed for respectability must have cribs apart for themselves—must be considered Christian jewels to be kept in velvet boxes—lest they should catch the disease of lowliness by contact with the vulgar. Surely there are more masquerades than masquerades in halls and play-houses. For are there not Sabbath maskings, with naked faces for masks? How many a man has himself rolled to church, as though, like Elijah, he must go even to heaven in a carriage?

The church was full. Faces, familiar to the reader, were there. Capstick and Bright Jem sat on the middle benches; whilst St. Giles, at the extreme end of the church, fixed in a corner, had anxiously watched for the appearance of St. James; and when he again beheld him, appeared to give fervent thanks for the blessing. Mr. Kingcup with about twenty red-faced little boys—Kingcup, be it known, was a schoolmaster—sat in the gallery. Mr. Tangle and Mr. Folder were, of course, provided with comfortable seats in a most comfortable pew.

Doctor Gilead preached the sermon. We are sure that the doctor himself was ignorant of the bias, yet was he a party parson. Hence—he could not help it—he selected a text from which he evolved the social necessity of the many trusting the few. We may not transcribe to our profane page the sacred text and solemn discourse

delivered on the occasion. All we may do, is to assure the reader that the excellent doctor preached with his best earnestness. Again he bade his hearers live in the days of the patriarchs : again he conjured them to put away conceit, and faith in their own weak judgments, and disobedience to their betters happily appointed to guide and protect them. (Here—all unconsciously—the doctor turned towards St. James's pew, and looked benignly down upon his lordship.) It was plain that the doctor thought himself a shepherd of the patriarchal times ; and it was no less plain that he thought all his hearers merely sheep. He made a deep impression upon many. At least two old dames—farmers' wives in red cloaks—wept : whilst half a dozen grey heads were seen to nod approvingly. Capstick, it was evident, had a cold : hence, twice he coughed so loudly, that both the beadle and Bright Jem looked anxiously at him, whilst two or three others seemed to say "people with such a cold should not come to church."

It was, in sooth, no wonder that Doctor Gilead melted his hearers. His words were so soft, so flowing ; they fell like summer honey-dew. Then his aspect was so calm—so very comfortable. He had the cure of, we know not how many thousand souls. He had souls in Oxfordshire—souls in Norfolk—souls in Middlesex—nay, souls in at least half-a-dozen counties—good Mother Church had so bountifully endowed her pet son,—and yet there was not a wrinkle in his check to tell the anxiety of so tremendous a responsibility. Had the thousands of souls been so many thousand chickens, Doctor Gilead could not have looked more easy under his charge.

But the service is over. The small organ peals its farewell notes. The organ—be it known—given by the house of St. James for a political purpose ; thus adroitly blending the music of party with the music of religion. What a world's harmony !

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## CHAPTER XXI.

"He's grown a fine young man," said Bright Jem, whose talk was of St. James.

"Why, he's tall enough for a member of Parliament," said Mr. Capstick.

"He's a good un, too, I know it," said Jem. "I'm sure, if he didn't look as meek and as humble, and wasn't as attentive to

the discourse ! and it was a nice sermon, wasn't it ? Perhaps a little too much o' putting people over people's heads ; but it was comfortable ; though now and then to be sure, the doctrine as I think, take a little too much upon himself. How he did get it to 'em who he said were out of the palings of the church ! but he did dress 'em to be sure ! And how, upon his own authority, he said they'd suffer."

"James," said Capstick—for so he dignified Jem when wishing to be solemn—"James, do you recollect the words ? And as I said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness ?"

"I should think I did," said Jem, unconsciously pulling at his hat.

"Ha ! that's beautiful and consoling, isn't it ? And what a fine creature is Man, so long as he always has these words before his eyes, and so tries to do nothing but what shall be some way worthy of his likeness ! To do this, James, is to make this world a pleasant place—and to have everybody happy about us. 'And God said, Let us make man in our image !' This is beautiful. But it's sad, it's melancholy work, Jem, when Man says 'Let us make God in our image !' "

"I beg your pardon," said Jem, "it's utterly impossible. 'Tisn't to be done, no how."

"Jem, it's been done for thousands of years ; it's being done every day." Jem stared. "Yes, Jem ; for when man, in spiritual matters, persecutes man—when in the name of religion, and as he says, vindicating God, he commits violence and cruelty upon his fellow creatures, then does he in his own ignorance make for a time his Maker after his own erring and revengeful nature—then does he make God in his own image ! Look at the burnings and roastings of poor human flesh—its hangings and quarterings, its imprisonment and exile in the name of religion. What are all these, but that man does all this wickedness in the name of God ; that is, he thinks God is pleased with what pleases his own vile, vindictive nature ; and as I take it—and it can't be denied—after such fashion it is, that man makes God after his own image. Many folks—poor souls—think this the best religion. Jem, it's nothing more nor less than worst blasphemy."

Saying this, Mr. Capstick rose from the grave-stone, where he used to sit upon—in summer time—he was wont to sit for half-an-hour or more after the service, talking with his old companion and enjoying the lovely prospect below and around him. "Now, Jem, to dinner !"

and Capstick was proceeding in laudable pursuit of that object of man's daily cares, when he paused and pointed towards St. Giles, who was loitering in the churchyard. "Jem, isn't that our wet friend?"

"In course it is," said Jem. "Didn't you see him in the church? There's a strangeness about him, but for all that I don't know that I don't like him."

"Humph! I don't know that I do," said the misanthrope. "But it's plain that he's been dodging hereabout after us." With this, Capstick advanced towards St. Giles. "Glad to see you here," he said. "Reading the tombstones, eh? Ha! they're books that now and then we all ought to read, seeing that one day we shall all have our names in 'em."

"All as can afford 'em," said Jem, with a literalness that sometimes tried the temper of his patron.

"I don't care for stones," answered Capstick. "Show me a bit of green turf; why, sometimes I can fancy written in the grass as nice an epitaph as was ever chipped by stone-cutter."

"I wanted, sir, to see you," said St. Giles to Capstick. "I left you in a manner so sudden. I wanted to say something."

"Speak out," cried Capstick. "A man can't speak the truth—whether it be sweet or sour—in a better place."

Still St. Giles hesitated. Looking full at Capstick, at length he asked with an earnest voice,—“And you don't know me, sir?” Capstick, after a full stare, shook his head. “You ought, sir; indeed, you ought; for you did me a deal of good. I've a secret about me, that if known would hang me: but I'm safe in telling you.”

“I don't know that,” said Capstick. “I wouldn't answer for myself at all. It might be my duty to hang you: as an honest and respectable man, as the world goes, I might consider it a praiseworthy thing to strangle you. Mind what you're about,” cried the misanthrope, moving gradually away.—“I'm rather given to hanging; I am indeed, young man.”

“I'd trust a thousand lives with you, sir,” said St. Giles, approaching him. “And so, sir, you must know—”

“Well? What?” cried Capstick, alarmed at the terrible news about to be revealed. “I shall hang you; but if you will, speak.”

St. Giles looked round; then suddenly, as though death-struck, turned ghastly pale. He stammered out—“Not now, sir; another time,” and walked swiftly from the churchyard.



"Jem," said Capstick, "we shall hear of burglary, perhaps murder, before to-morrow. That 's a desperate fellow, Jem."

"Not a bit on it," answered Jem. "Poor soul! he looks as if he was deeper in trouble than in wickedness." In truth, it was Capstick's own opinion, albeit he chose not so to deliver. He had to keep up a character for suspicion and misanthropy and therefore would see, as he called them, hanging lines in every other human countenance.

However, leaving the pair to pursue their way to the Tub, we may at once narrate to the reader the cause that startled St. Giles from his purpose, making him shrink like a guilty thing away. When, in a preceding chapter, St. Giles quitted Hog Lane, he was, it may be remembered, followed to the burial-ground by his half-brother. It was the hope of St. Giles that he had taken his leave of his old destroyer, Tom Blast. However, that scholar of iniquity, wouldn't have it so. Hence, he commanded the reckless Jingo stealthily to follow St. Giles—to watch wheresoever he might go, and straightway return with the news. Jingo performed his function with admirable address. At the Cocoa Tree Tom learnt the whole story of the election. He also picked up the grateful intelligence that the Yellow party had need of fighting patriots; and though Tom's character was more of Ulysses than Achilles, he nevertheless scrupled not to take the wages of a warrior in the cause of purity of election. And then, ardent in the cause, it appeared to him that the talents of his son—as on occasion he ingenuously declared Jingo to be—would potently assist the noble struggle. "The boy piped like any nightingale, and would sing 'em all to sticks in ballads." Whereupon, young Jingo received an appointment as minstrel to the cause; and with his father was dispatched straight to Liquorish.

Now the vehicle that contained Tom Blast and his singing boy, also carried some dozen other humble Yellows. The merits of the opposing candidates were discussed with that freedom which is one of the happy privileges of our constitution. Whereupon it came out in discourse that the agent for the Blues had taken with him a chest filled with gold; more than enough to bribe every honest man in the kingdom. This news sank into the heart of Blast like water in sand. All the remainder of the way, he thought of that chest of gold devoted to corrupt honest men, and thought how sweet, how justifiable it would be could he save honesty from such temptation by making it his own. St. Giles was of the Blue party

somewhat, no doubt of it, in the confidence of the agent of St. James. It was only to hang on to St. Giles—to work upon the terrors of the transport—to obtain a potent ally in the felony. Already, Blast saw himself the master of a golden treasure ; and perhaps his first luck might so come back to him, things might so be managed, that St. Giles alone might be left to pay the penalty. It was plain that providence had intended the chicken-hearted fool the gull for wiser fellows, and Tom was determined not to forego his privilege.

Arrived at Liquorish, Tom in vain sought St. Giles. Nevertheless, he had made all use of the boy. The urchin being shown the abode of Tangle, hung about the house, until he discovered the sleeping-room of that sagacious man. Such discovery was soon made, Mr. Tangle appearing at the window of his bed-chamber. Tangle was a cautious man : it was his reputation—his pride. It has been seen with what especial care he locked the closet—locked the chest that contained his gold—locked the chamber-door : but—by one of those accidents with which Beelzebub delights himself to cheat his best friends—Mr. Tangle forgot, when he descended to breakfast, to close his chamber window. This tremendous error was not unobserved by Jingo and his paternal tutor, both being on the watch for accidents. The window, we say, was open ; and chance seemed to offer a glorious means of success ; for an old vine, growing at the wall, offered to the agile limbs of Jingo a most accommodating ladder. He watched his moment. It was early Sunday morning ; and nobody was in the street. In a couple of minutes he had mounted the topmost branch of the vine, was in at the window, and in a second was under the bed of Tangle. Here he lay a few minutes, taking breath : he then stole forth, and approaching the casement, announced by signs to his anxious father in the street, that all was right. Whereupon, his parent, with few but significant gestures, replied to the boy. We are fortunately enabled to anticipate to the reader the meaning of this pantomime. It was, that Jingo should keep close until night ; and then perform a feat that would gild him with renown. Jingo felt the importance of the part put upon him by his adventurous yet careful father : for Tom Blast had provided the boy with apples and biscuits in his pockets, that he might solace and sustain himself the while he lay in wait. And Jingo showed himself worthy of his early training. True it is, that Molly the maid—having for a short time begged the key of Mr. Tangle—entered

the chamber, yet Jingo, braced for the occasion, silently munched his biscuit and trembled not. Molly made the bed, singing a rustic ditty the while, and Jingo, cosy and quiet, rather enjoyed the melody than feared the singer. Could Mr. Blast have known the composed heroism of his child, he would have felt in all its fullness, the paternal pride. He, however, continued his search for St. Giles. At length he gathered at the Rose that his friend—as he had denominated him—had gone to church. He had caused some merriment among the band and others by such eccentricity—nevertheless, he had gone to his devotions. Blast cared not to follow him inside the edifice, but lingered about the churchyard—watching the congregation depart. Already he saw St. Giles approach; but seeing him about to accost Capstick he shrank behind a tomb-stone: and thus it was, whilst watching from this position, that he was recognised by the quick eye of St. Giles, who fled as from a wild beast.

We have now to return to Tangle and Folder. To their astonishment and delight they had—even at the church porch—been invited to dine at Lazarus Hall. There was a condescension, an urbanity, about dear Doctor Gilead, that was not to be refused; and the doctor's carriage being sent to the Olive Branch, the happy couple departed for the rectory. The dinner was magnificent. Of this we feel assured; for Tangle on his progress back to the inn, at least fifty times declared so. "What wine too!" he cried—"the man, sir, who can give wine like that ought to be a bishop—a bishop, sir; certainly a bishop." This opinion Mr. Tangle emphasized by again and again slapping the knee of Mr. Folder who in vain endeavoured to moderate Tangle's admiration, by answering—"My dear sir,"—"My very dear sir,"—but it availed not.

It was evident from the condition of Mr. Tangle that he did not place wine among secular things: otherwise he had not on such a day meddled so busily with the rector's port. Mr. Tangle was a particularly sober man. It was the boast of Mrs. Tangle that he had never been *seen* intoxicated: a boast that has with it a certain equivocation. But, it is a truism, every man has his weak moments. Had he not, what an awful person would he be—how set apart, how distantly removed from his fellow-men,—frail, daily sinners! No; it is because great men have their weaknesses, that we may assert our common nature with them. We should be abashed, indeed utterly confounded, by their heads of glittering

metal,—did we not espy their little toes of clay, that reconcile us by the assurance, that they have about them our father Adam's common mark. Hence, our reverence may be softened into love ;—common weakness breeds common affection.

But we owe the palliation to Tangle ; sure we are, had the patriot not been so strong, the man would not have been so drunk. He had been so animated, so rapt by the prospect of Lord St. James's success—so inexpressibly indignant towards the corrupt and villanous machinations of the Yellows,—that when he wanted words, as he so very often did, to express the intensity of his feelings, he invariably applied himself to his wine-glass. At a very early hour of the evening, he had got drunk out of pure admiration of the English Constitution. Nor, let the truth be said, was Mr. Folder innocent of liquor. But, he had this saving clause to himself,—if *he* was drunk, *he* was drunk like a gentleman. That is, he neither sang, nor roared, nor slapt his comrade on his knee or shoulder, but sat, silently winking his eyes like an owl in the sun, and now and then performing a slight cough, as it appeared to him to set right his dignity.

What change of climate often is to a sick man, change of house is to a drunken one. He feels the stronger for the removal, and therefore drinks again. It was thus with Mr. Tangle. Hence, when safely seated in the Olive Branch, he declared that he must have “one glass more—only one”—the glass, that like *Macbeth's*, shows the tippler “many more.” Briefly—for why should we linger with the bacchanal ?—Mr. Tangle was led by the boots and chambermaid to his bed-room, Mr. Folder, with a hard struggle for seeming sobriety, carrying a candle which in his unsteady hand let fall anointing drops of tallow on the head of the vinous and patriotic lawyer. Arrived at the top of the stairs, Tangle insisted upon being left to his own guidance. Did they want to insult him ? Did they think him drunk ? He knew the way to his own room ; and would have no spies upon his doings. A dim sense of the treasure in his dormitory seemed to steal upon him, and make him of a sudden savagely resolute. He tried at three or four doors, insisting that each was his proper door ; and then gradually giving it up as in no way belonging to him. Then he burst into a loud laugh, and declared it was droll—devilish droll. “This reminds me of another inn I once slept in,” he cried—“another tavern, where all the doors always changed places after twelve o'clock.” At length, he was half-shuffled,

half-guided into his own apartment; where, forbidding any one on pain of death to follow him, he was left alone. He cautiously locked the door, and taking the key out, proceeded with devious steps to place it under his pillow. He then staggered to the door of the closet that contained his treasure; and grinned, and pawed and stroked it up and down as though he was caressing some animate thing. By the dim twinkling of the rushlight, young Jingo—his head protruded from the bed's foot, like the head of a tortoise from beneath its shell—watched the drunkard; and, it must be owned, felt something like a sense of contempt for his condition. It was plain the urchin thought the glory of the robbery lessened at least half by the helpless state of the victim to be robbed. The boy, in the vivacity of youthful blood, had expected to see the gentleman gagged at least and tied to the bed post; and now he would be made to render up his gold patiently as a sheep its wool. Leaving the closet, Tangle approached the bed, and still smiling at his wondrous cunning, placed his watch under the mattress. He next drew from his waistcoat a small pair of pistols which, having eyed with a look of maudlin tenderness, and addressed as his dear preservers, he attempted to place in the watch-pocket at the head of the bed. Unfortunately, they slipped from his fingers, fell at the bed-side, and were instantly secured by young Jingo. Tangle paused; stooped; fumbled about the floor, then with a grunt of resignation, gave up the search. "He shouldn't want 'em—no; he knew he shouldn't want 'em." At length assisted by the unseen genii that in their benevolence await upon and solace drunken men, Mr. Tangle found himself between the sheets. His head fell like a lump of dead clay upon the pillow; and in two or three minutes, he was sunk fathoms deep in drunken oblivion.

Jingo, hopeful child! had a quick eye for business. Mr. Tangle had divested himself of his wardrobe at the bedside: and it was a pretty sight—it would, in sooth, have warmed the paternal bosom of Tom Blast, could he have beheld Jingo seize garment by garment, and with unerring sagacity, instantly apply himself to every pocket. Purse, handkerchief, pocket-book—nay, even a curious old steel tobacco-stopper, a Tangle heir-loom—were quickly in the possession of young Jingo. And so, ending the present chapter, we leave them: Tangle in his bed dreaming of triumph and Jingo under it, really tasting the sweet fruits of plunder.



## THE SOCIAL POSITION AND CHARACTER OF THE BAR.

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OUR readers are aware that the Bar and the Press have come to blows. The quarrel arose in this way. Last year a personal difference, the origin of which has not been made public, occurred betwixt the conductors of the *Times* and Mr. Sergeant Talfourd. They had previously been on the best terms. The Journal then omitted the name of the Sergeant from its reports of law cases in which he was concerned, and the omission was regarded by the whole Bar as an injury. Barristers live by publicity, and to suppress a name in the public reports is nearly equivalent to professional extinction. Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's case to-day might be the case of any other learned sergeant to-morrow; and the bar, alarmed at the circumstance, made common cause with the Sergeant, and retorted the omission of the *Times* with a covert attack on the whole newspaper press. First, the gentlemen of the Oxford circuit, of which the Sergeant is a member, and then those of the western circuit passed resolutions to exclude from the bar mess, and of course from their society, every member who reports for a newspaper. In retaliation the metropolitan newspapers, in their reports of the cases on these two circuits during the summer assizes, suppressed the name of every barrister. To the surprise probably of the public no barrister appeared on either of those circuits to have opened his lips; and whatever advantage their clients might have reaped from their exertions, the eloquent gentlemen were dumb for all the world beyond the audience which could be crammed into the court. The reputation of this sergeant and that barrister ceased to expand, as the newspaper breath was withdrawn, and they may probably ere long collapse into their deserved and original nothingness.

This is an important dispute. It involves the dignity and usefulness of two very influential bodies, and suggests the propriety of inquiring into the relations of both to society. Into the details of the quarrel, which have been the subject of many leaders and many letters—of squibs and satires innumerable—all of which have fallen crushingly on the Bar, it is not our purpose to enter. The



cause of the Press has been effectively vindicated in the *Times* and in a publication which our modesty forbids us to mention. We are of opinion that all the merits of the quarrel are on one side. Passion or carelessness may stain with its own bad qualities the principle at issue, but the attempt of the Bar to stigmatise the Press, while it is solicitous of the publicity it confers, is so preposterously arrogant that it requires no further exposure. We have rough-sketched the quarrel only to lay the ground for a philosophical appreciation of both; it being our purpose to assign to each its proper place in the social scale, and award to each the merit which is its due. The Bar, as the older and better known of the two, first deserves consideration, and shall be treated of in our present number.

Lord Brougham, in his celebrated speech on Law Reform, when he was still a fluent patriot, and had no hopes of the chancellorship, described the law as intended to be "the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence," but he added that it "actually is a two-edged sword of craft and oppression." On this theory the law is a noble instrument perverted to the vilest purposes. Who are the authors of this perversion? Some small part of the mighty mischief may be laid at the door of the judges, who, deducing the law from previously decided cases, are very often law makers; but as soon as a barrister becomes a judge he loses almost every motive for an unjust interpretation of the law, and in the great majority of cases endeavours to administer it justly and honestly. Not so the barrister. It is assigned to him as a merit that he sometimes helps the oppressed, and rights the wronged; but there is no suit at law, no cause in the criminal courts, which has not one or more barristers on either side. If one half of the bar be the shields of innocence, the other half is for ever sharpening and driving home the "two-edged sword of craft and oppression." This half always endeavours to lead astray the judgment of the judge, or obtain unjust verdicts from juries—to mystify what is clear—to confound what is distinct—to make the wrong appear the better reason; this half, which cultivates eloquence only to mislead, is the chief author of that perversion of the noblest instrument to the worst of purposes, which we all sorely feel, and which Lord Brougham has so emphatically denounced.

In order to perform the duty of defending any wrong for which the barrister may be hired, the whole Bar studies the arts by which

that can be done successfully. That becomes their habit. The aim of their lives is to wrest the law to the purposes of well-paying clients and defeat justice. It is only by accident that they are the shield of innocence—their general business is to let out their talents to oppression. Rich rogues, capable of buying great legal assistance, are rarely the objects of an unjust attack. The wrong-doer is mostly the proud noble, the arrogant priest, the rich plunderer, who possesses and can bestow those rewards to which the Bar look. Their tongues being ready for any hirers and wrong-doers requiring their assistance, while the innocent and oppressed rely on their own integrity, by far the largest half of the Bar will always be the agents and instruments of wrong-doing. There are exceptions : we speak of the Bar as a whole. The object of legal education is to fit barristers for the office of defending wrong ; and rarely is a wrathful weapon made, but cunning hands are found to use it. The Bar is educated for the service of the rich, and the oppressors buy it.

By an arrangement which excites our surprise more than our respect, the oppressed and wronged in the result, even when they are successful in a court of law, are sure to incur considerable loss. A victorious litigant never recovers the whole of his costs. The members of the Bar, unlike the fabulous protectors of innocence who rewarded with many gifts the struggling virtue which they saved, fleece, by the help of the law which they have perverted, the innocent they are said to shield and protect. They must have their fee before they open a brief. Now, as the larger half of the Bar is ranged with the oppressors, and as the other half assist in impoverishing those who are wrongly assailed, the Bar must on the whole be far more injurious than beneficial. That the half of the Bar, at least, is always ranged on the side of the wrong-doers, gives but a faint picture of the mischievous character of the whole profession.

Such is our estimate of the Bar, on Lord Brougham's theory that the law is "the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence," perverted into a "sword of oppression ;" what then will it be on the supposition that this is, at all times, rather a theory of what the law ought to be, than an actual description of what the law ever is or ever has been ? What will be the character of the Bar if the law itself be evil ? We speak not of laws which inspiration gave to the chosen people ; but of the laws of England, made by king, lords, and commons in parliament assembled, or by the judges in

their courts. Every day now testifies that laws are not passed because they are just and wise, but because they serve a party, a class or a factious purpose. The Whigs make one series of laws, and the Tories another. As a man is in or out of office he takes a different view of legislation. Now the country gentlemen and now the bankers, or manufacturers, or ship-owners, make the laws, or get them made for their peculiar advantage. At one time the law is required to confer something on the Catholics, at another the Orangemen are angry that it does not benefit them. One act is passed to enrich the Church, another to give something to the dissenters. We have on one occasion the abandonment of an unjust law offered as the price of place ; and at another we are cursed with a tax, our property is forcibly taken away by a law, to keep a minister in power. The community as a whole, and the manner in which it may be affected by laws which are thus passed for class, factious, or individual purposes, is never considered by our honest legislators. This is too vast a subject for their minds to take in ; and so they scheme to model society bit by bit, never observing that every one of their intended beauties is a blot and deformity of the majestic figure of the whole.

Nor does the criminal law spring from higher motives and more enlarged wisdom than our municipal and fiscal regulations. Some crimes which we all condemn are liable to severe punishment, but there are many others which escape scot-free or lead to honour. Most of our criminal enactments were dictated by revenge ; and for ages the nobility and men of property made laws, the spirit of which is still acted on, to deprive of life those who retorted on them individually, in a small degree, their own rapacious class practices. As knowledge has taught the nation what is right, and has impressed on it the transcendental value of justice, it has been continually compelled, and still feels itself under an imperative obligation to repeal the bloody enactments by which avarice sought to protect its usurpations, and revenge clothed itself with the sanction of legality. The improvement hitherto effected is only a partial index to what is yet to do ; and game laws, corn laws, laws of entail and primogeniture, and laws for maintaining churches, with other similar laws, vehemently reprove us with suffering or committing great legislative injustice.

Much as this generation justly complains of class legislation, it is quite certain that there never was a time, in England nor in any other country, not even those times which are properly called

fabulous, when laws were made from purer and holier motives than now. Run back, reader, in thought, over the terrible parliamentary corruption of the three first Georges ; over the heated strife, both religious and political, which dictated laws in the reign of Anne and William the Third,—run back over the violent re-action and previous more violent confiscations and revolution of the James's and Charles's, which gave birth to many existing laws—run over the long and arbitrary reigns of the Tudors, remarkable for violent enactments, the sources of many existing titles and possessions, and for stringent penal laws to meet changes which neither sovereign nor minister comprehended—or going still farther back, and thinking of the contentions of the Roses, whilst statutes were introduced to stint the labourer of his hire—of the Conquest and its oppressive forest laws, or the previous conquests of Saxons and Danes for the purposes of robbery, which established the lordship of some and the slavery of others—look at those periods when laws were made for the very purpose of keeping the conquered in obedience and awe—run back even cursorily over our whole history, and it will be apparent at every period, and the further we go back the more glaring is the frightful fact, that laws have been generally and at all times made to gratify some lust in a conquering race, some class interest, or some love of revenge, and rarely or never have they been made as the means of doing justice between man and man, or affording protection to the innocent and redress to the oppressed. The supposition that all law is so intended is a kind of blind-puppy belief, which mature men who have opened their eyes and understandings know was never the fact. A law may now and then be made for the punishment of oppression, but the general characteristic of laws is that of a sword in the hand of conquerors and oppressors, by which they control, subdue, and awe those they pretend to serve.

To form a correct judgment, however, of the social rather than the political position of the Bar, we must take an enlarged view of society. Sacred history informs us that society began with a single pair, and profane history confirming that, teaches us that population, with temporary oscillations and temporary decays, has gone on increasing from a few persons, and spreading over the earth. That is the result of some great natural system. Society is everywhere developing itself according to inherent laws of its own. It is not the creation of kings and senates, or long-headed benevolent schemers. Man and woman, and family relations, with

all the numberless consequences of the multiplication of families, commonly called society, is one of nature's noblest creations, which we have not learned to comprehend, and which we disfigure by endeavouring to make it other than she intends.

Society is distinguished apparently from the great periodic movement of the heavenly bodies by not returning on its path, and therefore would appear to be more difficult to comprehend even than they are. It moves for ever onward, but there is reason to suppose that extended analysis and observation may obliterate the apparent distinction, and trace both a periodic and progressive movement in every class of phenomena.

The continual destruction and reproduction of the species within a not ill-defined period, briefly to hint at one analogy, is obviously similar to the annual flowering and fruiting of many plants, and to the annual and periodic return of the sun to a place in the heavens on which the fruiting and flowering depend. In like manner, the slow and imperceptible changes which we learn from many recorded observations are going on even as to the place of the sun's periodic return, in conjunction with the modern theory of a continual creation of new suns and new worlds, establishes a resemblance in the most magnificent astronomical phenomena to the progressive development of society.

All movement is perhaps both progressive and periodic. We live, happily for the gratification of our best faculties, in the midst of unexplored and unexplained wonders, which multiply like mankind themselves in an accelerating ratio much faster than we can investigate them; and every one that we explain brings us acquainted with many more which are at first inexplicable. New phenomena spring abundantly out of every investigation. What a host of wonders growing from the discovery of electricity now claims attention. Science suggests then, if it do not confirm the supposition, that on earth as in heaven creation is still in progress. Like eternity and infinity—creative power, improving, sustaining, and producing worlds and all that inhabit them, is an insuperable attribute of the Deity. Reproduction as well as development is another name for continual creation, and of this our being as individuals and society is a part.

Though science be yet too imperfect to establish a coincidence in every minute particular, between the periodic and progressive movements of all creation and the similarity of the laws which govern the earth and the heavens and all that is therein, it can

be denied that society is progressive or continually expanding. This is one great law of its being. The progressive is the healthy, the happy, the *natural* state of society. Whatever contravenes it, like a law impeding the increase of *food* and the increase of people, is unnatural disease and misery. But all laws are stationary, and intended to be stationary. The object of the legislator, even when most wise and enlightened, is to tie men fast to one spot of time and knowledge. He catches hold of the new phenomena of society as they arise, each of which in its turn and place is appropriate and beneficial; at one agriculture, at another commerce, and at a third manufactures predominate, and he endeavours to stop at that temporary and local improvement, and make it the perpetual limit of man's progress. The law-maker, knowing nothing of futurity, always aims, and must aim, at fathoming society by his own incomplete and fleeting perceptions. Thus laws, like the Tories, and like the famous duck-legged drummer of the *Times*, are for ever behind society, and hamper its progress. Under the spur of necessity it is reluctantly and continually compelled to reform or sweep away the institutions to which lawyers pertinaciously cling. It always has great difficulty in making them relax their grasp; but it must do this or be strangled.

Such is the true character of law, and of that the Bar is the creature and the minister. Other professions and trades, such as agriculturists, merchants, manufacturers, bakers, even soldiers or defenders, have their origin in the natural wants of man, and are portions of natural society. "God," says the poet, "makes the country," but the law, like the town, is exclusively of man's building; and the legal profession is altogether like the rickety deformities of our ill-ventilated sheds, the creature of man's hand. The legal profession is no part of natural society. This distinction is of great importance, and leads to considerations of equal importance.

It is an undeniable fact that law is a restraint, and very often like our fiscal and commercial regulations, a mischievous restriction. It is opposed to natural freedom, and we do not believe that man can mend a great work of nature which he cannot grasp nor comprehend. Those who carry the law into effect must of necessity therefore be enemies of freedom. The Bar thus appears to us as a great instrument of usurpation. It requires all right to be enjoyed in subserviency to it, and it takes a heavy toll for guaranteeing us partial freedom.



The Bar being the creature of the law, necessarily forms ideas of right and wrong from its creator. Common sense perpetually says the law is unjust ; the Bar has no other criterion of justice than the law itself. It says of actions only that they are or are not legal. It declares that men have no right but what the law confers. Its conscience is the offspring of the unjust law. The bulk of mankind appeal to the laws of God or the laws of nature ; for the Bar to appeal to any other rule of advice than the dicta of judges or the statutes at large, would be to undermine the craft by which it has life, eminence, and power. Common language, as well as common sense, invariably indicates the existence of a higher and more general standard of morality than the varying and imperfect municipal institutions of any and of all countries. Those whose ideas are formed on them as a model must take a low, erroneous, and degraded view of the possible moral excellence of man. Setting up the judge-made law, and the law made by parliament, above the law of nature, the Bar struggles perpetually to confine man within the limits of legislation, and would retard the improvement if not insure the deterioration of the species.

This leads us to believe that many of the common imputations on the Bar are just. As the laws are crooked so are the minds of the legal profession. As the laws are unjust so the Bar is always ready to do injustice. Barristers are not only to be found in courts driving home the oppressor's sword—they are in parliament and in public the defenders of political and legal abuses. They are ever ready to *draw* a Six Acts' Act or a Coercion Bill, and to give every new tyranny a legal shape. The bulk of them side with misrule against the popular right. Their professional studies make them prefer Justinian to Christ, and honour in Bacon the corrupt Chancellor more than the sublime philosopher.

Man is evidently adapted, like the bird to the air and the fish to the water, to the earth which is given him for his habitation. His eye bears a beautiful relation to light coming from the utmost bounds of telescopic vision, and all his faculties—in strict harmony with the world around him—qualify him at all times and in all situations, admirably to perform all the business and duties nature requires of him.

He must, as the first and great condition of a happy existence, have an abundance of food, and to the production of food his labour and his knowledge, his hand and his mind, are appropriate at every stage of society;—whether the yet untutored savage state, when man is scarcely skilled to entrap a beaver or conquer a bear,

or in the most civilised condition, when man makes the elements by his ships and steam-engines contribute to his subsistence. As society is developed he is able to perform all the duties the changes impose on him, in order that he may be happy on the earth which the God of his fathers has given him, with ease and perfection. He ploughs the ground around his habitation, sails his ships over all the oceans of the globe, offers with plainness and simplicity a skin in one hand, and holds out the other for the hatchet he is to receive in exchange for it, and organises a universal system of credit to facilitate production which is quite marvellous; he makes steam-engines and power-looms, grows corn, and manufactures cloth; he soars in the air, and runs on the earth untired, with more than the velocity of the courser; he raises metals from the deepest recesses of the earth, converts stones into a running fluid, and guides it into the smallest openings, casting delicate ornaments for ladies, or into the most solid masses, making one compact beam of many tons; he makes machinery which unites the stability of the human finger to the riving power of the thunder-bolt;—all these operations, many of which are absolutely wonderful, he performs with ease and without the tutelage of the law, or the help of the legal profession. Of the great natural functions of society each man can perform his own share unaided by the law and the Bar, and feel himself like a man fully competent to the task.

One of the most striking and important truths brought to light by political economy is, that law never interferes with the natural functions of society but to derange them. Its restrictions are not only injurious; they are also at once multifarious and incoherent. Plain men, therefore, cannot understand nor comply with them. Each man has in his own faculties the means of doing his duty easily to God and his neighbour; but his duty to the king and the parliament must be taught and interpreted to him by the legal profession.

Whenever our business brings us into contact with the law, we must flee for help to a man who professes to understand it, and who has helped to monopolise the interpretation of it by making it cumbrous and complicated. The profession takes property particularly under its especial care. For poverty it has no regard, it has only chastisement. The land a man tills, and the beautiful machines he makes, he can scarcely sell without a lawyer's help. Where property is concerned a child cannot be portioned, nor a

marriage contracted, nor the accumulations of a family fairly disposed of by the most enlightened common sense. It must be done by a lawyer. Whenever we have to walk amidst the intricacies which have been erected by the gentlemen of the Bar, we must supplicate the aid of one of their guiding hands, and must pay largely for the assistance. The most ignorant are competent to comprehend nature, and walk as she directs; but the wisest and most sagacious man is not competent without legal help to comprehend the laws of the land. The barristers, for their own purposes, hold the human race in tutelage. Mankind are made their wards. They are scarcely allowed to speak in their own behalf; they must not defend themselves; they must employ a barrister. To escape the wiles of one member of the profession they must fee another. If it be said that this applies to attorneys rather than barristers, the reply is, that the attorneys can carry a suit to a conclusion; and that the barristers, whom they instruct and fee are, for a fee, the ready instruments of their dirtiest work. Thus designedly or undesignedly the members of the profession do in fact make business for each other, and gather wealth by enclosing industry in their toils. The productive classes are their legal prey.

We have not adverted to the often-repeated reproach that they are so habituated to speak for an object, that they forget the distinction between truth and falsehood. We have said nothing of the common practice amongst barristers in repute, of taking the fee of a client, and for the sake of the larger fee of another client, consigning the first, though his fee was given expressly on account of the great talents of the barrister retained, to some inferior journeyman. Neither have we adverted to the still more disgraceful occurrence, not unfrequent, of barristers changing sides, being put into possession by a client's attorney of all the weak and strong points of a case, and afterwards accepting a brief from the opponent. We have said nothing of such cases as Mr. Philip knowing Courvoisier's guilt, and yet laying the crime by insinuation at the door of those he knew to be innocent. We have been silent on Sir-Fitzroy Kelly, honoured by kindred minds, who prostituted the power of the Crown to their own licentious uses—weeping over the misfortunes of the injured Tawell. We have said nothing of a skilful barrister gathering a quarter of a million in a few short years, by playing the "artful dodge" \* with affidavits, so that a

\* While we are writing,—a poem with a very curious title, the "*Paragon*."

judge would trust the reading of them to him ; and by continually taking fees for services that were never performed. We have been silent on many practices common to barristers, with other seekers after fame and fortune by crooked ways, but particularly reprehensible in those who assume airs of superiority, and cry out against honest exertions that have no tinge of meanness, avarice, or corruption. We have dealt in no vulgar prejudices ; we have considered the profession as it is necessarily made by the principles of its being.

Barristers according to these views are rather the stone which bruises than the balm which heals. They are the oppressor's helps ; the tyrant's servants ; they are the perverters of law supposing it to be good ; and they are ministers of all its evils : they form no part of the natural system of society. As men they are

*of Suicides,*" has fallen under our notice. It is by Thomas Cooper, called the Leicester Chartist, who was imprisoned in 1842 on a charge of seditious conspiracy, and who wrote the poem while in prison. In his preface, is the following passage. After describing his trial, and his being brought up for judgment, he says :—

" Sir W. Follett, who again used his decaying strength the hour before judgment was passed upon us in the Bench, pointed to me with an austere look, and said, ' This man is the chief author of the violence that occurred, and I conjure your lordship to pass a severe sentence on Cooper.'

" Scarcely three years have passed, and the great lawyer is no more. He wronged me, but I think of him with no vindictive feelings, for my imprisonment has been to me a nobler source of satisfaction than he could ever derive from all his honours. He amassed wealth, but the *Times*, alluding to the frequent unhappy disappointments occasioned by Sir W. Follett's non-attendance on cases he undertook to plead, says, ' So often did they occur, that solicitors and clients in the agony of disaster and defeat were in the habit of saying that Sir William often took briefs when he must have known that he could not attend in court ; and as barristers never return fees, the suitor sometimes found that he lost his money and missed his advocate at a moment when he could hardly spare either.' I am poor and have been plunged into more than 200*l.* debt by the prosecution of my enemies ; but I have the consolation to know that my course was dictated by heartfelt zeal to relieve the sufferings and oppressions of my fellow-men. He was entombed with pomp, and a host of titled great ones of every shade of party attended the laying of his clay in the grave, and they propose now to erect a monument to his memory. Let them build it, the self-educated shoemaker has also reared his, and despite its imperfections he has calm confidence that, though the product of poverty and suffering and wrong, it will out-last the posthumous stone block that may be erected to perpetuate the memory of the titled lawyer."

We quote the passage as one evidence amongst many that the profession is becoming universally estimated at its intrinsic value.

Nature's children ; as lawyers, she disowns them. They are tures impeding the growth, and issues drawing off the life blood of society ; they remove no inconvenience ; they create no convenience. A physician or surgeon assuages pain, and may be a comfort to his patient : lawyers are only plagues, and even those who use them for bad purposes receive their services with impatience ; neither feed, clothe, instruct, nor cure their fellows ; they are the offspring of conquest, oppression, and wrong, and their lives are spent in supporting the cause of their parents. As a profession, and only as a profession we have spoken of the Bar : as a body united into an exclusive corps, monopolising the study and administration of the law, bound to use that as the instrument of their own advancement, and bent on making it the means of gaining wealth,—perverting it when good, maintaining it when bad, at all times teaching a reverence for it above truth and justice, making, as far as the profession can, slaves of other men or tyrants to them for its own purposes, the Bar is now and has been at least since the time of Cromwell one of our social plagues ; for in Parliaments when disposed to do right it has been too strong,—the awful Protector succumbed to the Sons of Zeruah. We do not and believe that the profession will not be found too strong for the Press and the people.

From this profession, socially mischievous but politically defended, the highest officers of the State are selected, and it is a full explanation of much public turpitude to know that an educated barrister is the keeper of the royal conscience, and the arbiter of State morality. Woe to the people who suffer their intellect to be cramped by such a body as the Bar confining them to a morality and the rules laid down by the ignorance of a past age. England owes her greatness to her partial emancipation, by the continual extension of arts and knowledge, from its dominion. We hope from the quarrel which has suggested these observations that the profession which monopolises the guidance of mankind in civil affairs, is destined speedily, and for ever, to be deprived of power.

## MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

### A STORY OF THE TALLY SYSTEM.

It is quite impossible to live any time in a close street, without gaining some insight into the rank, habits, and occupation of those who live opposite to you. To me who am an invalid, and greatly alone, it has been a source of infinite amusement, and some profit, to become acquainted without effort with characters of which from collision I know nothing; and to trace histories through the pantomimic medium of daily actions. The house fronting my abode is one of those European caravansaries, a lodging-house, and the frequent arrivals and removals interest me almost as much as they do the landlady. The comfort of my look-out depends greatly on the description of persons who from time to time become her inmates; for, let me tell you, prejudices are strong things, even with the street's breadth between you and the objects of them—and quiet, neat, and pleasing-looking individuals, a desideratum in the limited and monotonous prospect of a first-floor's windows, from an invalid's chair. I do not much trouble myself about drawing-room people; the rent of these apartments is in general an argument for the circumstances of those who tenant them; but the occupants of parlours and second-floors afford me ample materials for mental speculation. In these you find the widows of officers and others, who (to use the emphatic phrase of these insolvents of society) have seen better days—visiting governesses—milliners who affect the gentility of a private street, and no show—newly-married artificers, who feel a pride in placing their young wives in apartments commensurate with their affection for them, rather than (as I have had occasion to observe) their after means of continuing—and other nondescripts who come and go mysteriously, as the images of a dissolving view. It is to one of the former humble couples that my story has reference; but I must be allowed to tell it in my own way.

Several years ago, a bill in my opposite neighbour's front parlour announced that these apartments were to be let unfurnished; and amongst many other applicants (for the street is



pleasant, and in a very desirable neighbourhood), I noticed a pair who appeared to be mother and daughter, and whose appearance so favourably impressed me, that I could not help wishing that the place would suit them. The daughter, as I imagined her, was a young creature with a pretty oval, but remarkably pale face upon which the bands of her brown hair looked nearly black: a contrast. She was very neatly dressed, in a cottage straw bonnet, a grey print gown, and black silk shawl; and had moreover (perceived as she tripped up the three steps to the door), an elegant little foot, and a small, plump, and exceedingly white hand; for with a very thrifty economy, she removed her unsoiled gloves before she touched the rapper. They stayed some time, but immediately on their leaving, I had the satisfaction to see the bill removed; and less than a week afterwards, a very modestly-loaded van arrived in the dusk of the evening, and on looking out at breakfast the next day, the window, that for some weeks had been staring at great vacant panes into the street, showed spotless sun-dials, and muslin curtains, that had evidently never before seen service; and, while I was wondering whether the mother, or the daughter, or both of them were my new neighbours, up went the blind a trifle higher, and a face almost as white—the pale, pretty face of the young girl—appeared beneath it; still the position of the head did not please her: it interfered with her conservatory of the pots, a musk, a rose, and geranium; and behold! the principal episode in her existence was developed to me; there was a ring on her left hand, that was not there on the day I had seen it and the fellow ungloved to raise the knocker: she was married. Under any circumstances, a very young wife is an interesting object. There is something so novel in the onerous duties of her new character, and so wonderful in the natural way in which the once girlish bride assumes them; her very awkwardness is graceful and the new-born sense of the importance of her position, touching those whose own experience enables them to see so far before her on the path of her future existence—the girl, with all her unbroken spirits, merging into the premature thoughtfulness and calm dignity of womanhood, and suddenly casting off the dependence of her position at home, to undertake the most responsible duties within the scope of her destiny. I must plead guilty to many stealthy glances at my young neighbour's novelties—the arrangement of her new home; I could see her putting and replacing, and standing still in the midst of her labour.

take a look at the effect, and trace her little white hand driving nails, and dusting, and polishing, till I began to think it would not long keep its colour. At length, pretty deep in the afternoon, I was delighted to find the ordering of the apartments completed, and the little wife in a spotless gown, and her beautiful hair shining and smooth, and as becomingly arranged as if an artist had been trying his hand at it. She had placed her work-box on a table, at one side of the window, and was now busily employed at sewing. About six o'clock I saw the work put down, and the tea-things placed ready. She was evidently expecting her husband, and very shortly afterwards a well-made, good-looking young man, in the dress of a mechanic, stepped briskly by the window, and before he could take the latch-key from his pocket, or had scarcely reached the door, it was opened for him—I need hardly say who by. It was some minutes before I saw them again; but then the husband had changed his dress, and they were sitting opposite one another, and I could see kind and smiling looks pass between them. All this looked well—these habits of personal neatness, and those little attentions that at least bespoke the refinement of affection. After this the history of one day seemed pretty nearly that of the last, only that occasionally in the twilight, when it grew too late to work, and yet looked like a wilful waste of the sweet summer-evening hours to light candles, Jessie, or rather Mrs. Wilson (that was the name of my new neighbour), would slip on her bonnet, and take her husband's arm for a little stroll in the park or gardens, and at others he would take a book while she sat sewing, and read aloud to her. I fairly loved them, for their apparent fondness of each other, and their quietude, industry, and gentle habits. As for Jessie, her indefatigable assiduity at needlework was the wonder of all the gossiping house-keepers in the street. My landlady, who had looked out at four o'clock one morning to ascertain at which of her neighbours a cabman was rapping at that hour, discovered the young wife up and at work; and, continuing her matin observations, found that it was by no means a rare or accidental occurrence, but an almost daily practice. How very strange! so lately married, and her husband in good and constant employment; if she had a family, indeed, to require her efforts, it would be a different thing; but for her, without any occasion that her neighbours could see, to be slaving in the way she did from daylight to dark, it was very extraordinary: henceforth poor Jessie's bed was condemned to as

unpleasant a fame as that of Procrustes, in order to account, under all circumstances, for her early desertion of it. They had not seen as I had done, the handsome carpet and mahogany chest of drawers come home, or they might pretty well have guessed, it would require some supernumerary hours' work to pay for them; besides it was the height of the London season, and the fashionable hour for which she worked was just then so overwhelmed with business that to oblige her employers, and insure their future favour, she was necessitated to sit thus closely. Scarcely an evening passed without the milliner's boy appearing at the door, with his pink-lined wicker basket, to carry home the results of her day's labour; which Jessie, with a pretty vain-glory in her graceful handiwork, and important patronage, instead of packing in her parlour, would bring out to the door, and with dainty care lay down lightly in it, while her neighbours peeped enviously out and diligently took account of its contents. All this while her face became paler and thinner, and her hand more fair, till you could scarcely detect it amongst the folds of lace and satin it was forever busy with; while her husband's look of light-hearted cheerfulness changed to one of solicitude,—a feeling that affected his manner towards her with, if possible, more tenderness than ever. Meanwhile the autumn deepened, the season had ended, and still it seemed to make no difference to Jessie. She still sat working as earnestly as before, only it was no longer at ball-dresses and she did not exert herself to rise so early. By-and-by, my daughter informed me that Mrs. Wilson was about to become a mother—an event that not long afterwards occurred; and never was there, as assured me, so tender or so proud a one. Maternity became her sweetly; and the baby, like all first bantlings, was a prodigy of beauty and good temper. The very length of its snowy robe, and the size of the lace-cockade in its cap, was, like her love for the prodigal. Year by year, however, fresh idols gathered round the hearth, and the robes grew shorter, and the lace more scant, but I never perceived any economy of affection. And now, at a time when her expenses most required it, poor Jessie was obliged to give up her work, in order to devote herself to her children, who came so rapidly, and brought with them so many cares, that it required great frugality and industry on her part to enable her to eek out her husband's wages with such closeness as to make both ends of the week meet, without trenching on their accustomed comforts. She was, however, more than seconded in her (part-

worthy efforts by the conduct of her husband, who, keeping in view the fulfilment of a working mechanic's ambition—that of arriving, by diligence and economy, to the condition of a master tradesman, had by his sobriety, conduct, and attention to business, justly earned for himself the confidence of his employer, and the respect of his fellow-workmen. Every Saturday evening he placed in his wife's hands the wages of his six days' toil, innocent of stoppages for absence or public-house accounts; and the respectability of his own and Jessie's appearance, the neatness of their children, and the comforts and cleanliness of their household arrangements, showed that she was not unworthy of the trust. But a short time previous to the birth of their third child, there came to lodge in the second floor of the same house the wife of a fellow-workman, a large bold-looking woman, with an habitual humidity in her light-blue eyes, and a moist peculiar redness on her lips; a very smart person indeed, whose fine appearance (especially on Sundays) called forth the secret envy of her neighbour, and awakened repinings that she could no longer afford to dress as she did. Indeed, about this time, owing to an accident that had obliged Wilson to leave his work for some weeks, their circumstances had become so straitened that it required great efforts of economy and handicraft to manage, without any perceptible falling off in their comforts or appearance; but, though her husband's shirt-sleeves and children's pinafores might be more pieced than hitherto, their wholesomeness and cleanliness made them look decent to the last, and prevented people from observing the patches. Meanwhile, meetings on the stairs and door-steps had ripened the good-morrows, &c. between Mrs. Wilson and her new neighbour into actual intimacy; a state of things which the former's situation served to consolidate, as it afforded Mrs. Trigg an opportunity for getting herself into their apartments, under the plea of kindness, and a desire to be useful. I am sorry to say that she was rarely out of them after, whenever the absence of their husbands gave her an opportunity for gossiping; and, having no children of her own, she would nurse the baby, or amuse the others, till Mrs. Wilson looked upon her as the very best of neighbours, and the kindest-hearted person in the world. It is needless to say, that from so close an intimacy mutual confidence as to circumstances, &c. resulted; and Jessie, from deploring the difficulty she found in clothing her children, and supporting a home on the often capri-



cious earnings of her husband, soon listened complacently to her friend's plans for improving her condition ; and her initiation into the privileges and conveniences of the tally-system followed. To do her justice, however, the love and fear of her husband for a long time checked the inclination to profit by it ; but the idea, once entertained, was not so easily got rid of ; and the persuasive example of her unprincipled neighbour gradually wore away her objections—till, as the winter approached, and the wants of her husband and children, in the shape of clothing, became more pressing, the advantage of obtaining a supply without the necessity of waiting till she could afford it, and by so easy a method as the payment of a few shillings weekly, decided her ; and her husband's untarnished name secretly figured on the debtor's side of the tailor's accounts. But then, she should be able to pay it off at a certain time, and he be none the wiser of it. Hideous arguments involving, as it does, separate interests, broken faith, and the ultimate wreck of happiness and affection. But this too soon Jessie Wilson discovered. Not even the smartness of the ill-gotten garments, or all the brightness of their Sunday newness, could charm away the pang that smote her, when her husband, unconscious of how much reproach was in his praise, commended their fit and pattern, and the industry that, in spite of all her household cares, had, as he imagined, enabled her to purchase them. Oh ! if at that moment when truth and her better nature struggled in her heart, and the way in which she had obtained them showed so ugly and glaring beside the honest, upright method her husband's support pointed out, she had thrown herself upon his tenderness, and confessed the deception she had used, and the error into which she had fallen, how many hours of misery (before her ruin had reached its climax, and made her guilty as she was weak) would she have spared herself ! But the fear of his merited displeasure checked the virtuous impulse, and every after falling away, on the side of deceit and wrong, made it more difficult to confess or mend. Thus she grew more and more confirmed in debt and duplicity ; for it is a singular feature in these transactions—the extraordinary infatuation that seems to hurry the victim along, blindfolded to the after consequences—the growth of one want out of a previous one—the progress of the debt as a result, and the difficulty of closing the account in consequence. No one better understood the charm of agreement in dress than Jessie Wilson ; the new gown required a new bonnet—the bonnet, a shawl, &c. ; and, as no dress

was made to the increase of her bill, she soon set no bounds to her own or her family's necessities. At first, as is usually the case, her instalments were punctually paid ; but after a time, upon the least occasion, the ready excuse of " not convenient to pay this week " would offer itself to her, and, as the dealer was certain of his victim, he received—a proceeding that of course made it yet more difficult to meet the next week's demand ; while at other times unexpected expenses would occur to throw her out for months in her promised payments, and such accumulations soon put it out of her power to make any progress in its discharge. In the meanwhile I, though unconscious of the cause, had become sensible of a sad change in the aspect of herself and children ; even her abode exhibited it, and between her and her husband a total decline had taken place of all those courtesies and kindnesses that had marked their early conduct to each other ; the window boasted no more its fresh flowers and snowy blinds ; a surface of yellow dust, and yet more yellow curtains, shaded from observation the altered looks and habits of the inmates, but did not blind one to the painful knowledge of that change ; instead of the neatness that had formerly distinguished her, she affected finery and looked a slattern ; while her children, sometimes smart, but more frequently dirty, became as unruly and bold as they had formerly been docile and well-behaved ; look out when you would (during work hours), if any object appeared at Mrs. Wilson's window, it was sure to be the bold, red face of her bad neighbour, instead of her own once pretty, and still pale countenance, and the fair fingers that I had so loved to watch at work. I often puzzled myself to account for these altered appearances ; but at length the weekly visits of two or three pack-men, as they are called, let me into the sad secret of her indiscretion, and prepared me for yet more painful results. I need hardly say, that so radical a change in conduct and principle could not take place without a corresponding one in herself. Bitter were her secret thoughts and self-upbraidings, and grievous the sudden accession of ill temper and aged looks ; sometimes she became violently petulant, and at others fell into fits of despondency that seriously affected her health, and destroyed the remaining comfort of her husband and children ; but upon these occasions her false friend was ever at hand, to check the confession that hovered on her lips, and suggest an anodyne in the glass of gin or speciously medicated cordial ; and when, as at last it frequently happened, poor Wilson returned to find her with all



the frightful signs of its effects, the sudden spasm or some other artifice would be pleaded in excuse; till at length its use became so habitual that there was no disguising it, and henceforth the comfort of their home was irrecoverably lost, and from being ambitious and energetic, poor Wilson sunk under a sense of his misfortune and his wife's disgrace, into a state of almost sluggish despair. Still he was ignorant of the exterior evil that threatened him—he knew nothing of her debt; but it is useless to linger over the painful details of my story. Latterly she had grown perfectly indifferent to the calls of the collectors, and their now pressing demands for money; the bill had been repeatedly sent in to her husband, and letters threatening him with arrest if the claim was not immediately attended to; but these of course had never reached him, till at length the forbearance of the party became exhausted, and on coming home one Saturday night from work, he discovered his miserable wife in an agony of remorse and affliction, and himself a prisoner, for a debt of the existence of which he had not the remotest knowledge. Flung like a felon into gaol,—he who in the pride of his honest independence had been wont to boast that he owed no man a farthing—his hopes withered, his decent prejudices outraged, and by her act who till very lately he had regarded as a better-self—shame, and indignation, and misery, plucked at his heart until a terrible resolution filled it; and though he needed not for the sympathy of friends or the offer of assistance from his employer, how could he patch up respectability, or be again what he had been in the place?—No, no; his resolve was taken, and on his liberation a hue and cry spread through the street: George Wilson had not returned to his house or work; he had deserted wife, children, and home, and was gone none knew whither. That same day Jessie, with her three children, passed for ever the threshold of the home that, in the early days of wifehood, I had seen her enter so happily. What afterwards became of them I know not, unless the poor house gave them separate shelter. As for the unprincipled woman who had led the way to this consummation of deceit and ruin, the habit of intemperance in which she had so long indulged as a temporary refuge from the sense of her enthrallments, and a means of rendering herself indifferent to the persecutions of a system that had hopelessly involved her, daily increased, till *delirium tremens* became another victim.

C. W.

## “ AN ACCOMPLISHED VILLAIN.”

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WE print the following from the newspapers—(it originally appeared in *Galignani*)—as it affectingly illustrates the sad truth that society too often sins more iniquitously against the individual, than the individual errs against society.

**AN ACCOMPLISHED VILLAIN.**—An offender is now in the hands of justice whose history presents a series of acts of address in wrong-doing which have been rarely paralleled. This delinquent, by name Rioustel, was born of respectable parents, *and received a good education.* He was placed as a clerk in a merchant's house, in the Rue St. Denis, *and was conducting himself with perfect satisfaction to his employer, when he was drawn for a soldier, and, being unable to purchase a substitute, was sent to join the 29th regiment.* Disgusted with the hardships and restraints of a soldier's life, he deserted. Not daring to assume his old station in society, and becoming destitute, he committed a forgery, and, being detected, was condemned to imprisonment for five years at Melun. Discharged in the year 1832, he was at the end of that year recognised by the police as a deserter, tried by a court-martial, *and sentenced to hard labour in the Island of Oleron for seven years.* After remaining there two years he effected his escape, and remained at liberty till 1842, when he was once more arrested for a robbery, *which he was driven to commit from not being able to find any honest mode of earning his livelihood.* He was once more condemned to five years' incarceration, which, however, he endured for only two months, when he again escaped. A second unfortunate chance placed him before the military authorities, who sent him to the prison of the Abbaye, in Paris. Here, after a little time, he feigned illness with such effect that he was removed to the hospital of the Val de Grâce. On entering this establishment his first and only thought was how to get away from it. His malady seemed to increase, until he took to his bed, and pretended that he was assured he should never leave the house alive. By his mild and apparently resigned manners and conduct he gained the favour and confidence of the person in charge of the infirmary, who used to sit up with him. On the 22nd of November, 1843, he accomplished another evasion in the following way :—Having, by means hitherto undiscovered, procured and concealed in his bed a bottle of brandy, he seduced his friend the keeper to drink so much of it that he became dead drunk. In this state Rioustel took off the man's upper garments, and clothed himself with them, laying their owner in his own place in bed. Then assuming the gait and appearance of the deluded keeper, he walked unmolested out of the hospital, and was no more heard of until Friday last, when he was arrested on coming out of a jeweller's shop in the Rue de Cléry, on a charge of having stolen a bank note for 1000f. from M. Thoré, director of the Government granary at La Villette. Since he has this last time been in custody, whether from conviction that his case had become hopeless, or from bravado, he has been very communicative, and given

the details of his whole career. In addition to the above, he has avowed himself to have been the person who in March last, as we related at the time, enticed the young actress of the Théâtre de Variétés from her residence in the Cité Trévisse, and having seated her in a coffee-house, left her under a feigned pretence, hurried back to her lodgings, sent her *femme de chambre* to seek her mistress at another place where she was sure not to find her ; and having thus got both out of the way, robbed the apartment of all the deceived actress's jewels and other valuables. He it was also who, towards the close of the last winter, at a ball, made an acquaintance with a young man, who after they had supped together, invited Rioustel to his own apartment, to finish the night over a goblet of fine old rum sent him as a present from Jamaica, of which the unsuspecting host took so much himself that he fell fast asleep, and his guest took French leave of him, carrying away a valuable diamond pin, a gold watch and chain, and 200f. in money. This trick, also, we gave an account of when it was played. Rioustel, in making this confession, took some credit to himself for forbearance, saying, that there were 400f. in the drawer from which he took the 200f. but he left half, remembering that quarter-day was near at hand, and he could not distress the young man so far as to leave him without the means of paying his rent.

And this unhappy, outraged man, the newspaper moralist dubs "an accomplished villain." Let us test Rioustel's villany by the morality of the society he has offended. Here is a man of good education, honourably employed in a merchant's house. Not a breath of suspicion taints the purity of his character : on the contrary, he conducts himself with perfect satisfaction to his employer. Well, it pleases the state to select this honourable, punctual merchant's clerk for a man-killer. He must be turned into a soldier. He must forego his tranquil pursuits ; must yield up his personal independence, his moral dignity, and become a musket and ball-cartridge-bearing machine of flesh and blood ; an automaton in uniform, to be wound up to commit any of war's goodly works of fire and slaughter. There is no help for poor Rioustel—none. He has no money to buy a vicarious victim, so must he shoulder arms, and fall in with the 29th regiment. Thus, the man is first stolen from himself—the merchant's clerk is first robbed of his priceless liberty by the moral, the honest state. Well, after bearing with "the hardships and restraints" of a soldier's life, until life becomes insupportable—and who shall coldly count the mental agonies, the hours of anguish, of loathing and disgust endured by the condemned slave of the musket?—Rioustel escapes ; and so commences his career of "accomplished villany."

The deserter, who has endeavoured to obtain back the liberty of which he was deprived by the state, is now free ; and free to starve. He cannot "assume his old station in society." No :

the state has prevented that. Still, the escaped wretch must eat must now and then have a roof to cover him. He is not allowed to reseat himself at the merchant's desk, and humbly ply his quill for humble bread ; so he turns his pen to forgery, is detected, and imprisoned for five years at Melun. The gaol was, no doubt, an excellent academy for the tuition of accomplished villany : there, no doubt, he learnt the mastery of his art—there he was armed at all points against the respectable well-doers of the world without. However, at length discharged, glory is no longer cheated of her runaway—of her felon soldier, who would fain steal back his freedom from the robber state—no ; he is caught, tried, and sentenced to hard labour for seven years. He serves two ; his whole being possessed with no other sense than that of the tremendous wrong that snatched him from his peaceful path of life, and at length made him an outcast—a human wild beast, to prey upon and be hunted by all men. He again escapes. It is France. The deserter has no papers : who will employ him ? At this very moment are there not in harlot Paris thousands of desperate wretches—discharged convicts—who, if willing to win honest bread, are not permitted to make the endeavour ; for they have no papers, and therefore know it is in vain to solicit employment. What is the inevitable result ? Day and night they plunge deeper and deeper into guilt : human life they hold not at the cost of a five franc piece. They rob and murder—as the dismal Morgue will bear witness—and become “accomplished villains,”—the pious, virtuous state lamenting the backsliding of the children she may have first wronged—then corrected—and finally sent forth to starve.

To return to Rioustel. He again robs. That slow fire, withering his vitals, makes him steal the means of life—the means denied to virtuous exertion. He is again imprisoned, again escapes ; and after further robberies is at this moment fast in gaol. We are told that “he took some credit to himself for forbearance,” for not leaving his host penniless, “as he could not distress the young man so far as to leave him without the means of paying his rent.” To us there is something affecting in this forbearance of the thief : for it proves, past contradiction, that the man, throughout all his career of injury and vice, had maintained one untainted spot of heart ; that he was not all callous—that in his nature, corrupt and hardened as it was, there was still a pulse of gratitude, a sense of kindness. We have no doubt that some good conventional folks may stare, when we assert our deliberate opinion that there have

been men, ministers of state in merry England, wholly incapable of the partial generosity of the robber Rioustel: men whose base ingratitude to their helpers, places them infinitely below the Paris thief. We repeat it: we deliberately assert this. If the reader desire proof, we confidently refer him to Horace Walpole's *Memoirs of George the Third*. He will there find worse than Rioustels, and they, too, starved and gartered.

And Rioustel "is an accomplished villain!" Reader, be with us for a moment, on the Paris Bourse. Look at the throng of merchants—of money-brokers. Excellent men!—men whose word is current as minted gold. Now, who shall say that, if Rioustel had not been dragged from his clerk's desk to be manufactured into a soldier, he might not have been one of these trading, monied worthies—an upright, excellent, and respected man? Again, pick out any one of these sleek and thriving traders, and say, if in his youth he had been stolen for the army, he might not have been at this moment the newspapers' "accomplished villain,"—another Rioustel?

"Accomplished villain!" An easy, virtuous phrase: but how often is it with a state and its offenders, as with *Tom Thumb* and the giants,—it makes the villains first, and then it kills them!

D. J.

## THE ENGLISHMAN IN PRUSSIA.—No. V.

### CHARACTERISTICS.—MANNERS.—CUSTOMS.

WE heard one day in a university town that there was "a fire" in an adjacent village. Rushing out to make for the place, we observed a number of German gentlemen and students walking towards the same village, with their pipes in their mouths, at their usual pace, and engaged in easy conversation; and presently we saw a fire-engine issue from the town-gates, drawn by one horse, who leisurely trotted all the way to the fire.

Ludwig Börne, in his "*Gesammelte Schriften*," has the following observation upon his countrymen:—

Germans attain an end more slowly than other people, be it in art, knowledge, or in civic life. Not, perhaps, that they do not know the shortest way, or that they wander indolently astray; they have merely

a longer course to the end because they start from a greater distance. They go over all the principles ; and if a spot of grease is to be taken out of a coat-sleeve, they previously study chemistry, and study so long, and so fundamentally, that the coat, meantime, falls to rags. But this is just the thing for them ; out of rags is made writing-paper. They make paper out of all things.—*Fragmente und Aphorismen*. No. 234.

Certainly this writer well understood the character of his countrymen. The true German mind, and especially the highest order of their minds, has an inevitable tendency to the vain attempt of exhausting a subject from beginning to end, and including all subjects that branch out from the main root of their study. Now, this thing cannot be done. Any science and art, if followed out, runs into nearly every other science and art ; and the same may be said of every system of philosophy or theology. All these things cannot be thoroughly studied by one man—no one life is long enough for it. But a German thinks it is ; and, supported by this belief, and his own devoted enthusiasm, he generally contrives to live, at all events, a long life, and to attain great knowledge in many departments of his given subject. As for hard work,—no labour, however arduous, or of whatever probable duration, in the least daunts his spirit, but rather seems to add a zest to the hopeful vigour with which he commences and prosecutes his undertaking. Need we say after this that he has an inexhaustible love of writing ? He will write you any number of folios upon any collateral feather of the subject he has set his soul upon, until the feather has put forth so many shoots that they become wings, and perhaps cause him to fly off for years from his “great work.” His ideas are numerous, and often quite original ; and he is apt to ground a fresh speculation and theory upon every new idea which he considers important. His love of order, arrangement, and systematic details and elaborations, and subtle distinctions and distributions, are carried to a wonderful extent. Hear Ludwig Börne again :—

We can arrange our thoughts (we Germans, he means) as we do the objects of physical nature: they stand on higher or lower degrees, like stones, plants, animals. We have mineral ideas, vegetable ideas, and animal ideas. The German ideas are so costly, they err as to life. A diamond is worth more than an ox ; but an ox lives.—*Fragmente und Aphorismen*. No. 202.

Figurative as these expressions may appear, they literally describe the fact. The Germans *have* all sorts of ideas from all sorts of “kingdoms ;” they take the same pains in discovering, and




polishing, and setting those of the mineral kingdom, as those of the metaphysical ; and the same labour in their systematic arrangement. As for the utility of their labours, and the value of their innumerable new theories, speculations, and discoveries, many of these, in the very nature of things, must be of no account, and a sad waste of human time and labour ; but as the Germans are especially the “ world’s workers ” in these ethereal and abstract realms, and as some of the greatest practical things are clearly traceable to their dreams and theories, which first “ set people thinking ” upon the given subject, let this national characteristic be treated with respect amid all that is reprehensible in it ; and let the great things they have actually done, and the great things they have originated, be always frankly admitted, with admiration and gratitude.

We are now about to state something concerning the Germans which we have never seen directly stated before by any writer, and which will probably very much surprise most readers. Everybody who is at all conversant with German literature must be aware of the quantity of morbid sensibility it contains, especially since the appearance of the far-famed “ Sorrows of Werter.” What then will be thought of us when we assert our opinion that the Germans, as a sweeping general characteristic, have no physical sensibility ? They appear to us to have no *nerves*, in our usual acceptation of the term. Either such nerves as they have, are of a harder and coarser texture than we are accustomed to understand and experience of such delicate ministrants, or else they are encased in so tough a coat that the usual wear and tear of the external world does not affect them. The morbid sensibility, therefore—we had almost said the sensibility of any kind—which they so abundantly, and often so beautifully and most touchingly display in their writings, we consider to be, with very few exceptions, as simply an affection of the *intellect* ; it is a sheer mental matter, and with little accompanying nervous emotion. As for the Germans, as a people, they really cannot have any nerves. A man once came directly under our window to set a saw. It was a huge saw-pit saw, and the screeching was quite frightful, and penetrated to the remotest corners of the brain. Our window being open, he *might* have gone to some other place. We shut the window, but the sound came through with little abatement. We called to our landlady, and expostulated, asking if she had ever had such a visitor before. ‘ Oh, yes—often, she

believed—she had never particularly attended to it!’ Her husband coming in to pacify us, remarked ‘that he *had* noticed the same performance under his windows upon previous occasions, and had seen the man coming to do it as usual, but it had never occurred to him that anybody would object to it. The saw must be set somewhere; however, he would order the man to go a *few yards* further off!’ These sort of daily occurrences are felt by most strangers acutely, and the strangers are accounted very fanciful and troublesome accordingly. The Germans do not understand *what* can be the matter with us. We once found that the handle of the door of a billiard-room in an hotel, had a ragged screw projecting in a way that tore or scratched the hand of everybody that came in. Some gentlemen certainly looked at their hands, after the tear or scratch, and perhaps, if it bled, rubbed it once or twice, but the majority took no note of the matter till some minutes after—if at all. The hinges of the door of a waiting-room, at one of the railway stations, uttered a harsh rasping scream, every time that an individual entered or made his exit; a morsel of grease or a few drops of oil would have cured it in a moment, but it continued the same for weeks. At the house of a private family, where I went to board, the head of my bed was placed close against a closed-up door, leading into another room, and the key-hole of the lock was exactly opposite my pillow, so that the light through it from the other room directly “looked into” my ear. The key was not in the key-hole, and the wind from the other room was dreadful, the window being always set open from six o’clock in the morning till ten at night. As I lay in bed, I heard the wind howl in the next room. It was with the greatest difficulty I could persuade the lady of the house that it was intolerable. She said it was “healthy!” Several of her German friends, being pleasantly informed of my complaint, rather took my part, as I was an Englishman—saying that they knew the English did not like so much wind in their bed-rooms, and even had curtains to keep out the fresh air; but it *was* healthy, as Frau K—— had truly observed!

We have witnessed various fencing-matches among the students; and in the rapier practice they generally bare the right arm above the elbow, and endeavour to strike each other there. The rapiers are not sharp; nevertheless many cuts, bruises, and long scratches are received. The fencers do not give the appearance of bearing the pain of these flesh-wounds with fortitude, so much as of being

almost insensible to them. They do not in general *feel* any pain worth noticing. If, then, they experience so little physical sensibility on their own account, it follows as a law of nature that they can experience no more for others—of which fact two amusing instances shall suffice. A plank was placed from a pier to a steam-boat, in order that passengers might go on board. On one side of the upper surface of this plank there stuck up a rusty nail, and every lady who crossed regularly tore her dress. This was, of course, observed; but nobody took the pipe from his mouth. At last a gentleman on the shore could bear it no longer—called for a hammer, and forthwith knocked down the nail. The by-standers smiled, and said to each other humorously—“An Englishman.” It was William Howitt! Now, to think that it should need a Howitt to knock down a nail! Yet so imperturbable are the Germans, that there was not the least chance that any one of them would have undertaken the task; and such is the feeling of antipathy to ridicule among our own countrymen, and such their conviction of how ridiculous a German would think such an action, that it really *did* need that the ladies upon this occasion should find an Englishman sufficiently confident in himself, and in his own position, to venture upon so singular an act of chivalry. The last instance we will offer is the following. A company of gymnastic performers was once exhibiting at a university town, and their principal achievement was a series of statuesque groups. Among the latter was the figure of Ariadne, seated in a reclining attitude upon the back of a lioness. The lady who represented Ariadne was in a thin tight dress—as becomes a statue under such circumstances—not very remote from nudity, yet rendered sufficiently delicate by its “ideal grace,” and its classical associations. But the lioness was not so good. This creature was a machine of wood, made to turn slowly upon a pivot, so that the audience, by the revolution, might see the figure on all sides. Before it was half round, this wooden lioness, owing to some badness in its construction, the awkwardness of the man working the crank under the stage, or a shameful neglect and mismanagement of some kind,—this clumsy wild beast tilted over, and down fell both the lady and the lioness backwards, flat upon the stage, with a booming sound and a cloud of dust! Totally forgetting the country we were in, and acting upon the impulse of the moment, we sprang up from our seat and loudly called out “Shame! shame!” The curtain had been dropped. There



was a dead silence. All eyes were upon us. Not another man of all the audience moved or uttered a word ; but all looked at us in surprise, and some of them with a smile, which made us quickly aware that it was at the expense of an Englishman in Prussia !

But it will certainly be asked of us, “ How can this absence of physical sensibility be reconciled with the fine productions of German painters, and the yet more wonderful compositions of German music ? ” To which we must distinctly answer, that inasmuch as England has produced (and continues to produce) the finest poetry, while the English are not at all a poetical people, having very little genuine, unprompted, imaginative appreciation,—so does Germany produce the finest music, while the German people are totally devoid of musical sensibility. The creators and producers of original things in each nation, are not to be confounded with the general nature and characteristics of their nation. They may be, and almost always are, the growth and result of the active elements of the nation and age they live in ; but they are in themselves something besides, by the genius of which they attain and exercise their influence. The English have a sturdy sort of magnanimity in discussing their own character, and John Bull seldom hesitates to admit his faults ; few, therefore, might be disposed to deny that out of a hundred omnibus loads of Londoners, the real appreciators of “ Paradise Lost ” or of “ Hamlet ”—or in our own days of Keats, Wordsworth, or Tennyson, would be far less than a score ; but Germany has such a reputation throughout Europe for music, and the opinion has become so general that all the nation are musical, in the highest sense, that the declaration we have just hazarded may appear strange and perverse, and founded upon some extraordinary misconception. Nevertheless we are obliged to repeat our conviction. The German people are musical only in their more general study and knowledge of the science than other nations ; they are *not* at all a musical nation in the true sense in which we should say that Italy and Spain were musical. With the German people music is a matter of the mind ; with the people of Italy and Spain, it is an affair of the nerves. With the former the chief thing is the science, and next the sentiment, or imaginative purport of the words ; with the latter the words are nothing—all is passionate excitement. The only exceptions we can make in favour of Germany in this respect, would be the Tyrolese. The very dances of Germany, as compared with those of Spain and Italy, would go far both to illustrate

and prove our position. In the latter we see the most ecstasies, the most vivid fancy, the most voluptuous grace, the most extravagant delight, the most enraptured languor;—in the German dance you see little more than two cock-chafers droning round, as if on a pin. True, they have other dances besides their bolt-up monotonous waltz, but they are not national, nor much cared for. Again, it appears to us that the German people have not what is called “a good ear.” Their speaking voices are generally loud and harsh, and this is the case even in good society; and at singing, the loudness and harshness are always prevalent, and the male voices invariable. It will be understood that we are including all professional singers, the majority, though, we hone do), but we are speaking of Germany with a view to its reputation as “a great musical nation.” Loudness and harshness, without any soft varieties—without light and shade—are predominant and favourite characteristics. The students have musical evenings for the sake of learning certain songs and dances, and the method of instruction they often adopt is to employ the services of a brass band—bugles, French horns, trumpets, cornopeans, trombones, ophicleides—and these instruments usually play the air of the chorus or song (not an accompaniment) and the students, amounting to some thirty or forty, sing with the band—seldom in parts, but most commonly all singing the bass voices and all, with scarce an exception. The noise is tremendous, barbarous, outrageous, and savagely exciting—but does not deserve the name of “music,” in any refined sense, in fact is only fit for the ears of giants, or organs equally coarse and difficult to penetrate. Nor are the more cultivated musicians much better; for they have, for the most part, the same coarseness, and the worst ears as well as the worst taste in singing. They sing upon “unformed” voices; the “formation” of a voice is not understood in Germany, except by the very highest artists of all. Besides this, the amateurs whose names are a “legion” do not really sing the notes. Many of them can “sing at sight,” it is true—but how? You would scarcely recognize the most familiar air if it had any peculiar delicacies needing attention for, in the first place, they continually sing indefinite notes, voice wavering between true and false—and “accidental notes” of all kinds are slurred over. They sing in ‘time’—and nothing more. You must guess the melody by the time. In this way a German music-master, with spectacles on nose, will sing you through a

of new music with infinite self-complacency, and without conveying the least notion of a single melody ; whereas any third-rate Italian singer would give you every note, so that the melody might be written down from his singing. The amateur instrumentalists of this musical nation—if we must so call it—are much better. The Germans are bigotted on the subject of their music, and have no due appreciation of Italian music, even the vocal music of which is thrown away upon them. They can make nothing of it themselves, and they do not thank anybody who does it for them. The amateur ladies who sing are beyond all comparison better than the men ; German women do often possess nerves, and a musical sensibility.

Having alluded to painting, we would say that painting and sculpture being both addressed to the imagination and intellect through the eye, and not through the sensibilities and passions (or by no means so directly and simply as with music), there is a more general understanding and appreciation of those arts than with us. But we have to notice it as a curious circumstance that the pictures, in the great majority of the public exhibitions, very seldom display the refined taste, the charm of loveliness and sweetness and delicate sense of beauty which so abounds in the best galleries in England. We include the great exhibitions of Brussels and Antwerp in this remark. They are full of the largest and coarsest productions of the old German, Dutch, and Flemish schools ; have scarcely any pictures of the great Italian and Spanish masters, and no beautiful landscapes of any master—in fact, we scarcely remember to have seen such a thing as a landscape, properly so called. The reader will understand that we except the great picture-galleries of Berlin, Dresden, and Munich, from these remarks, although the predominating impression is in all cases the same.

We fear we may be accused of singularity and eccentricity in some of our present observations, but having observed and judged for ourselves fairly, and without in the least being guided by what others have said or written amiss about Germany, we claim permission to give in plain words the result of such observations. It appeared to us then, that the Germans are yet more deficient in nose than in ear. A German has no sense of smell. Who ever saw a German smell a rose ? He will pass down a garden walk thronged with flowers, and never be aware of the odour. Bouquets are sometimes to be seen in the principal rooms of a



house ; they are, however, for the ladies. A German gentleman may admire the colours, and if he be of more than ordinary refinement and a lover of poetry, he may bend down his nose towards the bouquet ; but having done so, he looks up in doubt, or utter indifference, or at the best with a vague impression—an idea of an odour—a thought of a smell. But as for actually smelling a flower, or a delicate odour of any kind, he cannot do it ; he has no such faculty. And how should he have it, when all the days of his life he has poisoned his whole internal structure with the fumes of tobacco ? Some thin old Germans are very much like old pipes : in fact their bodies, from head to heel, from bowl to stem are turned into old national pipes—forked and bearded pipes. How should a pipe smell a rose ?

It is, of course, in a great measure, attributable to the above deficiency, that not only is the drainage of the streets carried on above ground, and running in black gutters as thick as stale porter close beneath the windows even of the best houses ; but the drains within the house are commonly in the worst condition, indeed, at certain times, to sit in the drawing-room is much the same as if you sat in the drain. They appear scarcely to smell it, and not much to mind it when they do. In houses where the drains are not absolutely out of order, certain doors which ought to be kept closed and even air-tight, are continually left a-jar—and are in close neighbourhood with the often open doors of store-rooms full of apples, onions, herrings, and cheese of a deadly and mortal odour, and also of the open doors of kitchens. In many private houses there is a constant fume of cooking, and we have often been met by the smell of fried onions and pickles at eight and nine o'clock in the morning ! To do the ladies justice, they certainly complain at times, even when it is their own fault in not arranging matters better, but as to the gentlemen, what do they care or know of the matter,—have they not got their pipes ?

[We have a few more “curiosities” in manners, customs, and general characteristics, which may amuse the reader ; but we must reserve them for our concluding paper in the number of next month.]

## A FAIRY TALE FOR ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

AGES and ages since there lived a great king, who was called Dominant. His palace was built of crystal and marble, the windows seeming of one, the walls of the other. Now King Dominant had one daughter, the most beautiful creature you ever saw, and her name was Cherrylips. The king was of course very fond of his child. She was educated in all the ordinary learning of the age, and did not take long to acquire it. Now when Cherrylips was in the flower of her maidenhood, the king her father wished to marry her to some great and good prince. He, therefore, caused proclamation to be made throughout all his dominions, that all the artists who lived there should repair to court in order that they might paint portraits of the princess, so that the fame of her beauty might go abroad to all ends of the earth.

And accordingly the artists came, and one after another they tried to transfer the loveliness of Cherrylips to paper and canvass. But none succeeded. All the portraits they produced were unworthy of the original. Then the king was wroth; but the chief of the painters said to him, "Be not wroth, oh king! Behold it is not the fault of our want of skill, but the fault of thy daughter's excess of beauty, which has caused our failure; no mortal hand can portray the loveliness of Cherrylips."

King Dominant was somewhat mollified by the excuse, and he asked the chief of the painters what he ought to do in order to obtain his daughter's likeness. So the chief of the painters said, "There is a great sage and potent enchanter, who lives near this city, and his name is Deepone. Call him into the council, and he shall advise thee."

Now King Dominant had heard before of Deepone, who was a man of wondrous lore and crafty skill, living by himself in a magic cell, and studying night and day. Dominant was well inclined to befriend Deepone; but not far from his dominions lived a wicked fairy, called Bullyana, of whom the king was in considerable awe, and who hated Deepone, because of his knowledge and the great

power he wielded. Therefore, it was not without some misgiving that King Dominant called Sage Deepone to his palace.

However, he made up his mind at length, and Deepone arrived. He was a venerable man, with a bright eye and a white beard, and instead of a wand he carried in his hand a book.

"Hail, oh Deepone!" said the king. "Tell me, if thou mayest, who can paint my daughter Cherrylips' portrait?"

"Hail, oh king!" answered Deepone. "So lovely is the princess, that mortal hand and mortal brush would fail in the attempt. There is but one agency in nature which can paint the princess—which can make dead canvass glow with her living features; it is the agency which vivifies and enlightens and clears the world. Oh king! the sun must paint the princess's portrait."

At this word the king was angry, and the courtiers murmured. "Take care what thou sayest, oh Sage," answered Dominant. "Kings must not be trifled with, and surely what you propose is impossible."

"Not so," said Deepone. "Let the princess stand forth." And Cherrylips stood forth, blushing.

Then Deepone, after reading in his magic book, made preparations and placed a fair scroll in readiness, and arranged apparatus whereof the king and the courtiers knew nothing, and lo! a bright beam of the sun played on Cherrylips' face, and immediately her portrait blushed upon the scroll.

Then the courtiers shouted for joy, and the king said, "Great is the magician Deepone, he maketh the sun to obey him."

The portrait of the princess thus obtained was dispatched by a herald to the court of the Prince Jocund, whom Dominant desired, if possible, for his son-in-law.

But in the meantime the Fairy Bullyana heard of what had passed; and straightway ordering her chariot drawn by two fiery dragons, whereof the one was called Ignorance and the other Prejudice, and who were a very nicely matched couple, she set out for the court of King Dominant.

Bullyana met Dominant as he was passing out of his castle gates to hunt in the forest; and assuming a terrible aspect, she said, "Thou hast dared to call to thine aid mine enemy Deepone. I cannot punish him, but I can punish thee, through the princess. Therefore, resign thyself thou art childless—henceforth the Princess Cherrylips is the slave of the Fairy Bullyana."

Having pronounced these words, she rode through the palace

gate, no one daring to oppose her; for the dragon Ignorance was so powerful, and Prejudice so influential, that none durst stir hand against them. Then snatching up Cherrylips from the midst of her women, the fairy bore her screaming away; casting, as she passed in her terrible chariot, a vindictive scowl upon poor King Dominant, who groaned in anguish.

In a few minutes the fairy was out of sight, and Dominant returned to his palace refusing to be comforted.

But next day he heard a loud trumpet blast in the castle court, and forthwith Prince Jocund claimed admittance. He had fallen in love with the princess's portrait, and now he had arrived to claim her hand. So the king told him all—how Bullyana had carried Cherrylips away—and the courtiers proposed to hang Deepone as the original cause of the disaster.

But the prince said, "No: Deepone is powerful—perhaps Deepone with his book may be a match for Bullyana with her dragons—wherefore, oh king, I advise thee to summon Deepone again to court." The king then took comfort, and shortly afterwards Deepone appeared.

"Sage," said Prince Jocund, who was determined to win back the princess. "Sage, hast thou power?"

And Deepone replied, "Knowledge is power."

"Hast thou power over the Fairy Bullyana?" again asked the prince.

"Her might," answered the Sage, "lies in her dragons Ignorance and Prejudice—not in herself."

"And how are Ignorance and Prejudice to be overcome?"

"By this Talisman," replied Deepone; and he showed his book.

Then it was settled that Deepone and the prince should set off together in search of the fair Cherrylips, and the king blessed them and they departed.

Soon they came to a great city. As they traversed its streets, Deepone said, "We must know before we can act: let us visit the Fountain of Knowledge."

Now the Fountain of Knowledge was situated in a grim house in a dark street. The waters were not clear and limpid, but foul and black; and at the sight of their sable thickness, the prince started with surprise. "Be not astonished," said Deepone; "ink, not water, plays in the Fountain of Knowledge." Then addressing himself to the Guardian of the Fountain, he said, "How can we find the Princess Cherrylips?"

The Guardian replied not, but waved his hand. Then a great shadowy machine arose, whirling and clattering. And a long paper scroll being cast into it by the Guardian of the Fountain, its inky waters were by the wondrous machine cast upon its wet surface; and suddenly they formed themselves into the following letters and words:

Breathe under the keel of a ship which sails,  
Urge her ahead spite of tides and gales;  
Draw whispered words from dumb iron wire;  
Feed a fleet steed with water and fire;  
This must you do for who does it, nor winces,  
Alone can hope to win the Fair Princess.

Having returned this response, the Fountain of Knowledge disappeared.

Prince Jocund was in despair. "Destiny has willed it," he said. "Farewell, dear Cherrylips."

"Not so," replied Deepone. "Courage—distrust the impossible—it is a word—nothing more. Come, let us continue our journey."

So they travelled on day after day, until they came to the Land of Wonders. As it grew dark, they arrived at a city, and lo, they saw it lighted up without wick or oil. Flame came from water tubes, brighter than ever the prince had seen before. So he marvelled exceedingly. "People once," said Deepone, "thought that smoke came from flame, never flame from smoke. Lo! the dwellers in this land prove how wrong they were."

"Indeed," replied the prince—"My uncle, who is Emperor of China, had a subject called Aladdin, who possessed a wonderful lamp, but it was nothing to the lamps I see around me."

"Such lights were called enchanted lanterns once, now they are called GAS lamps," observed the Sage.

"I think," said Prince Jocund, "that gas is better than magic."

And so they toiled on yet further to another vast city. It was full of great houses and high chimneys, like black pillars.

"These," said the sage, "are the dwellings where clanking machinery of iron and steel and wood spins garments for the world. That city could clothe the universe. Its machines, with their unthinking levers and wheels, can beat all human handiwork. They are called POWER-LOOMS."

"Oh," said the prince, "even the enchanted distaffs of our

kingdom can do nothing like that. I see—I see—a power-loom is better than an enchanted distaff.”

And still they journeyed, and the prince was becoming impatient to have an opportunity of at least attempting to perform one of the conditions upon which the recovery of Cherrylips was to depend, when they reached the margin of a river,—a thousand ships were sailing with the tide.

“Ah,” said Jocund, “behold water and ships, but alas, we are not fishes to breathe beneath the waves.”

“Hush,” replied Deepone, “follow me bravely.” And the sage led the prince into a circular pavilion upon the river’s bank, in the centre whereof they saw a huge chasm, like a well, with a winding staircase leading down into the bowels of the earth. And the sage addressed himself to descend, but the prince was somewhat frightened, for airy croaking voices screamed in his ear, “Don’t attempt it,”—“Madness,”—“Can’t be done,” and such like phrases—while low-browed, big-jawed phantoms grinned at him.

But Deepone opened his book, the demons vanished, and the two adventurers strode boldly down the winding stair. It was a dim, awful place, and the prince longed for the light of day. At length they reached the hollow of the huge well, and beheld a long gallery extending before them, illuminated with twinkling lamps. They entered it boldly. It reminded the prince of the enchanted grottos and caverns which abounded in that part of his kingdom abutting on Fairy Land. No noise was heard, and the stillness was solemn.

Suddenly the sage addressed the prince, “You have fulfilled the first condition.”

“How?” said the prince; “where is the water and the sailing ship?”

“Both above you,” replied Deepone; “the one flows, the other floats, over your head.”

“Wonderful!” exclaimed Prince Jocund, quite delighted at finding he had made so much progress. “And who is the wizard who bored this mighty cavern?”

“A wizard called Brunell,” said Deepone.

“He is greater than the wizard, Michael Scott,” answered the Prince. And presently they ascended to the further bank of the river, leaving it far behind as they proceeded along.

And now the heavens darkened—the thunder muttered, and a strong wind swept furiously by.



"Let us gain shelter," said the prince; "the storm is terrible."

"But we must face it," replied Deepone.

And as they spoke, they heard the roaring of the sea; presently they saw the ocean all white with foam, which tempest was dashing on the shore.

"And now," said the prince, "you see we must stop: not the best galley of the king, my father, though its ribs are of gold, and its prow glitters with diamonds, and its sail of richest satin; nay, even although it has been blest by sea-nymphs and enchanted by the song of mermaids, could sail against so fierce a storm."

As he spoke, they stood on the beach, and the sea threatened furiously at their feet.

"Where lies our course?" inquired the prince.

"Right outward, on the ocean—to the point from whence the tempest blows," returned Deepone. "We must invoke STEAM SPIRIT."

"Where dwells she?" asked the prince.

"Her home is immortal; it is in the mind-built palace of eternal Watt," replied the Sage.

"What did Watt do?" asked the prince.

"More than Zoroaster," responded Deepone. "Look there!"

The prince looked, and beheld what he had not at first seen: a snug cove—with a bark riding in it. It was quite different from his father's galleys; for, on each side were placed great wheels, and between them the prince saw an iron chimney smoking, whereat he marvelled greatly.

There was no time however for wonder. "Follow me on now," said Deepone. And in a moment they stood upon the deck.

"Are there no sails?" said the prince.

"None," said Deepone. "We require none."

"No oars?"

"We need none."

"But how can a ship move against wind and tide, and without either oars or sails?" inquired the prince. And as he spake, he heard the same voices which had beset him in the cave beneath the river, whisper. "How indeed—a likely scheme, truly."

But a loud shrill whistle, which rose high above the roar of the sea, drowned the voices—and forthwith, the great wheels turned.

and in spite of wind, and waves, and tide, the ship moved gallantly on.

“We are in a charmed bark,” said the prince. “By whom was it enchanted?”

“By science,” replied Deepone. “Look here.”

And he shewed the prince a vast machine of iron and steel, straining and labouring; and while the sailors lay down and slept around, the clanking monster did their labour, and urged the ship forward.

The sea beat furiously against them; the wind shrieked and roared in its fury; the speeding tide ran foaming astern; but, urging her way steadily onward, trusting only to her own mighty inner impulse, the wonderful ship pursued its track, heedless of all—triumphant over all. And as distant land loomed dimly forth ahead—and wind and tide, as if ashamed of their baffled fury, sank to rest, the second condition was accomplished.

“Ah!” said the prince; “hot water against cold—the power of steam against the power of wind.”

So they landed and travelled on.

“How are we to know where the Fairy Bullyana has bestowed the princess,” said Jocund. “Is not this dim land her dominion; and here will not all things conspire against us?”

“Not so,” replied Deepone. “Be of good cheer. There is no land where Knowledge is not Power; consult we the Whispering Wires. See—behold them!”

The Prince looked, and observed four wires stretched upon poles, and extending further than the eye could reach. He marvelled exceedingly how these iron threads could give him the knowledge he sought for; and inwardly remarked, that the people of his kingdom, the land of romance, could turn them to no better use than to dry wet linen on.

“Here,” said Deepone, interrupting his companion’s reveries, “Here is the temple of the whispering wires.”

It was a species of small grotto, but above the earth, not below it.

On entering they were saluted by the Guardian of the temple. He looked at Deepone, and when he saw his book, he bowed before him. “Welcome,” said the Guardian. “Thou art one of our brotherhood—the pioneers of the Lady Knowledge.”

“Can thy whispering wires hold converse with the castle of the Fairy Bullyana?” demanded Deepone.

"Surely they can," was the reply. "Her benighted soul know not as yet the power which our stretching wires give us. They look but on them as mere ordinary metal."

"Demand then," said Deepone, "whether the Princess Cherrylips be held in bondage by the Fairy Bullyana."

"But how far is it from hence to the castle of the fairy?" asked the prince.

"A thousand leagues," replied the Guardian of the temple.

"And can the whispering wires whisper so far?" said the prince, in great astonishment.

"To them," replied Deepone, "an inch is as an ell—a thousand leagues as a yard."

Meantime the Guardian advanced to an inner shrine, and put the demand required to the whispering wires; and in an instant their metallic voices, eloquent though silent, replied,

"The Princess Cherrylips is confined in the castle of Bullyana."

"Wonderful!" said the prince; "behold the dumb wire-language."

So they passed out, and the prince saw two cabalistical words inscribed over the portal. They were "ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH."

The Guardian of the temple, having saluted Deepone with great respect, they pursued their way.

"Three conditions of the four," remarked the prince, "are fulfilled, but the hardest is to come. Where to find a steed which fattens his iron sinews on living coals. What would be the most terrible of dragons—even that which my friend St. George killed the other day—to such an animal! But it is impossible that such can exist!"

"Hope on—believe on," replied Deepone. "If the age of one race of miracles is going—that of another is coming."

As he spoke, they stood before a huge building. It seemed a species of palace; high pillars guarded its vast portals, and long piles of delectable structure stretched away on either hand. It was a vast place.

"Let us enter," said Deepone.

They did so, and found themselves in a species of immense pavilion. The roof was iron, and so were the pillars which supported it. From a massive platform of stone where they stood they could see this roof, crossed and barred by numberless iron and metal beams, stretching out its great proportions; and beneath it, the prince remarked a vast number of iron animals—

stationary—some moving hither and thither—emitting from time to time loud pantings, and glaring with inward fire.

“Behold!” said Deepone, “the stable of the fiery steeds.”

The prince looked on stupefied. Presently one of the iron horses advanced close to him. He shrunk from the awful power manifest in the grinding motions of its huge metal limbs.

“Lo!—our charger: mount, and let us depart for the castle of Bullyana.”

Were it not his faithful friend Deepone who uttered these words, the prince would never have mustered sufficient courage to approach the terrible monster. As it was, he mounted tremblingly. Deepone took his place beside him. The iron horse uttered a loud neigh of eagerness—shrill indeed as a whistle—and then panting with its glowing breath, it shot swiftly away.

How terrible was its progress!—Over vast plains, and by dimly-seen cities—pausing not—faltering not—flying with one continuous rush—leaving behind swift birds and animals—on, on, bounded the wondrous steed. For some time Prince Jocund had no breath to speak; the rapidity of the flight deprived him of it, and he clung, instinctively to Deepone, who regulated by an iron bridle, the motions of the horse.

“This is awful!” he said at last. “I have heard of a horse, possessed by one of my royal relations—you may perhaps have read about it in the ‘Arabian Nights,’ a work which contains accounts of many remarkable adventures and facts—which had a curious characteristic. It was of wood, yet it could fly: now this seems as wonderful; it is of iron, yet it can run.”

“Truly,” said Deepone, with a smile, “the marvels are similar.”

“Now,” continued the prince, “my kinsman’s horse could fly over that mountain we are approaching.”

“And mine,” replied Deepone, “can plunge beneath it.”

He had no sooner spoken when, with a loud scream, and a cold rush of wet air, the iron horse, leaving the open light and the warm sun, plunged into the hill-side, and swept furiously in utter darkness, through the very bowels of the mountain.

The prince, fairly frightened, spoke not, until they emerged from this subterraneous way as suddenly as they had entered it. Then he said solemnly: “The horse of iron is greater than the horse of wood.”

“I know not the name of your wooden steed,” replied Deepone. *This animal is called LO COMOTIVE.*

And now they were approaching Bullyana's Castle. The air grew dim and the country seemed covered with a blurring and blotting haze. But wherever "Locomotive" went it brightened, the wonderful horse threw out bursts of vivid flame which lightened all around, and a dim army of phantom shapes, some of them looming amid the retiring darkness like old carriages and waggons of different descriptions, flew tumultuously before the iron horse. It seemed that they could not endure the gleam of his brightness, nor the fury of his rush.

"See," said Deepone, "how the dim forms of this land of ignorance and prejudice flee before us."

As he spoke, the far-off towers of the Castle of Bullyana appeared; they were at first but indistinctly seen on account of the unhealthy haze, but as "Locomotive" advanced, his riders beheld a countless swarm of the retainers and subjects of the Fairy Bullyana, drawn up in battle array across the path with the purpose, as it seemed, of disputing their progress. For a moment the prince was discouraged, when he looked at the numbers opposed to him; but at the same instant he descried the Princess Cherrylips (he knew her immediately, for the Sun's portraits are unfailing) waving her hand to him from the top of the Castle tower. Then indeed, he shouted an involuntary war-cry, which was returned by the host before him. Truly they appeared somewhat formidable. Right in the track stood the Fairy Bullyana bearing the sceptre of her empire, in shape like a gallows. On either hand were stationed her dragons, Ignorance and Prejudice: behind the Fairy was a species of shrine inclosing an idol horrible to behold, and on the shrine was written the Shibboleth of the Idolatry—

#### THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

All around were disposed a countless multitude—worshippers of the Fairy and the Idol, many bearing banners inscribed "Protection," the "Old Constitution," and other unmeaning gibberish, probably, however, understood by those who carried them.

And thus they waited the onset. It soon came. With the rush of all heaven's whirlwinds—with the roar of all heaven's artillery—the awful steed thundered over the array—crushing it—annihilating it—dashing to dust the Fairy and the Temple, and the Idol, leaving but the memory of the opposing host as of old bad things which were.

And as the armies of Bullyana were thus destroyed, the Castle



fell and mouldered away, with a loud roaring noise ; ramparts and citadels vanished away, and, amid the whirl of the dissolution, Jocund leaped triumphantly to the ground and clasped the Princess Cherrylips, unharmed amid the destruction around.

Then, lo ! a beaming light shone gloriously forth, investing as it were the Prince, the Princess, and Deepone in its splendour. The last remnants of the palace of Bullyana melted before its pure brightness ; and a loud voice ringing like a thousand trumpets proclaimed—

DEEPONE is WISDOM : Prince JOCUND is ENTERPRISE ; and the PRINCESS CHERRYLIPS is SUCCESS.

WISDOM and ENTERPRISE ever win SUCCESS.

\* \* \* \* \*

We hope the moral of our Fairy Tale is sufficiently obvious.

To those who, like ourselves, look with hope and triumph and mighty aspirations on the progress of our kind, we would proclaim loudly, rejoicingly, the great absorbing truth, that the elements of the Fairy Fiction of one age, are but the material of the everyday life of the next !

A. B. R.

## THE SICK LADY.

BESIDE that sunny window-seat,  
 See where a pillow'd lady lies,  
 Forth gazing on the garden sweet,  
 With glazed and melancholy eyes ;  
 Gambolling on the velvet grass,  
 A troop of boys she doth behold,  
 Outside the jasmine-bowered glass,  
 Which shields her from the morning cold.

That lady's lands stretch far and wide,  
 And heaps of gold and gems has she !  
 And yet, to be a peasant's bride,  
 She 'd give her riches to the sea !  
 In company with that blithe band,  
 To toss her limbs in healthful play,  
 The title to her teeming land,  
 Without a sigh she 'd sign away !



The family board at eve is spread,  
 And all the household crowd to eat :  
 Yet she must turn her hand and head  
 From pleasant drink and dainty meat ;  
 The gleesome laugh disturbs her brain,  
 The sweet song wounds her sharpen'd ear,  
 The gnawing worm of ceaseless pain  
 Poisons the joy and carks the cheer.

And not her aching head alone,  
 And tortured side, her spirit rend ;  
 She feels that every smother'd groan  
 Is echoed on from friend to friend ;  
 She feels her sad, continual sighs,  
 Creeping, like cold airs, through the place ;  
 She knows that, on the day she dies,  
 Shadows will fall from many a face !

Look on her ye, whose beds of death  
 Must yet be strewn on garret floors—  
 What boots it that her dying breath  
 Winds to the skies through gilded doors ?  
 Oh, never dream that mirror'd halls  
 Make happier the hearts they hide,  
 Than the most lowly cabin walls,  
 Where Health is welcome to abide !

R. M.

## THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS.

CONTAINING THE OPINIONS AND ADVENTURES OF JUNIPER HEDGEHOG, CABMAN,  
 LONDON ; AND WRITTEN TO HIS RELATIVES AND ACQUAINTANCE, IN  
 VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

LETTER XXIII.—To MRS. HEDGEHOG, OF NEW YORK.

DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—Of course, you must have heard of the potato blight. There are some subjects that women don't want newspapers to teach 'em about, and "potatos is one." I can't tell how your red Yorks and kidneys may be in your part of the world : with us, they're things to weep over. But of course your potatoes are all right : you've done nothing to bring down rot upon 'em from heaven. But it's very different with us, grandmother. Our potato blight was got up by her Majesty's Ministers,

and—would you think it?—consented to by her blessed Majesty! It is now as plain as light that the Grant to Maynooth has done it all! One William Ferrie—who writes in a hair shirt with a girdle of tenpenny nails next his skin—has let out the terrible secret in the *Witness*, an Edinburgh paper (Nov. 8). He groans as follows:—

Had *we set ourselves to consider* by what display of His sovereignty the Lord could most thoroughly and very severely have distressed Ireland, whilst yet He in some degree afflicted also both England and Scotland, *in token of his indignation* at the sin of their joint rulers in enacting that which, *whilst it insulted Him*, was justified on the plea that it would benefit Ireland, could we have conceived *a more effectual one than the blasting of the potato crop!*

Now, Grandmother, this, I know, is stuff after your own heart! Popery is at the root of the rot! The Lord has been insulted; and his terrible vengeance is—a blight upon potatoes! There can be no doubt that this is the fact—a fact so after the good old times! Nevertheless, for my part, I think it rather hard that Protestant potatoes—potatoes that, if they could talk, would cry “no surrender”—should suffer equally with potatoes of Roman Catholic principles. I know it’s very conceited in me to give an opinion against men like William Ferrie,—men, who always bawl and scribble (I’ve heard ’em in their pulpits, as well as read their stuff in print,) as if they were nothing less than livery servants to Providence, and knew all the household secrets! And Willy Ferrie, depend on ’t, is a flunky after this fashion.

A rotten potato is a rotten potato—at least, so I should have thought it, afore I’d been taught better by ranting Willy; but now, I can see into the thing just as well as if Erasmus Wilson—the magician of the microscope—had lent me his glass, and his eyes and brains into the bargain. I can see into the decayed parts, for I won’t bother your dear head with hard words (though when a man’s got ’em for the first time, he likes to sport ’em)—and can behold nothing but, what you used to call, “the murdering papishes.” I’ve a ’tato before me, as rotten as the heart of any talking ’tato that ever spouted blarney in the face of starvation. Well, with the microscope, I can see the Old Woman in Scarlet, with her toe polished with holy kisses—cardinals and abbots, and friars, and priests in white and red and gold, and canopies, and dolls of the virgin, and saints, and little boys swinging censers. I can see all this, by the assistance of Willy Ferrie,—all of it in one potato,

as plainly as once I saw all sorts of sharks in a drop of New River water. I shall write this blessed night to Sir Andrew Agnew—(by the way, dear Grandmother, it was said that Sir Andrew was lately caught in a Sunday train, but it isn't true: it's now proved to be somebody I won't mention to you, who sometimes, out of spite to the baronet, goes about in his likeness)—I'll write to Sir Andrew, and get him to give a Potato Lecture, after this fashion, at Exeter Hall. If with one potato he wouldn't make the women cry, then there's no weeping to be got out of an onion! Sir Andrew with one rotten potato, like David with a smooth pebble, would kill Goliath Peel as dead as Tamworth mutton.

And yet when it's plain that it's the Maynooth Grant, and not the wet—certainly not the wet—that's rotted the potato, we find big-wig Doctors sent to Ireland (a further insult to Providence, Grandmother) to inquire, as it is presumptuously said, into the cause of the disease. Why, I know what you, or any other good old woman would have done; after you'd tasted the Maynooth Grant—and there's no mistaking the flavour—in your early kidneys, you'd at once have stopped the rot;—and how would you have done it? Why, you'd have got the Queen to send a message to Parliament, to order a repeal of the Maynooth Grant. Of course you would. But no; sinful men are made fool-hardy by success. Because, when they granted Catholic Emancipation, the fly spared our turnips, it was thought we could give money to Maynooth College, and yet save our 'tates! Ha! dear Grandmother, when you take your kidney baked, steamed, or mashed,—think of us sinners, and say a short prayer for us.

I'd forgotten to tell you that the potatoes in Belgium are as bad, or even worse, than ours. Besides the wet, I can't precisely tell the cause of this: because there's been no Maynooth Grant there; nearly all the wicked people being Catholics,—but then I suppose, that's it. Mr. Flunky Ferrie declares that “the present judgment is connected with Popery.” There's no doubt of it:

The blight being general over three kingdoms, points out *the state of the land* as the persons whose sin has secured it; and the blight being in the potato crop directs attention to their dealings with Ireland as the particular sins which have immediately called it down.

This is, doubtless, true enough; and no less true, because the whole people must suffer for the dozen rulers. Now, had it

blight fallen only upon Tamworth, or Strathfieldsaye, or all the 'tatos of all the Ministers,—the disease would doubtless have been hushed up. Yes,—it was necessary that every man should suffer in his potatoes; not only the sinful Protestant who consented to the Grant, but the lucky Catholics who accepted it. The judgment fell upon all tubers alike,—the tubers of the Established Church and of the Church of Babylon. The Bishop of London's 'tatos are in as forlorn a way as the 'tatos of the Irish Lion of Judah: that's some comfort, Grandmother.

Well, and what does this blight say to the Catholics—what does every potato cry—(with the little voice that what they call tubercular consumption has left it)—what does it cry to the “papishes,” but—“Change your religion, and henceforth be happy in your 'tatos!” At first, I thought this change of religion a ticklish matter; but when I see how easily the nobs—the bright examples of the world—do it, why it's only conceit in smaller people to hesitate: for I've just read a long story about the Emperor of Nicholas, who's in Italy with his poor dying wife. (By the way, it seems that the Emperor, like many other folks, is such a good-tempered, jolly fellow when he's out, that it's a pity he should ever go home again.) The Emperor's daughter, the Duchess Olga (a good play-bill name isn't it?) was to marry an Austrian Archduke; but her father wouldn't let her alter her religion from the Greek to the Catholic Church. Now, however, Nicholas has thought better of it,—and his daughter may change her religion for a husband, just as she'll put on a new gown to be married in. When emperors and kings play at hustle-cup with creeds,—isn't it downright impudence in mere nobodies to be nice?

When I think, though, that the Maynooth Grant has brought the rot in potatoes, I can't help looking round about the world, and fearing what may bye-and-bye become of us for our friendship with the heathen. We take tea of the Chinese; a people, evidently an insult to heaven—though long put up with, and mustering hundreds of millions. Doesn't Mr. Ferrie fear that some day, all us men may rise in the morning with pig-tails, and the women get up with a little foot a piece? We buy rhubarb from the wicked Turk. A time may come when—for a visitation—the drug may deceive all the doctors, and Old Gooseberry only know what mischief may happen! We get tallow from Russia. How do I know that I mayn't, in every six to a pound, without thinking of it, set up a candle to the Greek Church? Will

Flunky Ferrie think of these things ?—for there are many of his kidney who 'd like to be enlightened.

But, oh Grandmother ! perhaps the worst is to come. The Church is really now in danger ! I've not had a fare up Ludgate-Hill lately, but I've no doubt St. Paul's is cracked from top to bottom. Would you believe it ? David Salomons, the late Sheriff (who was sweetly cheated out of his gown as Alderman, the said gown being now on the shoulders of Church-and-State Moon, Esq.) ;—David Salomons, a Jew, has given 1666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* to buy a scholarship of 50*l.* a year for the city of London, and the City—Gog and Magog quivered as with the ague—has been mean enough to take it. Oh, for the good old times, when they used to spit upon Jews in the Exchange ! and now we take their money from 'em ! I know you'll think it a blow at the Church. The scholarship is said to be “ open to members of every religious persuasion ;” this is a flam—a blind. The gift is a sly attack on the Established Church. It's the evident intention of the Minorities to turn us all into Jews. Never has there been such a blow struck at the vested interests of Smithfield pig-market. Sir Robert Inglis—whom I took up at Exeter Hall a night or two ago—says, in two years there'll be a grand Rabbi in Lambeth Palace.

Your affectionate Grandson,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

## LOOK FORWARD.

ONE year the nearer, wife,  
Are we to death :  
Time, love, that meeteth life,  
Garners our breath.

Let not thy dear face own  
Looks of distress :  
If days of love are gone,  
Sorrows are less.

Look forward cheerily,—  
Hope to the last !  
Would'st thou live wearily,  
Cling to the past.

M. L.

## A HISTORY FOR YOUNG ENGLAND.\*

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What a pitie is it to see a proper gentleman to have such a crick in his neck that he cannot look backward. Yet no better is he who cannot see behind him the actions which long since were performed. History maketh a young man to be old, without either wrinkles or grey hairs; privileging him with the experience of age, without either the infirmities or inconveniences thereof. Yea, it not onely maketh things past, present; but inableth one to make a rationall conjecture of things to come. For this world affordeth no new accidents, but in the same sense wherein we call it *a new moon*; which is the old one in another shape, and yet no other than what had been formerly. Old actions return again, furbished over with some new and different circumstances.—FULLER.

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### CHAPTER THE NINTH.

#### HENRY THE SECOND AND HIS SONS.

1170—1189. It was a day of evil omen for the great English king, when the swords of Fitzurse, Brito, and Hugh of Horsea, struck down Thomas à Becket at the high altar of Canterbury church. Wholly without warrant are the partizan statements which would still associate Henry with that dreadful crime, and most melancholy blunder. At the very hour when the murderers held parley before the deed with their high-spirited victim, three barons, royal messengers, were on their way, with proper legal authority, and on a ground for which no good man will now condemn the king, to arrest the archbishop. His first act on his return to England after his six years' exile, had been in gross violation of the compromise he had, at the least colourably, sanctioned but a few brief months before.

In truth the contest, as I have said, was virtually decided for the king, when these ruffian swords again depressed the scale against him. Even in the French Court, where political had far outweighed religious considerations in the determined support of Becket, there was but one feeling of hearty sympathy with Henry, when, in language often afterwards referred to, he would have brought the quarrel to a simple test. 'Whatever displeases that

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\* Continued from page 469.



'man, is taken by him to be contrary to God's honour. By these two words would he take from me all my rights. But I will make him one concession. Certes there have been kings in England before me, less powerful than I am; and possibly there have been in the See of Canterbury, archbishops more holy than he is. What the greatest and holiest of his predecessors did for the last of mine, let him do for me, and I shall be satisfied.' The virtuous and independent bishop of Lisieux had not scrupled at this to convey to Becket, that even churchmen began to attribute the continued desperation of his struggle to pride rather than to virtue; and that they saw in him still the Chancellor in spirit, resolved to have no superior, and determined to assert a power above government with which government could not consist. Finally, when Henry procured the secret apostolical letter which authorized his son's coronation by whatsoever prelate he might choose to select, even the Pope had virtually deserted the archbishop's cause.

On this question of the consecration of Henry's eldest son, the last dispute turned almost wholly. The coronation of young Henry was an ill advised step, but, supposing it would settle the succession past dispute, the king had set his heart upon it; and when Becket, still suspended from his see, learnt that what he held to be the inalienable right of consecration belonging to it, had been deputed to another, his rage did not spare even St. Peter's representative. He accused the Roman court of betraying the cause of God, of saving Barabbas, and of crucifying Christ again. 'It is my firm purpose,' he added, 'never more to importune the pontifical court. Let those repair thither who seek profit from their iniquities, and return thence glorified for having oppressed the righteous cause and made innocents captive.' Alarmed at this abuse, the Pontiff, with a double treachery to which it is strange to find the high though untaken spirit of Becket a consenting accomplice, secretly supplied means of suspension and excommunication against the very prelates whom his own act had authorized to supersede the alleged functions of the primacy. With these powers, unknown to the king, who would not else have reinstated him, Becket returned to England.

He returned, not to complete the compromise—an essential condition of which was acquiescence and silence in regard to the past—but to renew the contest. The common people crowded to welcome him at his landing (knowing nothing of the matter in dispute).

but that, against the doubtful tenure of the barons, they preferred to hold and serve under the Church); and, unattended by a single man of rank or station, but accompanied by excited masses of the peasantry, serfs and tributaries of the towns and fields, he again proclaimed defiance to the king. He refused to do homage for his barony; he resisted the king's officers and laws at every step; and he celebrated the Christmas festival with thunders of excommunication. On the day set specially apart for gentlest and most sacred rejoicing, he appeared in his Cathedral with a budget of curses. Men whose only crime was to have obeyed their king, he cursed in soul and body; in all their limbs and joints and members; at home and abroad; in their goings out and their comings in; in towns and in castles, in fields and in meadows, in streets and in public ways, by land and by water; sleeping and waking, standing and sitting and lying, eating and drinking, speaking or holding their peace; by day and by night, and every hour, in all places, and at all times, everywhere and always.

The battle-axe of Brito or Fitzurse was not a weapon that could be wielded with such terrible potency as this! It is to say so much even for them—rude friends and officers of royalty—to record that the last public act of the man they murdered was to invoke God to afflict the king's friends and officers with hunger and thirst, with poverty and want, with cold and with fever, with scabs and ulcers and itch, and with blindness and madness; to eject them from their homes and consume their substance; to make their wives widows and their children orphans and beggars; to curse all things belonging to them, even to the dog which guarded them and the cock which wakened them. 'Why by God's eyes!' Henry swore, when the three bishops on whom these denunciations had fallen, crossed the sea to entreat his protection, 'he will next excommunicate *me*.'

The main defect of Henry's character was the sudden violence of his temper. His passion quickly passed away, but while it lasted was ungovernable. Even his friendly chroniclers admit this; saying that his round soft eyes, so 'dovelike and simple' in hours of quiet, in his anger flashed dreadful fire, and, as it were, lightened. To which it is added by witnesses less friendly, that in such paroxysms those eyes were spotted with blood, his countenance seemed of flame, his tongue poured a torrent of abuse and imprecations, and his very hands inflicted vengeance. He would throw down his cap; ungird his sword; tear off his

clothes ; pull the silk coverlet from his couch ; unable to do more mischief, would sit down and gnaw the straw and rushes on the floor ; and then, with the better impulse of that really noble though ill regulated nature, would undergo a passion of self-reproach and penitence. Through these trials he passed on hearing of the primate's fresh defiance. He raved of his government outraged, and his England trampled under feet, by a friend who had betrayed him ; by a wretch who had eaten his bread ; by a beggar who had come to his court on a limping packhorse, carrying all his baggage at his back. ' And of all the dastardly knights I maintain at my cost, and feed at my table,' he shouted forth, ' there is not one that will deliver me from this turbulent priest ! ' Silently, when the frantic words were said, four barons of the chamber withdrew. Their absence was not at first observed, nor, when observed, was its cause suspected. Recovering calmness, Henry addressed himself to council ; and while Brito, de Morville, de Tracy, and Fitzurse, were in full gallop for the coast, the three commissioners for arrest of Becket were formally appointed. The more fell arrest in progress was yet undreamt of. It is the curse of kings, says the great poet, to have even their humours taken for a warrant ' to break into the bloody house of life.

When the intelligence was conveyed to Henry, he was celebrating the festival of Christmas with unusual pomp, at Bure, in Normandy. He stayed the festivities, and shut himself up in his chamber. For three days none had access to him. He refused food ; he would not receive the offices of his attendants ; his disordered steps were heard in the room unceasingly. His horror of the deed there is no reason to doubt ; but on his clear intellect there had also flashed the sense of what he had lost by it ; — that much of his labour of the last seven years, one foul rash instant had destroyed ; and that the last moment of Becket's life was the first of real advantage to his cause. But on the fourth day he reappeared in his council-chamber ; commissioned five envoys to lay his case before the pontiff ; took resolute means to disavow the deed throughout the other courts of Europe ; and, as though to find relief from thoughts which still threatened his quiet, embarked with passionate energy in an old weighty project of conquest and adventure.

Fourteen years before, he had discussed with Becket the means of adding Ireland to his dominions. It was a design he never ceased to entertain ; but his wars for Anjou, his contests with the

Bretons and Poitevins, his rivalry with France, and above all his encounter with the primate, had deferred its prosecution. He had even procured from Adrian (Pope Nicholas Breakspeare) a papal letter of sanction to the scheme. ‘Thou hast communicated unto ‘us,’ said Adrian, ‘our very dear son in Jesus Christ, that thou ‘wouldst enter the island of Hibernia, to subject that land to ‘obedience to laws, to extirpate the seeds of vice, and also to ‘procure the payment there to the blessed apostle Peter of the ‘annual tribute of a penny for each house. Granting to this ‘thy laudable and pious desire the favour which it merits, we hold ‘it acceptable that, for the extension of the limits of holy church, ‘the propagation of the Christian religion, the correction of morals, ‘and the sowing of the seeds of virtue, thou make thy entrance ‘into that island, and there execute at thy discretion whatever ‘thou shalt think proper for the honour of God and the salvation ‘of souls.’ A pious pretence! which, as it began in falsehood, has continued in it; but a pretence yet grounded in a truth which, to the disgrace of nearly seven centuries of increasing refinement and civilisation, is to this hour to be repeated—that no people on the face of the earth have such vital need of education and correction, as the Irish; and that no land in Christendom knows so little of what is intended and implied by Pope Adrian’s expression of *Obedience to Laws*, as Ireland.

Rude factious quarrels of the leading Irish chieftains were what Henry now availed himself of, to renew and complete his scheme. The country was rent into five kingdoms (Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, Munster, and Meath), of which the most powerful prince, for the time being, exacted a kind of paramount authority. The prince of Connaught had now that dignity; and with the chief of Meath, whom Dermot of Leinster had foully outraged, joined to expel the latter from the land. Dermot sought Henry in Aquitaine. ‘Recover my kingdom for me,’ he said, ‘and I will do you homage for it and hold it of you.’ But the prudent monarch thought it best to suspend for a time direct personal interference, and simply granted him letters patent for the enlistment of English volunteers. With these he went to a Welsh earl, the fame of whose deeds eminently marked him out for such an enterprise; whose bold recklessness had indeed brought him into disfavour with his sovereign, but whose ruined fortunes tempted him still ‘to dare, and yet to dare.’ The choice was well made. In little more than a year Richard Strongbow, *Earl of Pembroke*, assisted by some twelve hundred archers and

knights, had not only re-conquered Leinster for Dermot, but had placed that prince at the head of the sovereignty of the island; and on his death, having meanwhile married his daughter, had himself assumed the royal authority.

Henry's long-watched opportunity arrived with this. At his first council after Becket's death he dictated proclamations to forbid the passage into Ireland of any more of his subjects, and to recall Strongbow and his friends. In great alarm, that chieftain sent his most trusted knights to lay his conquests at the sovereign's feet: but Henry would not see them. Without declaring his intention, he crossed to England; and was busily raising an army for a purpose men could but guess at, when Strongbow suddenly made his appearance before him, renewed his homage and fealty, surrendered to him the city of Dublin and all castles and harbours in his possession, and consented to hold the remainder of his lands in Ireland as tenant in chief of the English crown. Whereat the Lord was gracious again, and smiled upon his vassal. Then, with an attendance of more than five hundred knights and their esquires, accompanied by a large body of archers, on board a fleet of four hundred transports, Henry passed to Ireland to receive the homage of the native princes. In a temporary palace of timber erected for him in Dublin, he held pomp and revel for near five months; and taught Erin's rude, savage, simple warriors, to wonder at the magnificence and affability of a Plantagenet. At the end of that time, in face of the stormy winds of March, he returned to England, swiftly traversed it, and crossed the Channel to Normandy. None knew wherefore. His brother of France thought him in Dublin, when his trumpets were sounding at Barfleur. 'The king of England neither rides nor sails,' he exclaimed. 'He flies with the rapidity of a bird. One moment transports him from Ireland to England: another from England to France.'

Strong in the repute of his new acquisition—with the title of Lord of Ireland added to those which already made his name sound of such power throughout Europe—Henry had resolved to meet the legates of the Pope and obtain final decision on the death of Becket. In his letter on that event he had thus expressed himself: 'I had restored to him my friendship and the possession of his lands and benefice: I had permitted him to return to England with an honourable attendance; but on his landing, instead of the glad tidings of peace, he arrived with him fire and the sword. He called my royal dignity in ques-



‘ and he excommunicated without any just cause the most zealous  
‘ of my servants. Then they whom he had excommunicated ’  
(Ranulf and Robert de Broc had joined the murderers), ‘ with  
‘ others in England, unable to endure this man’s insolence longer,  
‘ fell upon him and slew him : all which I cannot relate without  
‘ deep sorrow.’ To the legates he now proffered further concession ; and in their presence, in public service at the cathedral of Avranches, freely and solemnly took oath of his own accord, that he was innocent both in word and deed of the archbishop’s murder. Notwithstanding, he added, he so much deplored the act, and the passionate expressions he had himself used in presence of the assassins, that he would maintain two hundred knights for the defence of Holy Land during a year, and, if the Pope required it, would serve in person against the infidels either in Palestine or Spain. At the same time, in the substantial terms of the compact which followed, Henry abated no essential of the claim he had so long contested for. The escheated lands and possessions of Becket’s friends he engaged to restore ; for he did not, he said, war with the dead. He consented that appeals should be made to the Pope : but on condition that they were made in good faith, and that the right was reserved to himself of obliging such appellants as he suspected of evil intentions to give security that they would attempt nothing abroad to the wrong of him or his kingdom. He would not refuse to abolish customs hostile to the liberties of the clergy : but it must be shown that those customs had been introduced since his accession.

In this last most important article, the main point in the whole dispute between himself and Becket was reserved : nor was any more material concession made, when, the Constitutions of Clarendon remaining unrepealed, the detail of churchmen’s liabilities to the secular courts was settled four years later. Meanwhile a great lesson had been taught to both contending parties ; and it is admitted by even the most zealous Catholic historians, that throughout the rest of the reign, the spiritual and secular tribunals, though actuated by the same spirit of rivalry, preferred their respective claims with unusual moderation. Reconciled again to Rome, the great monarch might have contemplated these results with unmixed satisfaction,—content that the power of the sword had gained no exclusive triumph, since the more searching and debasing despotism of the crozier had been for ever checked and retarded,—but for the stain cast upon the close of the struggle, in *Becket’s violent death*.



There lay still the strength of Rome ; and in a form he could not cope with. Subject himself, with his great clear intellect, to many of the rude superstitions of the time, he could not avert their influence from the great mass of the people. With the living Becket, a turbulent archbishop, he could grapple ; against the dead Becket, a saint and martyr, he found himself powerless. Already was the new saint canonised in form, and already prayers authorised and enjoined to him for intercession with God for the clergy and people of England. What after course these pretences took, I need scarcely relate. To Saint Thomas of Canterbury a place was assigned in Heaven higher than that of St. Stephen and all other martyrs ; his brains were sent for to Rome ; in a chapel behind the high altar of Canterbury there was shown, to the specially devout, his skull and what was said to be his face, set in gold ; and for what was alleged to be a portion of his scalp, the Abbey of St. Augustine exchanged several houses and a large piece of ground. Pilgrims kissed with awful rapture the rust of the sword that killed him ; brotherhoods of mendicants subsisted on the strength of contributions levied by virtue of the upper leather of his shoe ; lost members were said to be restored, and the dead, even birds and beasts, to be brought back to life, at his shrine ; parallels between him and Christ were rife in every pulpit, salvation was prayed for through his merits and blood ; and, finally, a jubilee was decreed to him every fifty years, to which the bribe of plenary indulgence to all who visited his tomb, attracted, on one occasion, more than a hundred thousand pilgrims. Never had the Romish Church practised such arts to the same extent or with the like success. And though, with all, she could not turn aside the resolve of the English sovereign to rule within his own kingdom, she could yet so use this superstition of the fate of his associate, as to bend even his soul beneath it, when suffering and sorrow came upon him.

They had come of late with swift and heavy strides. At the moment of his greatest power ; when rival princes referred to him their quarrels, as to the mightiest of European monarchs, when his alliance was everywhere courted, his resentments dreaded by all, and the only obstructions that had beset his path seemed cleared away for ever ; there sprang up from within the heart of his own family a pestilent and direful treason. His wife Eleanor had borne him four sons and three daughters ; for all of whom his fond affection had already shaped forth proud and princely destinies.

nies. The eldest daughter, Matilda, afterwards married the Duke of Saxony (from whose direct line our reigning queen is descended); the second, Eleanor, was wedded to Alphonso the Good, king of Castile; and Joan, the youngest, to William the Second, king of Sicily. Henry, the eldest son, now in his eighteenth year, and who had married the daughter of the French king, had thus early, the better to secure his succession, been crowned king of England; on Richard and Geoffrey, though but in their sixteenth and fifteenth years, had been settled the powerful duchies of Aquitaine and Bretagne; and for John, a child of five years old, called laughingly by the courtiers *Sansterre* and *Lackland*, he was reserving the lordship of Ireland. But a spirit was meanwhile at work to turn all these kindnesses to curses. Eleanor's first rival, Rosamond de Clifford (by whom Henry had his two famous bastards, William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey, Bishop of Lincoln, afterwards Chancellor) had, some years before the present date, retired to a religious and penitent life in the 'little nunnery' of Godstowe; but others had taken her place; and Henry, jesting with Eleanor on their disparity of years, no longer cared to conceal his infidelity. He thought not of her power in the direction where he was most exposed to it. Through the ambition of their common children, and by the very means he had taken to secure and bind their young affections, she struck full and heavily at his heart. She urged upon the eldest that, without the solid possessions of a king, the royal title was a mockery; the same argument met the daring hopes of the boys, Richard and Geoffrey; and soon, with the standard of rebellion unfurled, the three sons and their mother had found refuge in the French king's territories.

Henry seized and brought back his wife, who expiated her guilt by a rigorous imprisonment terminated only by his death; but he could not so easily recover his sons, or bring to a close their unnatural treason. The boys had at once been clutched by Henry's active foes, for convenient tools and instruments. In a general assembly of the barons and bishops of France, young Henry, wearing his crown, had been recognised for sole English king; and in that august presence the three youths had solemnly sworn never to conclude peace or truce with their father without the consent of the French barons. Daily, after this, the rebel force increased. A promise of Northumberland drew to their standard the Scotch king, William the Lion; the richer bribe of the county of Kent attracted the Earl of Flanders; Bretagne and

Acquitaine, impatient of Henry's vigilant rule, declared at once for the princes : the earls of Boulogne and Blois made compensation for their services ; and many of the greatest of the Continental barons deserted their liege lord. The condition of Henry at the juncture is described in affecting terms by one of his contemporaries. Day by day might be seen flying from him some one of the most intimate courtiers ; whom he had fed at his own table, to whom he had given with his own hands the baldrick of knighthood. The guards of his chamber, men to whom he entrusted habitually the care of his person and his life, went over, one after another, to his enemies. There was not a night in which he did not say adieu to men whom the muster-roll of the morning brought to his side no more.

Yet he lost not heart, nor hope. He preserved his tranquillity ; pursued with undiminished ardour his passion of the chase ; hawked as was his wont ; but while he kept this careless exterior, gay and affable to all who remained with him, and answering extortionate demands for fidelity with a mild indifference, not an instant was lost in which any advantage could be gained. He drew together twenty thousand of the soldiers who at this time sold their services to the highest bidder (Brabanters they were called) ; he invoked, in language which he afterwards excused by the urgency of the time, the assistance of the Papacy ; and with an appeal which found its way to many hearts in even this fierce age, sent to distant states to solicit the help of *All such Kings as had Sons*. His first campaign against the rebels was successful ; but in the opening of the second year of the war they rallied with new and more formidable strength and resources.

The old king (so he was now called to distinguish him from the younger Henry) had repulsed from the Norman frontier the French king and his eldest son ; had driven back Geoffrey of Bretagne ; and had checked the more formidable advances of Prince Richard in Poitou and Aquitaine ; when his presence became suddenly necessary in England. His southern provinces were overrun with discontented lords, too glad to unsettle a government which had so sternly dealt with them ; and his northern counties were plundered and infested by the barbarian ravages of the Scots. Roger de Mowbray was on the rebel side in Yorkshire ; in the centre of the kingdom, Earls Ferrers and Huntingdon ; on the east, Hugh Bigod and seven hundred Flemish knights, and in the harbour of Gravelines a numerous fleet, ready with the rest

favourable wind to bring fresh force from France. The Bishop of Winchester, who bore these tidings to Henry, added that the great mass of his people were true to him ; but that most men, even of those faithful to allegiance, connected the violent death of Becket with the disasters and sufferings of the kingdom. Before the ' tale of ill ' was entirely told, Henry had sprung to his horse, and with his party of nobles was in full speed for the coast. He embarked in the midst of a violent storm, and on the morning of the second day landed at Southampton.

His manner had been noted during the voyage. It was strange and solemn. He avoided his attendants, and paced the deck alone. Nor is it possible to guess with any degree of certainty how much of worldly prudence, and how much of gloomy superstition, were now combined to move him. It would perhaps be most safe to give preponderance to the latter. The sense of enlisting in his cause even the devotional frenzy of his people could not be wholly absent ; but most certain is it that his mind was now deeply agitated by the treason of his children, and the perfidy of his barons ; and, so disturbed, had in all probability yielded to that further sense of weakness and debasement which, at such a season, habitual sensual indulgence such as his commonly induces, and to a profitable use of which the ceremonies of the Romish Church are so skilfully adapted. Whatever the motive, he had decided on his course.

He refused rest at Southampton, and, without other refreshment than bread and water, mounted horse and rode on through the night towards Canterbury. The towers of the cathedral were visible at some miles' distance with the dawn ; and soon as his eye fell upon them he dismounted, laid aside his royal dress, undid and threw off his boots, and walked barefoot over the rough, filthy, flinty roads, into the city of Canterbury. Crowds swiftly assembled at this unheard-of act of penance ; marked each footstep of the royal pilgrim, as he passed the gateway, leaving its print of blood ; and with reverence followed him to the cathedral. Here he at once descended the crypt, flung himself with sobs and tears at the foot of Becket's tomb, and lay there prostrate ; while a bishop ascended the pulpit, and told the awe-struck multitude that their prince had neither ordered nor contrived the death of the saint, but that for one passionate expression, which, unintentional as it was, might yet have suggested the idea of his murder, he had come to do penance, to implore Almighty forgiveness, and to submit his naked flesh to the rods of discipline. Upon this Henry rose and went



to the chapter-house ; where were assembled the monks and a few bishops and abbots, in number nearly eighty ; in midst of whom he knelt, and from each received on his naked shoulder three to five stripes of a knotted cord. This over, he passed the night upon his knees at Becket's tomb ; rode the next morning to London, men said joyfully ; and on his arrival sank upon his couch in a burning fever.

The servant of his trusty friend and justiciary Ranulf de Glanville roused him on the fifth night of his illness. ' Is Glanville well ? ' asked the monarch with returning consciousness. ' My lord is well,' was the answer, ' and has now in his custody your enemy the king of Scots.' The king leapt from his bed, say the chroniclers, and the fever was gone. ' Repeat me those words again.' Again the welcome words were said, which told him that the heart of the conspiracy was broken. In a few days he was at the head of a numerous and enthusiastic force, before which the English and Scottish rebels everywhere dispersed, and with which he then sailed to the relief of Normandy. Here, throughout two campaigns, he again foiled the confederates in every direction ; the obstinate, war-loving Richard, yielding last ; and soon, by well-placed magnanimity and kindness, he established general peace. He released his prisoners, and not only restored his sons to favour, but enriched them with new liberalities. They professed themselves satisfied and grateful ; and with stronger faith in the feudal than in the natural bond, swore solemnly in succession the oath of vassals to their lord.

Henry now enjoyed eight years' peace. But not repose. Active for the state as in the field, he devoted those years, with unceasing energy and toil, to the reform and settlement of his civil administration. Saving when engaged in the noble task of deciding between the claims of contending princes, referred to him as to the supreme authority of Europe, this was his constant occupation. He made personal inquiry into the conduct of every tribunal in the kingdom ; received and heard the appeals of persons who deemed themselves aggrieved by particular decisions ; and in cases of delinquency imposed heavy fines on the judges, or on the barons in whose courts they presided. ' He does not,' says Peter of Blois, a clerk whom he employed and trusted, and whose gossiping letters have been happily preserved, ' he does not, like other kings, lie idle in his palace ; but goes through his provinces, and judges every one's conduct, and particularly that of the persons whom he has appointed judges of others. No one is sturdier in error

‘ readier in speaking, more self-possessed in danger, more careful in prosperity, more firm in adversity. He is deeply versed in literature. The constant conversation of learned men, and the discussion of questions, make his court a daily school. Whenever he can obtain a breathing time from the cares and anxieties of state, he spends it either in reading by himself, or in labouring to untie the knot of some difficult question in converse with a circle of learned clerks.’

The same lively ecclesiastic has preserved for us a curious picture of the habits of the king, in connection with his progresses through the kingdom. If for example, he says, his majesty had given orders that he would start upon a progress at the end of three days, then you might be quite sure he would start by daybreak, and put everybody’s plans to the rout by unexpected dispatch. If on the other hand he has ordered all to be in readiness by early dawn, you may be quite satisfied that he will sleep till mid-day. And the good Peter proceeds to inform us how it was that this habit was so particularly disagreeable in his majesty. For so much preparation was necessary, and so little time given for it, that ten to one, the result, all through the journey, was sour beer ; bread like lead ; mouldy, thick, and rancid wine ; and unwholesome fish ;—which the king might care little about, truly ; but which he, Peter, mightily disrelished. Then such a host of people were allowed to travel with his majesty : such trains of sumpter horses, carriages, pioneers, and villanous purveyors ! such a following of stage-players, washerwomen, dice-players, loose women, confectioners, tavernkeepers, buffoons, barbers, and pickpockets ! Only fancy, he exclaims, what a condition of things it must be, when the king suddenly changed his mind. ‘ Why, if I dare say so, I really think that his pleasure is increased by our annoyance.’ We should really think there was not a doubt of it.

It was another ill effect of this evil habit of the king, adds the amusing letter-writer, that very often, and in affairs of urgency, people know so little of his ways that he was not to be found at all. A notable example occurred to himself. He had returned from an important mission to the French Court, and was anxious to report it to Henry ; but the king was not to be found. The letter exists in which he writes to him that he has been hunting him through the country in vain ;—that when Solomon talked of four things being too hard for him to find out, he should have added a fifth, and that is, the path of the king in England ;—that he really does not know



where he is to go, or what he is to do ;—that he has been laid up with the dysentery at Newport, from fatigue in running after his majesty, and that he has to no purpose sent scouts and messengers on all sides to look for him ;—and finally, that he wishes Henry *would* let him know when and where he is to be found, since he has really important matter to speak to him of, and the ambassadors of the kings of Spain have, moreover, arrived with a great retinue, to refer to his arbitrament their master's old quarrel.

The most distinguished associate of Henry in his civil labours, was the famous Ranulf de Glanville, in whose name is written the most ancient and memorable treatise of the laws and customs of England ; and their greatest act was to give authority, universality, and settled form and circumstance, to a practice which was only very imperfectly introduced in the time of Henry Beaucourt, and had been still less perfectly carried out since then. In a great council at Northampton, Henry formally divided the kingdom into six districts, to each of which he assigned three itinerant judges ; and from that time Circuits have never ceased in England. In other councils he repealed the barbarous forest laws of his predecessors, substituted fines and imprisonment for mutilation or death, and established the first famous ‘ assize of arms.’ At the cost of unequalled personal exertion, too, as I have already said, he judged for himself the judges ; and the great Glanville tells us, in the preface to his work, that there was not now in the king's court, a judge who dared to swerve from the path of justice, or to pronounce an opinion inconsistent with truth. He discountenanced, by every means in his power, all excessive indulgences in the mere martial exercises of the age ; he repressed the tendency of his sons to tournaments, though he had educated them to be the most accomplished knights of the time ; he would rarely sanction the tilting ground with his presence ; but he would encourage, says Peter of Blois, men of the highest literature to ‘ exercise themselves after prayers and before meals in reading, disputing, and decision of causes.’ Finally (and it was not the least of the obligations of posterity to this great and sagacious prince), he abolished the absurd and iniquitous usage of ordeals by touch, by fire, and by water ; and allowed the accused to defend himself by single combat, or, if he preferred it, by grand assize. The latter process was open to every defendant on suing out a writ ; and it gradually led to the general adoption of juries, and to the greatest and most vital improvement in other branches of justice.

These great labours were now doomed to sudden and sad end.

ruption, the few remaining years of the life of the king being darkened by another rebellion of his children. It would be merely painful to pursue its details. In the course of it the younger Henry died; and was shortly after followed to the grave by Geoffrey; of whom the memorable saying is recorded, that he and his brothers never thoroughly ceased to hate their father, but when they were more busily and ardently occupied in hating each other. Yet, though with a heart now well nigh broken, the old king made effective rally against his foes. The instigator of this last rebellion was supposed to have been the famous Provençal knight and troubadour, Bertrand de Born (incited to it by the desire to avenge the imprisonment of Eleanor, his liege lady and as it were natural princess); and in two days after young Henry's death, his father had carried sore destruction into the castles of Poitou and Aquitaine, and had at length taken prisoner this tempter and destroyer of his children, Bertrand de Born himself. On being brought before him, bound, Henry taunted him with a boast he was said to have made,—that he had so much wit in reserve as never to have occasion to use one-half of it,—and told him that possibly he might now discover the whole of his wit somewhat too little for his wants. Nay, added Henry, observing his silence, 'I begin to think 'thou hast no wit left.' Bertrand mournfully answered it was true, for that his wit, his sense, and his wisdom, had gone from him when the young king died. On this, say the chroniclers, the old king burst into tears and had nearly swooned; and when he came to himself Vengeance had departed out of him. 'Sir Bertrand!' 'Sir Bertrand!' he exclaimed: 'thou hadst good right to lose 'thy wits for my son's sake, for he wished thee better, and loved 'thee better, than he did any man else in this world; and I, for the 'love of him, now give thee thy life, and restore to thee thy wealth 'and thy castle.'

But though this most affecting anecdote be indeed the truth, Bertrand de Born did not recover all. He lost his fame; and, for his share in these unnatural wars, was branded in other lands with infamy. The great poet Dante tells us, that in one of the worst circles of hell he beheld a sight, which if it were not for the support of a good conscience he should be afraid to relate without further proof. He saw, and while writing the account, still appeared to see, a headless body about to force its way past him, where he stood. It held its severed head by the hair like a lantern, and the head looked up and said, 'Woe is me!' The head

was in fact a lantern to the footsteps of the body : and thus there were two divided things in one, and one in two, and how that could be, He only can tell by whom it was so ordained. Then, Dante continues, the miserable trunk lifted up the head aloft, so that its words might be better heard ; and asked if any punishment had ever equalled his ! ' I am Bertrand de Born,' it said, ' who 'incited John of England to rebel against his father. Father and son I set at variance ; and hence do I bear my brain severed from the body on which it grew. In me behold the work of retribution.' The incident is one of the most ghastly, and yet one of the most pathetic, in that astonishing poem.

John of England's rebellion, however, was not yet known : and his father still rested his hope on him. He was his youngest and favourite child ; and while Richard maintained still stubborn defiance at the French Court, it was his solitary comfort to think that John had not deserted him. When the actual truth appeared,—the last string was snapped, and 'cracked that noble heart.' Now then, he cried, let everything go as it will. ' I have no longer 'care for myself or for the world.' He found his death-bed, in a few short weeks, at Chimou. His bastard son Geoffrey stood by the bed, and, heard him, in paroxysms of raging fever, curse the day on which he was born, and the children who had murdered him. He was fifty-seven, and had reigned over England nearly thirty-five years.

The singular account which Peter of Blois has handed down to us of his personal aspect and bearing, will fitly close this record of his most memorable reign. In a letter which seems to have been written about nine years before his death, he says that his complexion and hair had inclined to ruddy, but with age was growing grey. He was of middle size, such that among short men he seemed tall, and even among tall men not the least of stature. His head was round shaped,—spherical,—as if for the seat of great wisdom, and special sanctuary of deep schemes. His hair was not grown scant, but he kept it well cut. His face was almost square ; quadrangular ; like that of a lion. His chest was broad, his arms brawny and muscular, his legs and shins those of a constant horseman, his instep arched and high. In one of his toes, however, part of the nail had grown into the flesh, and somewhat deformed the foot : and his hands, on which he never wore a glove except when he carried a falcon, showed by their coarseness the carelessness of the man. Mass, councils, public business, occupied him closely every day ; and he stood on

feet from morning to night. He never sat down except on horse-back, or when he was eating ; and his shins were terribly wounded and discoloured by constant kicks from his horses. When engaged in war he would get over more ground in one day than other commanders in five ; and in this respect his age continued the alacrity of his youth. During peace his favourite sport was hunting or hawking ; and, except when reading, or in discussion, or engaged with state affairs, bows, swords, arrows, and hunting-tackle, were constantly in his hands. He would have grown enormously fat, if he had not ‘ tamed his tendency to belly ’ (inherited from his great-grandfather the Conqueror) by fasting and exercise. He discarded all ornament alike in his boots and his bonnet ; his clothes were disencumbered of everything superfluous ; he used on all occasions straight boots, a plain hat, and a tight dress. If he had once formed an attachment to a man, he seldom gave him up ; if he had once taken a real aversion to any one, he seldom admitted him afterwards to any familiarity. No one was more gentle to the distressed, more affable to the poor, more overbearing to the proud. It had always indeed been his study, by a certain carriage of himself like a deity, to put down the insolent, to encourage the oppressed, and to trample down the swellings of pride by continued and deadly persecution.

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### New Books.

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**BELLS AND POMEGRANATES, No. VII. Dramatic Romances and Lyrics.** By Robert Browning, Author of “Paracelsus.” Medium 8vo, sewed. London : E. Moxon.

THE poems published in this humble form seem to us the utterances of one of the few real poets of the age. Mr. Browning, however, is not popular, not even with the multitude of literary men, and his disdain of popular arts is doubtless the chief cause of his not being so. With his great talents and genius there is no doubt he could be as minutely particular as the most logical and prosaic reader could desire. But he has a soul of fire, and casts away every detail, every thought, that does not ministrate to the portrayal of the passion with which every line of his productions is fraught. This it is that makes his poetry appear so abrupt, so fragmentary, and, to those whose suggestive powers are sluggish, obscure. These qualities, which are objected to by some persons as blemishes, we take to be proofs of the Poet’s genuine inspiration. They display the terrible energy of his conceptions,—the

truth and earnestness of his visions. In this kind of poetry, to our minds the only true poetry, there is no straining after expressions to endeavour to create in the reader's mind a heat and vehemence corresponding to the poet's; but the language is simple and plain, and the might and effort are in the just conception of the image or idea. The poetry of epithets and exclamation exhausts the reader; but that of definite imagery and idea exhilarates by the energy of thought and feeling it generates. Verbiage, fluency, hacknied phraseology are abhorred by Mr. Browning, and he will go far out of his way to avoid them; and in so doing he may sometimes miss the finest expression of his thought. But this it is which makes his verses and whole poems as fresh and cheering as if he was the first poet that had learnt to write. Nor is this originality confined to his phraseology, but extends itself to his versification, which, to ears bedazed with the slimy monotony of the common versification, may be considered rugged and distorted. To the reader impregnated with the passion of the matter, it starts however into a harmony new, congenial, and invigorating. In fact, Mr. Browning is a poet, and if so, the form and quality of his verse must be as novel as his thoughts. The rhythm that the true poet utters is a part of his mental conception, and cannot be separated from it without producing dissonance.

Nothing could be easier than to follow the fashion of the critics of the earlier day towards Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley, and to quote lines and passages which, abstracted from their position, would sound weak and purposeless, and ask triumphantly if such are to be considered poetry? And by such means, no doubt, Mr. Browning will be tested, by many who consider poetry to consist of a series of metrical epigrams. To those however who come in simple honesty to hear the poet uncontaminated by the cant of academical criticism, and with but a moderate share of impulse and imagining power, there can be no doubt the god will reveal himself in his "might, majesty, and dominion," and Browning will be acknowledged a poet.

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THE ROSE GARDEN OF PERSIA. BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.  
Longman and Co.

THIS beautiful volume, rich in ornament, but richer still in noble verse, bears on its title-page a motto from the Persian, which, though modestly untranslated, reveals to the initiated the nature of the contents. The lines are well known to oriental scholars, and run thus:

Guftam muger, nisim saba az chaman rasid,  
Ya karwan mushk za rah Khoten rasid?

which may be rendered as follows:

I said, is it the zephyr breathing from the garden,  
Or is it a caravan of musk arriving from Khoten?

And sweetly laden is the gale that breathes from these pages, fraught as





it is with the perfume of the choicest flowers in the glowing garden of Persian poetry.

The renown of the poets of Persia, which fills the East, has travelled into Western climes, but, with a few exceptions, the specimens that have been given of their compositions in an English dress, have hitherto failed to excite the interest which, from the great celebrity of the originals, they might have been expected to create. The chief exception is the famous ode of Hafiz, "Bedéh ráki, &c.," which Sir William Jones has so exquisitely translated in the well known lines, beginning,

"Sweet maid if thou wouldst charm my sight ;"

but beyond this—though Atkinson, Gladwin, Ross, and others, have diligently laboured in the cause, there has not, until now, been any really poetical version of the magic numbers of the great masters of Oriental poetry.

The reason is simple enough : none of the translators, save only Sir William Jones, were gifted with the true poetic fire ; and the labours of that great man were so vast that, though we are more indebted to him than to any other, for a knowledge of the excellence of Persian literature, time was never granted him to accomplish an object which he had the ability so well to perform.

But our regrets for the past in a great degree cease, when we open the gorgeous volume before us ; for "The Rose Garden of Persia" appeals not only to the eye in the splendour of its illuminated pages, modelled after the finest and purest Oriental designs, but impresses the mind in every line at once with the grandeur, the impassioned force, and the sweetness of the originals, and with the extraordinary skill and power of the translator.

There is no error so fatal to success, as the attempt to interpret a poet by simply rendering the literal meaning of his words. The result must inevitably be tame, and poor, and spiritless. On the other hand, a paraphrase that merely catches at an author's sense is equally unsatisfactory. Miss Costello possesses the happy faculty of avoiding both these extremes ; she enters wholly into the spirit of the author, divines with prompt intention the scope of his thought, and reproduces not only an image of the original, but a form instinct like it with life and strength. We are consequently never disappointed in Miss Costello's translations, and our interest never tires.

Of the ornamental features of this volume we must briefly speak, before we proceed to justify the praise we have bestowed, by extract.

The direction which the growing fondness for illustrated works has latterly assumed, is now almost wholly in favour of illumination. Mr. Murray and the Messrs. Longman, among the most celebrated of the London publishers, aided by artists like Owen Jones and the brothers Vizetelly, have produced some very splendid examples of the power of modern printing to rival the handicraft of the laborious illuminators of old ; but nothing that they have yet published exceeds—if, indeed, it



can compare with the grace and beauty of the decorations that adorn the pages of "The Rose Garden of Persia." The designs, as we have already stated, are modelled from the finest Oriental specimens, afforded chiefly by the precious MSS. in the libraries of the East India House, the Asiatic Society, the British Museum, the Bodleian at Oxford, and the Bibliothèque du Roi in Paris. The bright hues which gem the pages of costly original copies of the great Persian poets are here faithfully transferred: for, to give a version of Persian poetry, and not imitate the art which decks it in such glowing colours, would be to leave half the task unaccomplished; for, as Miss Costello says in an introductory chapter on ornament, "The works of favourite poets are generally written on fine silky paper, the ground of which is often powdered with gold or silver dust; the margins are illuminated, and the whole perfumed with some costly essence." The Orientals consider a finely ornamented book as "an excitement to youth to study;" and of all professions, that of calligraphy is called in the East "the Golden." A Persian commentator has also said: "A poem is a sweet-scented flower, spotted like a leopard, polished with much rubbing, and *written with the ink of two centuries.*" There was therefore warrant enough for the bestowal of ornament on this volume, and most elaborately and richly has it been given by Messrs. Vizetelly. Let us now turn to its spirit after having commended its form.

One great peculiarity of Persian poetry is the mystical sense which the commentators find in it, where an ordinary meaning only is expressed. This refers to the numerous sect of the Sufis, amongst whom Hafiz, the Moollah of Rûm, and the moral Sadi are pre-eminent. The Sufis are the Platonists of the East. "Their fundamental tenets are, that nothing exists *absolutely* but God: that the human soul is an emanation from His essence, and will finally be restored to him: that the great object of this transitory state should be, a constant approach to the Eternal Spirit, and as perfect an union to the Divine nature as possible; for which reason all worldly attachment should be avoided, and, in all we do, a spiritual object should be kept in view. When a Sufi poet speaks of love and beauty, a divine sentiment is always to be understood, however much the words employed may lead the uninitiated to imagine otherwise." A parallel to this doctrine may be deduced from the Song of Solomon, and the writings of many of the Fathers of the Church.

Without this explanation it would be difficult to imagine that the lyrical Hafiz intended to convey his idea of "holy joy and exultation," in the following lines, which Miss Costello has rendered with so much spirit:—

Grapes of pure and glowing lustre !  
 May the hand that plucked each cluster  
     Never shake with age !  
 May the feet ne'er slip that press them !  
 Oh ! 'tis rapture to possess them,  
     'Spite the chiding sage.

Call, call for wine, the goblet drain,  
 And scatter round Spring's fairest flowers ;  
 What wouldst thou more of Fate obtain :  
 Where canst thou seek for brighter hours ?  
 This was the early nightingale's first lay ;  
 What sayst thou to his precepts, Rose of Day ?

Oh ! bring thy couch where countless roses  
 The garden's gay retreat discloses ;  
 There in the shade of waving boughs recline,  
 Breathing rich odours, quaffing ruby wine !

Thou, fairest rose of all, oh say,  
 For whom thy hundred leaves dost thou display ?  
 To what blest mortal wilt thou own,  
 Such buds have sprung for him alone ?

What have I now to ask ?—here all  
 Life's choicest gifts to me belong ;  
 Prudence and wisdom are but thrall,  
 The only friends are wine and song !

But all the Persian poets are not Sufis, or at least not mystical in their writings: they have their historical and romantic schools, and foremost of those who illustrate the former is the Homer of his country, the immortal Ferdusi: the chief celebrities of the latter are Nizami, Jami, and Hatifi. The great epic poet, to whom Miss Costello devotes considerable space, is better known to English readers since Atkinson's accurate translation of the "Shah Namah" appeared, than those whom we have just mentioned. We resist the temptation, therefore, of transcribing Ferdusi's satire on Sultan Mahmoud, or the beautiful episode of "The Gardens of the Daughters of Afrasiab," to pass on to the charming poems of "Yussuff and Zuleikha" and "Mejnûn and Leila,"—pausing by the way, as other poets, yet unnamed, attract us.

Omar Khiam is one of these. He was one of the most remarkable, as well as the most distinguished, of the poets of Persia, and flourished about the end of the twelfth century. "He was altogether unprecedented in regard to the freedom of his religious opinions; or rather, his boldness in denouncing hypocrisy and intolerance, and the enlightened views he took of the fanaticism and mistaken devotion of his countrymen. The priests were his great enemies, and he was peculiarly hated by the false devotees whose arts he exposed."

We have not room for the romantic description of Kashmeer, by the celebrated Togray, who was called "The Honour of Writers;" neither have we space for any portion of the exquisite poem of "Khosrû and Shireen," by Nizami. An ode of Hafiz, however, arrests us, which we extract, as much to show how widely-spread is the sentiment that seeks to apologise for the *escapades* of genius, as to manifest the beauty of the lines in which that sentiment is expressed.

String the lyre—has fortune ever  
 Given to men of worth their due ?  
 But, since vain is all endeavour,  
 And we scorn her malice too,  
 Why should we refuse to share  
 All the joys these hours prepare ?

Now the air is fill'd with mirth ;  
 Now the roses spring from earth ;  
 Now they bloom—but now alone !  
 Fear not though the wise reprove ;  
 Ere their soft perfume be gone,  
 Raise the soul to verse and love.

Oh, Hafiz ! it were shame to say  
 (We nightingales like as 'twere treason),  
 That we, who wake the poet's lay,  
 Sang not in the rose's season.

We come now to the poem of "Yussuf and Zuleikha," the masterpiece of Jami, an enthusiastic follower of the doctrines of the Sufis, but not forgetting his mortal part when he composed that which Sir William Jones declares to be "*the finest poem* he ever read ;" though the Persians consider it a perfect illustration of "divine love," in contra-distinction to the stories of "Khosrû and Shireen," and "Mejnûn and Leila," which, with all their beauties, they hold as characterising the love of mortals.

The history of the unfortunate love of the wife of Potiphar—her disappointment, her despair, her weakness, and her final happiness—presents a very different picture from that on which we are accustomed, as readers of Scripture, to look. We regret that we have not space for Miss Costello's beautiful version.

We must therefore commend the volume to the reader with the advice not to overlook the specimens of the great work of Hafizi—the loves of "Mejnûn and Leila," who are the Romeo and Juliet of the East ; nor to refrain from the exquisite poem of "The Desert Born," illustrative of the history of the celebrated Mehr-el-Nissar, already familiar to the world as the heroine of Moore's "Light of the Harem." Our advice, however, is superfluous, for no one who takes up the volume will very willingly relinquish it till he has read it through.

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ABRAH NEIL ; or, *The Times of Old*. An Historical Romance. By J. P. R. JAMES, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. London : Smith, Elder & Co.

It would seem at a first glance impossible that a man could weave novels at the rate at which Mr. James has for so many years spun them, three or four a year, at least ; and as he is the author of several biographies, he must have composed them even at a more rapid rate. For every why there is a wherefore, and for every wonder an explanation ; and the texture of these novels indicates the mechanism by which they are

produced. The formula was laid down long since by a master hand, a man of vigorous imagination, great powers of observation, and an unrivalled facility and energy of expression. It is of little consequence to his fame whether Scott invented the historic novel : if he did not, he certainly performed for that class of writing what Shakespeare did for the historic drama : he gave it life and force ; he informed it with a spirit that was the result of learning impregnated with genius. He also resembled the founders of our great drama, in impressing upon the literature of his century his formula and method. As with the dramatist so it is with the historical novelists, each work seems to be a fainter production, and, like the worn impression of an engraving, to grow so dim at last as not to retain any of the light and shade, force and effect of its original.

Mr. James is almost the last of his race, at all events the last who has any attraction for the public, and when he ceases (which probably will only be with life), the direct impetus given to literature by Scott will have effected its last vibration. We were, however, about to account for Mr. James's facility of production, and to do so were compelled to introduce the source from whence he drew his method. Nothing can be more close than his imitation of his great progenitor in his mechanism, but in style how different ! The same admixture of high and low characters, the same resort to scenes of mixed ranks ; the same use of history, and the same elongated and elaborated description and adventurous changes of fortune and events. But with all this, unfortunately nothing new is to be found in the imitation ; nothing even varied in principle : in fact no new store of observation is opened of human character or physical circumstances. Different names are given to the same persons and things, though there may be a little bungling and shifting of characteristics. A swaggerer may be made courageous, a Rashleigh may be made sentimental, or a Rob Roy even prudent ; but such incongruous novelties only add to the artificiality of the fiction, and prove the poverty of the imitator's invention. The patterns have been given by the great originator, and are copied to the minutest particulars of phraseology. The best criticism of an imitation is to be found in the parodies of the wits, and admirably have they been given in a contemporary periodical which bears the name of a great parodist with the pencil. In such parodies pages of criticism are condensed, and the falsity of the mechanism fully displayed.

It may and has been said, and in particular reference to the author we treat of, that quantity is a sign of genius. But if this were the case, there are or have been authors of "the famed Minerva press" quite equal in this point to Mr. James. In fact quantity ceases to be astonishing, when it is considered that the whole of the world and mankind are daily and hourly generating trifling varieties. If the whole of the proceedings of the English civil war could by any miracle be all circumstantially narrated, they would make many thousands, perhaps many millions of historical novels. If, as with the novelist, every

house is to be described first externally and then internally :—"There stood upon the slope of a gentle hill, in a picturesque part of England, an old brick mansion," &c. &c. "In the well-sanded parlour of a small but neat inn," &c. If, we say, all these particulars are to be described, and not only residences and localities, but dresses, viands, peculiarities, family history and connexions, with all the necessary and unnecessary conversation accompanying every event and action, together with an unbounded license of historical and moral dissertation, it seems rather to be surprising that anything like a complex story can be evolved within the moderate compass of "three volumes small octavo," than that it should be poured through countless histories. In truth, the historical novel has been a wonderful invention to the professional author, the bookseller, and the learned, who have thus been provided with a mechanical substitute for imagination and genius, that has turned us into a nation of readers and writers.

In the present novel, the outlines of character are more dim than usual. Arrah Neil, the heroine we suppose, as she gives name to the work, is the most passive of heroines. Her introduction to the reader is equivocal enough, and the mystery is kept up till late in the third volume. It is said "her garb *appeared* to be that of poverty;" and in the same sentence we are told "she was bare-headed, bare-legged, and bare-footed," an appearance certainly of poverty. The usual quantum of disguised noblemen, swaggering cavaliers, talkative landladies, canting roundheads, appear and disappear through the three volumes. In one particular the author has swerved from the usual mode, and his characters, with a little of the puritanical cant excepted, speak good drawing-room English of the present year of our Lord. The tone, as it may be termed, of the fiction has no tinge of age in it; and no where is this so lamentably perceptible as in the small pieces of verse purporting to be the outpourings of gallant cavaliers. Modern sentimentalism of the worst kind is here predominant, and how Mr. James could perpetrate them, if he has ever read the real effusions of the period of the time, as exemplified in the poems of Carew, Suckling, Lovelace, and Waller, we are at a loss to understand. In avoiding what certainly has become a wearisome nuisance—the canting repetition of a few hackneyed phrases of the period—Mr. James has gone to the opposite extreme.

It will naturally be said, that as Mr. James is enabled to get his books purchased and published, there must be some quality in them; and this is not to be denied: and that power we think consists in a certain moderation of style that never offends, and a capacity of reflecting that very inane but very uninteresting portion of society, whose passions have been rubbed down or completely obliterated by education and the habits of the class they belong to. With such, strong emotion and high passion are mere boisterous vulgarities, and therefore they have no sympathy with them. A very slight event, and a comparatively trifling excitement, are sufficient to interest; and thus, like the phlegmatic Dutch-

man, when floating down his "lazy Scheldt," any occurrence in so slow a voyage is sufficient to interest his attention. There is undoubtedly a movement in the stories of the class of novels we are describing, but very much of the same kind as that enjoyed by the Dutch voyageur. It is on this principle alone we can account for such works gaining readers. We are bound to add though, that, if there is nothing stirring or suggestive in Mr. James's works, they are innocent and harmless reading, and their interest for numerous readers is proved by their large circulation.

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**GITHA OF THE FOREST.** A Romance. By the Author of "Lord Dacre, of Gillsland," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. London: E. Churton.

THIS novel is not so entirely on the Scott principle as Arrah Neil, having a considerable intermixture of the Radcliffe style. Picturesque but fanciful descriptions, escapes, plots, and secret caverns and subterranean passages, form more the staple commodity, following the vague imaginings of the "Mysteries of Udolpho" rather than the Dutch minutiae of the Waverley school. The authoress (for it is said to be a lady, and the execution seems to verify the assertion) has however so far complied with the demand of the age as to be tolerably correct as to her dates and costumes; and has that superficial correctness which arises from referring to a good chronology and the numerous delineations of Saxon costumes and utensils. The manners and sentiments are the usual mixture of those of the nineteenth century, inlaid here and there with a characteristic gathered from the chroniclers. Of the development of human character in its half barbaric state, we find no signs whatever. Of the strange and powerful condition of the human being in a phase of society admitting of the almost unlimited indulgence of the impulses and the will, there is no manifestation. If there were we should hail it as a genuine fiction, and its revealment would be a valuable addition to the knowledge of ourselves. It is true there is a sufficiency of brutal violence and sanguinary outrage, such as is attributed to all savages; but of that extraordinary mixture of motive and conduct to be found in man in such a state, in which side-by-side must have been ranged the most apparently contradictory qualities, there is no trace; and consequently we have no character painting that is any way serviceable. On the contrary, the characters are cut to pattern, acting sentimentally in accordance with some beau-ideal of the authoress.

Notwithstanding that we find it wanting, with most of its fellows, in the genuine requisites of such a composition, yet it must be said that it has more of the circulating library interest than many others. There is a vehemence almost amounting to vigour in some of its scenes and dialogues. The story, though full of improbabilities, is sufficiently clearly defined to create some interest, arising from the personal events being made to predominate over the historical. On closing such books one cannot but wonder that minds desirous of excitement should not



turn to the pages of real history, and especially to some of the modern historians who, like Thierry in his "Narratives of the Merovingian Era," have given to the stern and powerful reality all the light and shade of fiction, and who have, as said heretofore, raised up a romantic vision in accordance with facts. From the perusal of such works the mind rises refreshed and invigorated, conscious that it has derived knowledge of the most valuable kind; not of mere facts, but of human nature and human conduct.

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THE LIFE OF LORENZO DE MEDICI, called the Magnificent. By WILLIAM ROSCOE. With a Memoir of the Author. New Edition, 12mo. London: D. Bogue.

THIS is the first issue of a series of reprints, to be called the European Library. It surpasses in cheapness any yet issued, and the size and mode of printing are tasteful and convenient. Mr. Roscoe, notwithstanding the advances made in many departments of literature, is still unrivalled as the historian of Italian literature, and his "Life of Lorenzo" has justly become a standard work. The present edition has been judiciously superintended by Mr. Wm. Hazlitt, whose labours of this kind we have had frequent occasion to notice, as performed with judgment and taste. In the present instance he has rendered the work still more popular by translating the Latin, Italian, and French notes, removing a mass of cumbrous matter thought to be illustrative by its too partial author, giving occasionally notes from new sources, and a well-condensed Memoir. It is only necessary for those cultivating this class of literature to see the book, to purchase it: though we cannot but fear that it is given at a price that can repay no one connected with it, and that it will produce a destructive competition with works bearing a deservedly high price for copyright.

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LECTURES, addressed chiefly to the Working Classes. By W. J. Fox. Volume II. London: C. Fox.

WE have already expressed our admiration of the first volume of these Lectures, and, so far from finding reason to alter our opinion, we find new reasons for maintaining it. The subjects of the present series are equally interesting, and the mode of treatment equally powerful. They differ from most lectures by the simplicity and copiousness of their style and details. They are the outpourings of a mind filled with all kinds of knowledge, well digested by the intellectual process to which it has been for years submitted. They have none of the flimsiness of orations got up for the occasion; and no doubt their eloquent utterer proceeds from his usual occupations to his rostrum, without anything like preparation. The details of modern politics, literature, and even of science, seem as familiar as his glove to him, and he imparts it with a corresponding grace and ease. The working classes, therefore, are greatly indebted to him for his noble conversation, for it is more

like that than the common preaching of lectures; and there is not a cultivated gentleman in the land but might derive instruction and delight from either his information or his reflections, however much some might dissent from his political principles.

His moral courage is admirable; for it is not only that he maintains his principles fearlessly, but he has that rarer kind of boldness which advocates the supremacy of those whom the long-continued attacks of their opponents, aided by the universal caprice of mankind, have at last succeeded in degrading in the public estimation. His defence of Paine, and also of Godwin, are admirable instances of his advocacy of men whose talents have been underrated, and the memory of whose exertions, in a time when it was dangerous to be just, have been allowed too much to fall towards oblivion.

We were about to particularise, as peculiarly excellent, some certain of the Lectures, but on again turning through them we cannot do so. Whether treating of living poets or dead politicians; he is equally instructive and entertaining.

Every man sympathising with the improvement of the condition of the multitude will rejoice in this book, and is bound, as he would prove himself genuine in his philanthropy, to aid its dissemination. It must scatter seeds of thought wide and far, which will produce the most beneficial results to all classes of the community.

THE VOICES OF THE CHURCH, *in reply to Dr. F. Strauss*, Author of "Das Leben Jesu;" comprising Essays in Defence of Christianity, by Divines of various Communion. Collected and composed by the Rev. J. R. BEARD, D.D. &c. 8vo. Nutt.

THIS work consists of eight essays, the product of different divines, French, German, and English, in reply to Dr Strauss's tenets, as promulgated by himself and his followers. The subject itself is of great importance, and these essays are worthy of it, being the productions of the most learned and able theologians. It is impossible, with our narrow space, to enter into anything like a review of such a profound subject, and such subtle and learned treatises; all that can be done is to direct attention to the publication, as affording the best, if not the only means of gaining a knowledge of the controversy now raging in the German states; a controversy likely to be most important in its results, by either modifying the tenets of the reformed religion, or even the Christian faith itself. Since the works of Paine, there has been no work which so openly as Strauss's has attacked the received notions regarding Christianity. But whilst Strauss is immeasurably superior to Paine in point of philosophical argument and profundity of reasoning, he has the advantage of being a churchman and a priest, who only opens a new interpretation of Revelation. He declares himself a sincere and zealous believer in Christianity, and asserts that "he conceives as an idea what the people believe as a history." It was in 1835 that Strauss put forth his "Life of Jesus," which caused him to be

removed from an office he held connected with theological education, though not his removal from the church. His book has gone through many editions on the Continent, and Dr. Beard gives the following account of it.

The circulation of the book in foreign countries (that is, out of Germany) has been inconsiderable,—owing partly, it is presumed, to a fear of social consequences, but mainly, we believe, to that general disregard to theological studies which is unhappily so marked a feature in this age, and the consequent unpreparedness of mind which prevails even in Great Britain, almost as much as in countries of far less intellectual pretensions. In the year 1839, however, a translation of the work was published in the French language, which is for the most part executed on the third German edition, and deserves praise for its fidelity to the original. The bookseller, Bolt of Groningen, announced a translation into the Dutch, which, owing to the blameworthy interference of Professor Hdftede de Groot, never made its appearance. In this country no scholar-like translation has been published, though several have been prepared, the booksellers having had the fear of the law before their eyes. Yet the work is widely circulated in England; for it has been done into English in a disgraceful manner, to satisfy the truly infidel cravings of a portion of our town populations. But for even a fair and intelligible account of the “*Leben Jesu*,” the English student has had to resort to foreign literature. In this country the policy seems to have been suppression and silence, and consequently the work has had an altogether factitious attraction in the eyes of the uninstructed; and its argumentative force, known for the most part solely by report even among the cultivated, has, like all unknown things, been grossly exaggerated. And while there have not been wanting expositions of the doctrines of Strauss, designed and fitted to bring established opinions into discredit—this, now after the book has been in existence nine years, is the first attempt to acquaint the English reader with the facts of the case, presenting to him these new doctrines, so that he may be able to seize their import, and comprehend their bearing, and then pass on to consider in detail some arguments which may be offered in reply.

We have only space to add that Dr. Beard is a very temperate and liberal opponent, and is fully qualified, by a full knowledge of German theology and literature, and his own talents, to discuss the question. He has drawn around him the highest authorities, and thus given a mass of information respecting the state of opinion in Europe on these and the collateral subjects of literature and politics, which is of the greatest importance to all, and more especially to those who interest themselves in the progress of events. The late outbreak in Switzerland, and the popular demonstration by the followers of Ronge, are beginning to attract the attention of those who are never moved, until some physical demonstration proves to them that a vital and extensive alteration has taken place in the thoughts and conditions of large masses of mankind. The mental movement of this age is as vigorous as that which begot the revolutionary wars. All who are anxious to be forewarned will study this and such books.







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